

McCALL'S

DECEMBER
1928

TEN
CENTS



Beginning

TEARS OF NIOBE

a mystery novel by BELDEN DUFF

also

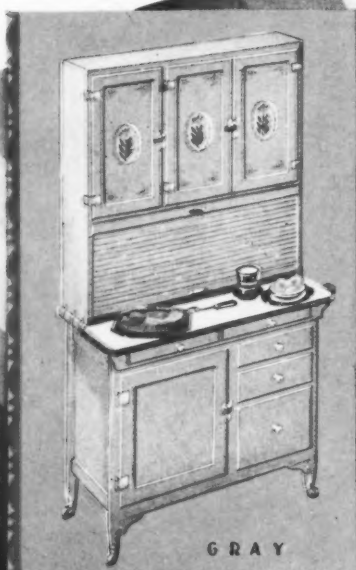
Temple Bailey, Commander Byrd,
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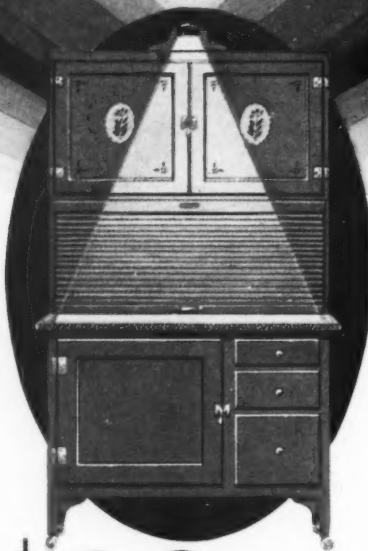
OH, look! You are in fairy-land. A magic wand is in your hand. You gently wave it and wish. Your cold, bleak kitchen becomes a garden spot—gay with color.

Now, look again! You are just *you* today. You step in to see the local Sellers dealer. You pay him only \$5. He delivers a stylish new Sellers Kitchen Cabinet to your home. Maybe it's Jade Green or Colonial Ivory or Sellers Gray. You lacquer a chair to harmonize—add some cheerful tile linoleum—some smart colorful curtains—colored kitchenware—a few accessories and—

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in oak, freight added. A genuine Sellers. Finest lumber and craftsmanship. *Klear* Front porcelain work table. Twenty-five pound flour bin. Metal bread box. Non-jamming drawers. Ant-proof casters. Eight piece glassware set. A great value.

new colorful kitchen? Why be out of date?

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Most women like to keep up-to-date on matters of home arrangement. Many thousands keep their names and addresses on our list to receive earliest advice of any new developments. A special announcement is going out now. If your name is not on our list, will you please send it right away?

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You can have your own subscription renewed or extended—and send a year's subscription as a Christmas gift to a friend—for only 50 cents more than what your own subscription costs. Or you can send both as gifts—or as many as you want—at a cost of only 75 cents each.

Isn't it really an ideal gift? . . . No shopping to do—no bother. No wondering "whether they'll like it." For if you and 2,300,000 other women like it, it's sure to appeal to every progressive woman. And your friends will be really grateful that you were thoughtful enough to send a gift that will bring pleasure *throughout the whole year* rather than some other gift that might be forgotten all too soon after Christmas.

An Easy Way to Solve a Difficult Gift Problem

Sit down now with a pencil and paper and put down the names of friends whom you would like to remember with something more than just a Christmas card.

Your favorite Aunt. Or your Cousins. Some of your best friends at the church. The lady who lives across the street who is so nice about lending you "this and that." One or two of your old friends in the town

you used to live in. Or a girl you used to go to school with. . . . Aren't there quite a few? Especially when you consider you can make a number of gifts and still not have it cost very much.

Don't be afraid that some may already be McCall's readers—if they are, their present subscriptions will be extended and they'll be just as pleased as if they'd never read McCall's.

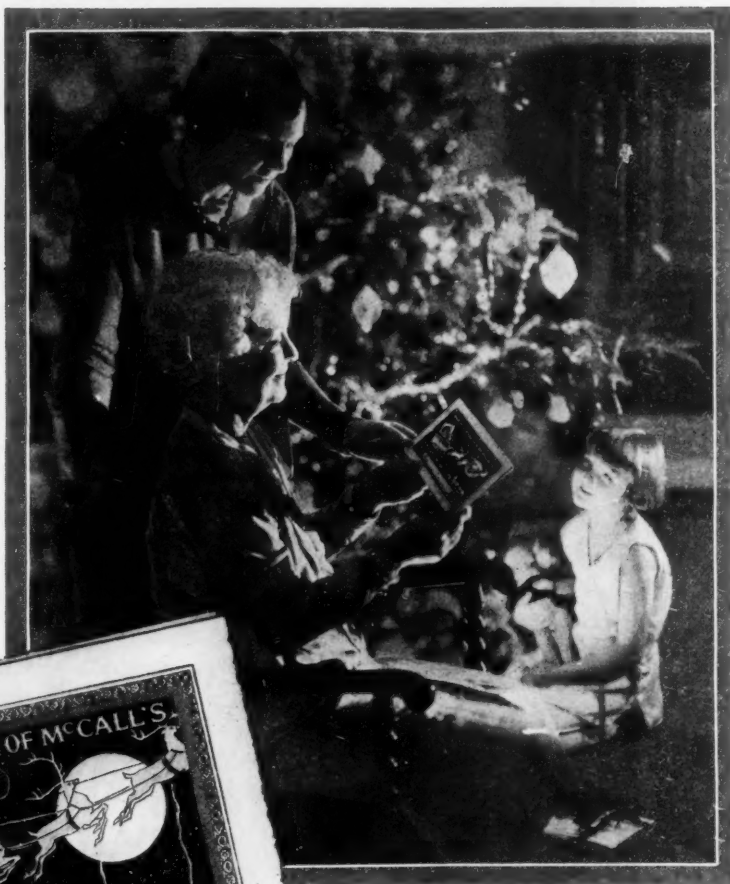
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For every gift subscription you send, you will receive a beautiful Christmas card, printed in black and gold and hand-painted with four rich colors, announcing the gift—and enclosed in an envelope, especially made to match. You sign and mail the card *yourself* so that it will arrive just before Christmas. Thus there is no confusion and you can know for a certainty that it will arrive *when* you want it to arrive.



Mother, see what Jane is sending me



This Beautiful Christmas Card FREE

You will be proud of this attractive Christmas card printed with black and gold and hand-painted in full color on heavy deckle-edged paper. Size 8 x 5 1/2 inches.

With every Gift subscription, one card goes to you to sign and mail to your friend. Each card is enclosed in an envelope, ready for your use.

Use the coupon below and if you want to send additional names, write them on a separate sheet of paper and send with the coupon. Only—fill it out now and mail it.

Don't wait until the last minute. The sooner you send it in, the sooner you get it off your mind.

And remember, there's always a rush around Christmas. You'll want to get ahead of that. And give us as much time as possible for sending the card to you so that you can either mail it or deliver it personally to the friend to whom you're giving the subscription.

Here's what you Save

A year's subscription to McCall's ordinarily costs \$1.00. But this is a special offer for Christmas. So:

For two 1 year subscriptions send \$1.50

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For one 1 year subscription send \$1.00

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This Offer Good Only Until Dec. 31st.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio

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Make a question mark (?) if you don't know whether the subscription is new or renewal. Write additional subscriptions on separate sheet.



"THIS IS MY SON"

OVERHEAD a star, radiant in an unearthly glory, hovers as if to announce a miracle. The simple shepherds push through the door, standing in awe before an event they can only dimly comprehend. Three Wise Men from the East, bringing gifts of gold and myrrh and frankincense, kneel in adoration . . .

But Mary, perhaps, is thinking not of the star, nor of the shepherds, nor yet of the Wise Men. She is dreaming of the years when He shall be hers to care for . . . to nurse . . . to protect.

Of the years when the two shall romp together over the uneven floor of a little house. Of the years when He shall grow in strength and wisdom and she shall find herself saying

in her mother's pride, "This is my Son".

And then of the day when He shall come to man's estate ready to do his work in a man's world—remembering the precepts He learned at her knee—holding to a vision of what is good, even though it lead to a cross . . .

Only to a mother is it given to know wholly the beautiful story of the Nativity. Only a mother can know the pain . . . the hopes . . . the fears. Only a mother can know the care and patience and love and understanding that Mary gave and was hers to give.

For, after all, isn't there in every mother something of Mary . . . and isn't there in every child something of the divine?



Model Eight-thirty-five. Orthophonic Victrola in its highest development. Distinctive cabinet with highly decorative record-albums. List price, \$300. With electric motor, \$335.

**Is there
someone
you would like
to please
especially?**



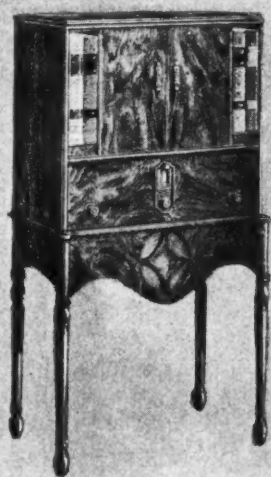
Model Nine-eighteen. Victor adjustable-volume Electrola with new Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Complete entertainment—records and radio—at its best. List price, \$925, with tubes.

THE VICTROLA, in one of its many forms, is an investment in happiness, without parallel in the long list of gifts that will be considered for Christmas. "The gift that keeps on giving" is no mere catch-phrase, coined for advertising purposes. It is a self-evident truth. Day after day, the Victrola goes on giving pleasure through the years. It is not only a flawless medium

of the world's music, but a piece of furniture to grace any home. Its beneficent harmonies add to the sheer joy of living, as nothing else can. There is a type of Victor instrument for every taste and purse, listing at \$25 and up. To avoid any possible chance of disappointment at Christmas time, see your nearest Victor dealer now and make your selection and reservation. It's an investment you'll never regret.



Model Four-three. Orthophonic Victrola in compact form. Ideal for the small house or apartment. List price, \$95. With electric motor, \$35 extra. Canadian price on request.



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Model Two-fifty-five. Portable Victrola, in a practically indestructible all-metal case, covered with a leather-like material, softly padded. Amazing volume and tone. List price, \$35.



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The New Orthophonic
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VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.



"I am yours, dearest Queen," he whispered. "Do with me as you will"

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA

A battle of passionate ambition and the dreams of early manhood— a conflict of the spirit from which emerged Columbus, "the noblest dreamer of them all"

By Honoré Willsie Morrow

Illustrated by S. H. PARKHOUSE



MOONLIGHT over the Alhambra — June magic, with nightingales singing and the scent of orange blossoms in the air. They stood for a long time without words, then Queen Isabella said softly, "Do you remember, Don Christopher, that be-

fore you sailed with the three caravels you promised to bring back to me the ocean sea in a chalice of pure gold?"

Columbus looked down at the Queen from his great height. Her auburn hair was caught in a silver net. Torch light from the banquetting room turned her flowing white draperies to a rosy tint, but even in torch light and moonlight her eyes were of a heavenly blue. Her loveliness moved him, as it always had, so deeply that he dared not forget for a moment that she was Queen.

"Aye, your Majesty, the ocean sea in a golden chalice! I did not keep my promise because, alas, the Islands would not contain themselves in any goblet aboard the caravels."

They smiled at each other and Columbus continued, "I thought the natives would be full solace to your Majesty."

"And so they were," Isabella nodded. "They are gentle souls and all now are Christians. Take them back with you to the Islands, Don Christopher, that they may

spread the gospel among their brethren. And, my Admiral, bring or send no more of them to Spain. The temptation of the people is to enslave them and I will not have it so."

Columbus, arms folded across his black velvet tunic, sighed. "Will you enlighten me, dear your Majesty, as to how I shall take treasure from your natives to send to His Majesty, without rousing their ire?"

"The treasure must be gold, silver, copper, dug from the mines," replied Isabella promptly. "Hire the natives to do this at decent wage. They are gentle souls and very intelligent. I will not have them harmed. They are my subjects. But I know your noble heart. You will protect them."

"I will cherish them as brothers," promised Columbus. "It troubles me, though, His Majesty's urgency for gold. How shall I continue my search for the main-

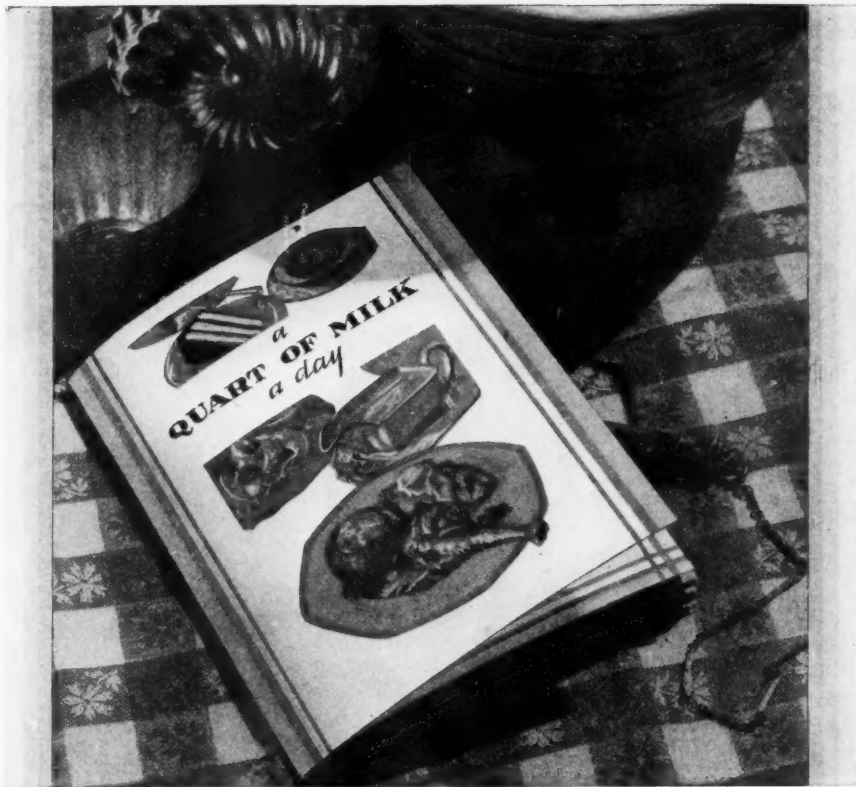
land of India, if I must make the search for treasure my prime object?"

"We shall be glad of the treasure if it comes," replied Isabella, "but, dear Admiral, 'tis my moneys made possible the first voyage! Mine is the privilege of making the rules. Before all else I place the saving of these heathen souls. You will not forget, my friend?" She laid a delicate hand on Columbus' sleeve.

With that touch on his arm, Columbus would have sworn away his immortal soul.

"I will not forget, my Queen," he said hoarsely. "But you know not what you ask!"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was gone a long, long time on this second voyage of discovery. Isabella had arranged for ships to sail regularly between the Islands and Spain. Reports of further explorations came from the Admiral, but as the weeks lengthened into months, no treasure. Ferdinand was furious. Then after long months of pressure by the king, gold in appreciable quantities began to percolate back from the Islands. More pressure was brought to bear on the Admiral, and still more. Then for several months Isabella heard no complaints of Columbus' remissness as a hunter of treasure. But she was uneasy and when of a sudden Ferdinand announced that he was possessed of sufficient funds to enable him to carry out his long delayed plan of repairing the fortress of [Turn to page 109]



\$10,000,000 in Rewards

*In concluding this chapter it may be well to epitomize the system of living by means of which we and our descendants may recover the physical prestige we are rapidly losing owing to changed conditions of living, especially with respect to our food habits. * * * The first and most important principle is the extension of the use of dairy products. Instead of the consumption of half a pint of milk a day there should be at least a quart per capita. * * * This is the feature of the diet of all pastoral peoples of the past and present, which made them superior in physical perfection to all other peoples.*

Professor E. V. McCollum, Johns Hopkins University
"The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition"

Professor McCollum isn't interested in the sale of milk. He is interested in our health. He is one of the leading nutrition experts of the age. His warning cannot be disregarded. His direction cannot be ignored. He says to every mother in America—to you—that your sons and daughters, every member of your family, need a quart of milk a day to give them the health and physical perfection which all of us desire.

WE OFFER one hundred and sixty-eight prizes, ranging from \$10.00 to \$2,000.00. The prizes will be given for the best sets of three daily menus designed to put more milk in the diet, and using Evaporated Milk for every cream and milk use. We want you to enter the contest.

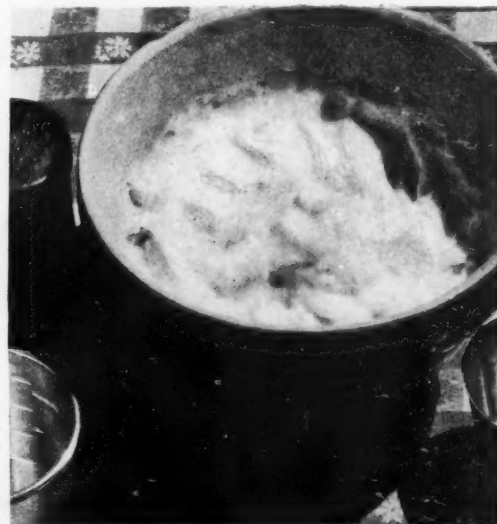
You Will Surely Win

You may win one of the prizes. But whether you win a cash prize or not, you will surely win the greater reward of giving your family surer, better health. We ask you to use Evaporated Milk. Because it is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, it will help you to put more milk in your family's daily food. Because it contains, always, all the substances which make milk the most important of all foods; because it is always pure and fresh and safe—everywhere available at reasonable cost—Evaporated Milk is the ideal cream and milk supply with

which to build the better physical perfection.

Send For The Book

Home Economics experts have conducted experiments to show how Evaporated Milk will help you to give every member of your family the quart of milk a day which health demands. We'll send you, without charge, a book which gives the result of those experiments. It will help you to prepare the menus for which the prizes are offered. It will give you the rules of the contest. It will tell you about Evaporated Milk—what it is, why it is the milk you need to use. Send your name and address.



Evaporated Milk Association, 976 Illinois Merchants Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

I would like to have your free booklet and the rules of the contest.

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____



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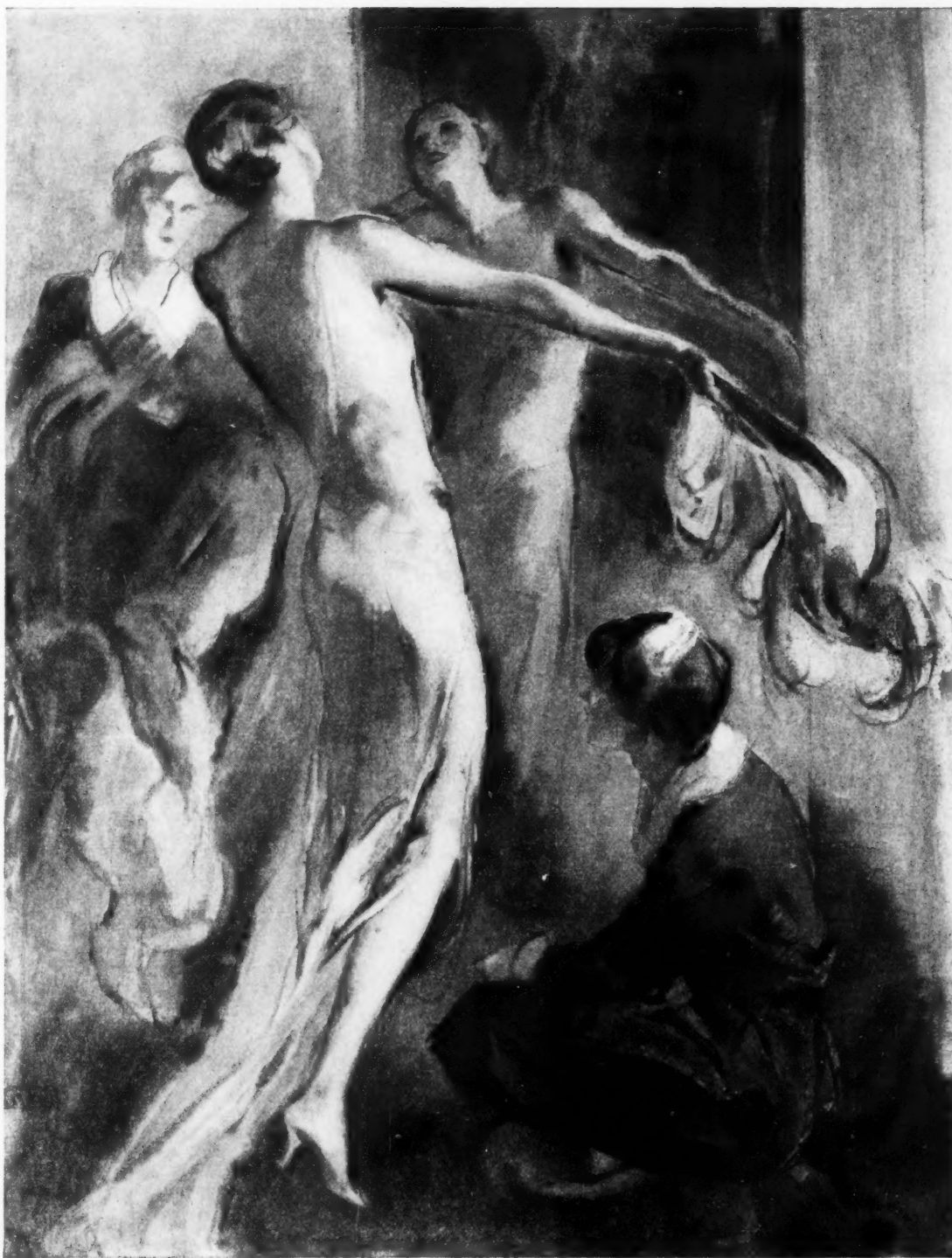
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more adorable gift than a world-favourite
COTY Perfume so exquisitely en-
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new leather Coffret?*

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She insists that her husband, who may have begun as a nice human being, join the most exclusive clubs



Illustrated by
JOHN LA GATTA

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS ON MAIN STREET

A distinguished editor surveys the great American scene, puts the snob in his place and glorifies the best and the worst of us

By Charles Hanson Towne

THERE is not always peace on earth. This generation knows that only too well, since the poor world we live in was rocked by the greatest war of history. But there are sheltered spots in our vast country, filled with simple folk who kept their faith while the earth trembled with conflict; and these are the mainstay, not only of our land, but of civilization itself. They are the kind of people who still believe in people; and at Christmas they believe in family reunions, turkey "with fixings," plum pudding and mince pie.

And then there is the reverse kind of citizen—the unwholesome luxury-loving, carefree person who is interested, even at the holiday season, only in himself or herself. All kinds to make a world, you see. But strangely enough, we seldom write of the good, quiet,

happy, kindly people, perhaps because happiness and stillness are not often dramatic. Main Street goes on; and so do Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Calico and velvet, rags and ermine. The eternal scene, the never-ending pageant. New York has its Main Streets, and its Main Street minds. Even though it's Christmas, can we not talk of them for awhile?

America has been suffering for several decades from

a frightful disease. Until Freud we did not know its name. But the trouble is that just as in the case of a lack of humor, everyone

thinks it is his neighbor who has this disease.

New York, for all its vaunted pride and sense of superiority, has it worse than any other section of the country. And I, who am a lover of Manhattan, say this more loudly than anyone. During a siege of the black plague from which New York suffered because of a coal strike, I actually heard this remark made by a woman:

"I'm so glad that New York's getting to look like London. It will have some atmosphere now, thank heaven!"

There you have the Anglo-maniac at her royal worst. If London should suddenly bloom in the sunshine, she would not be glad that the English [Turn to page 104]



THE BOOK CORNER

Trimming the Christmas Tree with Books

By Laurence Stallings

THE first problem in trimming a Christmas tree is to disguise the tripod on which it rests. There is but one way to do this properly, and the effect is gained by stacking books about the base. But by all means these books should be Christmas presents, decorously wrapped in red paper with silver ribbons, and carefully chosen to include every member of the family.

The selection of these books requires some skill. First off, there should be a copy of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* under the tree for the head of the house. The edition wanted here is the facsimile first edition printed some seasons ago by the Atlantic Press, the little red book that has had more to do with Christmas than any other story since the narrative of Bethlehem itself. The Carol should be read aloud sometime during the day, preferably just before sundown sends the younger children off to bed. This edition is within reach of any family at Christmas time.

It seems to me that the other books should represent a fair dozen examples of contemporary book-making. It is too difficult to go into the matter of gift books here, because one's purse is the sole limit of holiday buying. But the general run of books is easily chosen. Thus the first contemporary book is *The Open Conspiracy*, which is by H. G. Wells. Here is a summary of all the schemes of Mr. Wells, himself a prophet of great distinction, to make the world a better place. Perhaps no other writer has left his impress upon contemporary thought as deeply as this English novelist and philosopher. There is hardly a man or a woman out of college in the past generation who in that time has not had to take Mr. Wells or leave him. Naturally Mr. Wells looks to the sanity of science to abolish all evils, from the ills of capital to the sicknesses of poverty. It is a perfect book to bury at the roots of a Christmas tree.

A really stunning volume written of a chief figure in the days when religion dominated the arts and the culture of Europe, is Rachel Taylor's *Leonardo the Florentine*. Here is a book written with great distinction, which evokes magically the brilliancy of a past milieu and carries the reader through half a century of human aspiration. It is perhaps too expensive for the average buyer, but Christmas is the time to make the sacrifice for it. The man who painted "The Last Supper" is probably little known to millions of devout Christians who have admired that marvelous painting on the walls of the refectory in a little church in Milan, Italy. There could be no better introduction to him or to his whole school of painting and thinking than we find in this volume.

For novels, I should say that Maristan Chapman's *The Happy Mountain* is by all odds the most distinctive book of the year. It is written in a prose that sometimes gains the heights of poetry, a mountaineer speech that has all the rugged idiomatic tang of the Elizabethan. The story is one of a boy who comes down the hills to civilization, returning later to his own people. No better conception of the vastness of American life can be found in a comparison of this volume, just writ-

ten, with Edith Wharton's equally new novel *The Children*. Mrs. Wharton also takes youth and its contact with the sophistication of the day. But the likeness ceases at this point. She is writing of the parents who scamper from one end of the world to the other, dragging their children after them to be educated by hotel doormen, laundry helpers and bell boys, as well as by tutors and maids. Mrs. Wharton about once every three years enters the fall lists with a witty, smart, charmingly done story. *The Children* is her entry this year. As a last minute Christmas present for the relative forgotten in the rush of buying, this book is a fine volume to hold in reserve, for it is hard to imagine anyone failing to enjoy it.

For those who read Anne Parrish's popular *Perennial Bachelor* there is a new novel by the same author, *All Kneeling*. Mrs. Parrish paints the vivid portrait of beautiful Christobel, brought up on the whipped cream of life-long adulation. Her story has a light charm, generously punctured by wit and satire. And the member of the family who is entertained by romantic personalities in the form of fiction will be happy to find on the Christmas tree *The Empress of Hearts* by E. Barrington. It is the story of Marie Antoinette, written with the same glamour the author achieved in her *Divine Lady* and *Glorious Apollo*.

For verse there are again two books for a tree. Samuel Hoffenstein's *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing* is in need of no cheers and huzzas from this department. It may be immensely enjoyable to women, but I can testify that it is the only volume of verse written for married men in the past three centuries. It is witty and tender by turn, it holds much genuine poetry between its generous covers, and it is the one volume of verse that seems flush in contact with modern life on every page. Then there is a volume from the chief contemporary American poet. No need to cry "Name him!" for it isn't him at all, but Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay. Miss Millay calls her new volume *The Buck in the Snow* and in it she continues the lyric expression that began with the slim *Renascence* from a Vassar girl in 1917.

The eight books above named chosen from the new lists are more or less in the realm of belles-lettres or philosophy. If one wishes to come down to solid earth and establish contact with familiar things, it can be done no more easily and entertainingly than in John V. A. Weaver's contribution *Her Knight Comes Riding*. Mr. Weaver has transferred the speech of his American verses to a novel of a young woman who lived in Brooklyn and who fell in love with a top-kicker from the marine corps. Using the familiar

material of the city, he has done the best of the city stories, and has incorporated into his novel a love scene between his marine and his heroine that is just about the best example of subway dialogue to be found this season.

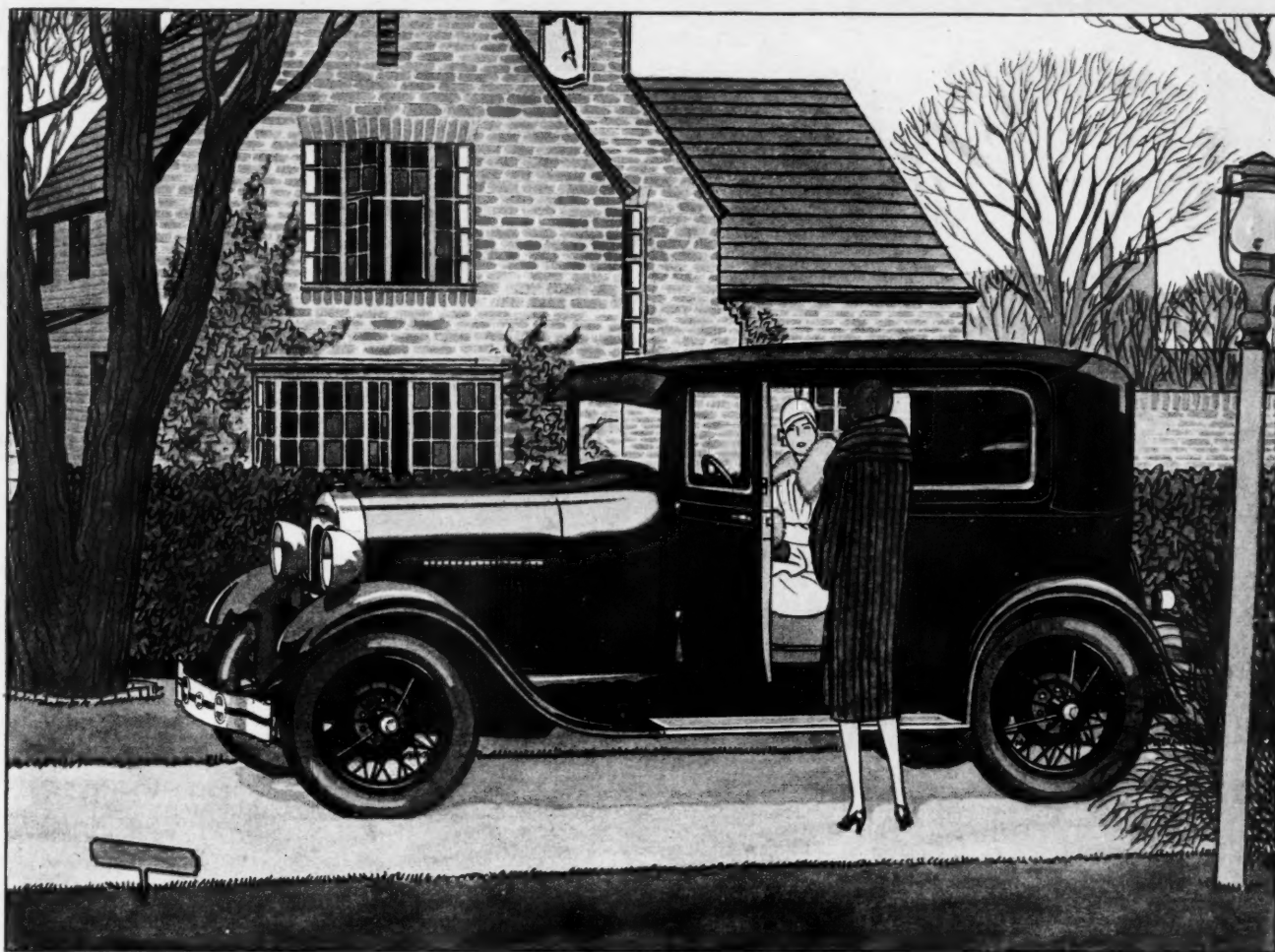
For my own Christmas tree I should have a copy of Macmillan's newest volume on the Russian revolutionist, Nikolai Lenin. This man has been damned in his own lifetime as every messiah has been met with jeers. Of all the conquerors he alone, it is said, asked nothing for himself and wanted nothing but the assurance that his empire would live on after him under the governance of ordinary men. The story of Russia and her past ten years may not be written for our lifetime, but certainly it behooves anyone who erects a Christmas tree to read the life of a man who overturned a great Christian empire.

New books are well enough, but Christmas is an excellent time to find out old favorites in new costume for children. James Boyd's *Drums* is for me easily the best of American historical novels, and this season it is found with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. A child learning to abandon the old melodramatic stuff and turn to true prose might easily find this book the key that unlocks the fine library of American books, as in *The Winged Horse*, a survey of the world's finest poetry made by Joseph Auslander and Frank E. Hill, he will find the key to poetry itself. It is difficult to start a child with an illustrated volume of Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* or of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* (to name the two shining American novels in one breath) but it is not a great task to find, on our bookshelves, really good writing bolstered by romantic accidents and moving descriptions.

If the child happens to be naturally studious, I should suggest a copy of Lewis Browne's *The Graphic Bible* for his book present. The book is simplicity itself, and it actually contains maps of scenes that, since they are old Testament as well as New, detail delightfully the places where many moving incidents took place betwixt flood and field.

For many seasons there has been a volume of Americana, a collection of manners and modes of a vanished day for Christmas. Readers who enjoyed Mr. Sullivan's turns of the past century should savor Gilbert Seldes with delight, for *The Stammering Century* by him contains an account of all the reformers of our nation, from the Utopian dreamings of Bronson Alcott to the temperance campaigns of Frances Willard. Mr. Seldes, who is a rare and discerning critic, has grace enough never to poke fun at his figures. It is a pity that H. G. Wells is not American, for he would make a splendid final and towering figure for the Seldes group. . . . And now I beg everyone pardon for choosing his Christmas gifts. [Turn to page 89]





THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN, FINISHED IN GUN-METAL BLUE

Even in the little things you can see the quality that has been built into the new Ford

MEN talk enthusiastically of the speed and power of the 40-horse-power engine of the new Ford—of the simplicity of its ignition and oiling systems—the advantages of its three-quarter floating rear axle—the safety of its six mechanical, internal expanding brakes—the easy-riding comfort of its transverse springs and Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers—of the many other mechanical improvements embodied in the construction of the car.

All of these mechanical features are worthy of note because they have such a direct bearing on alert, satisfying, economical and reliable performance.

To a woman's quick eye, however, there are many other points which show the quality that has been built into the new Ford—important

little details of finish and appointment that few men ever notice or fully appreciate.

A man will glance casually at the upholstery of the new Ford and say that it is "good-looking." A woman, examining it closely and comparing it with the overstuffed suite in the library of her home, will know that it has been made for long wear as well as appearance.

Men will admire the colors of the new Ford, but only a woman, from her fuller knowledge of clothes and style, will realize that they are colors which will not tire.

It means something, too, to a woman to know that the pyroxylin lacquer finish of the new Ford is not affected by the heat of summer or the



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

cold of winter, is not easily marred or scratched, improves with polishing, and will retain its luster for a long time.

The broad lace trimming and the gathered door pockets in the Tudor Sedan; the arm rests, oval bow light, flexible robe rail, and embossed paneling around the doors of the Fordor Sedan; the roomy comfort of the rumble seat in the Sport Coupe; the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield; the instrument panel finished in satin nickel; the use of both straight and hour-glass coil springs for the seat cushions; the ease with which windows can be raised or lowered; the very manner in which the doors open and close—all these are indicative of the care that has been taken in the making of the new Ford.

Its beauty of mechanical design is matched by its beauty of line, color and appointment. Even in the very little things you can see evidence of a quality of material and workmanship unusual in a low-price car.



An interior view of the new Ford Tudor Sedan, showing the generous space provided in the rear compartment. Five people can ride in real comfort in this car.



He was prouder than of

For Crisco stands out among shortenings, in that like fine creamery butter, it tastes perfectly sweet and pure all by itself.

Taste your shortening—
taste Crisco

Have you ever tasted Crisco in comparison with other shortenings—the one you now use, perhaps? I suggest that you do:

Place a little Crisco on the tip of a spoon; on the tip of another, a little of any other shortening. Taste Crisco first, then the other fat.

Did you imagine there could be such a difference in the taste of cooking fats? Crisco is so creamy, white, and has such a pleasant odor, to begin with. And its taste is as pleasing as its odor—just fresh and pure and sweet. Think what an improvement this sweet freshness will make in the taste of the biscuits and cakes and pies you make with Crisco!

And I am sure you will like the way Crisco creams so quickly and thoroughly with the sugar. My own Crisco cakes are as light and tender as you could wish. Since Crisco is unsalted, when you use it in your favorite cake recipes, add the salt—unless your recipe already calls for salt. (Use a level teaspoon of salt to each cup of Crisco.)

If you still find it hard to believe you can use *all* Crisco in cakes, try half Crisco and half butter at first. Next time, perhaps, three-fourths Crisco and one-fourth butter. I am sure you will be so pleased with the appetizing niceness of the flavor that soon you will be using *all* Crisco for all your cakes.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

TASTE CRISCO'S SWEET,

ALL you mothers of growing boys know "The Three Musketeers," of course. But did you know that the famous creator of d'Artagnan was also a cook and never so happy as when he was discovering a new recipe?

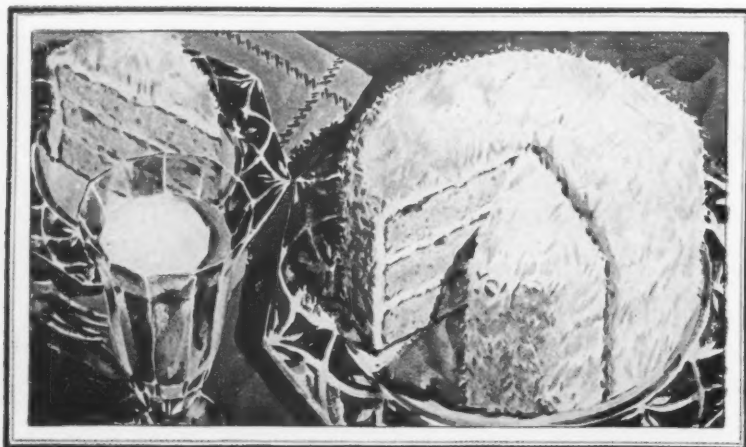
The five-hundredth book that Alexandre Dumas wrote, and the work he regarded as the climax of his career, was a cook book filled with enticing recipes from all over Europe, including fifty-six ways of preparing eggs alone! To Dumas, cooking was an art higher than writing great romantic novels.

To me, too, it seems there's a great deal to be said for cooking as an art.

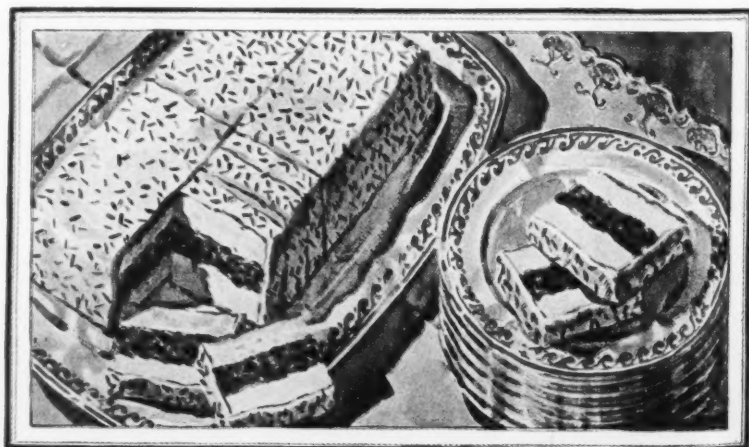
A good cook puts so much of herself into her cooking. Probably no writer chooses his words with more pains than you choose every ingredient of your perfect pies and cakes. You know that if the final dish is to *taste* good, everything that goes into it must taste good, too. So you test the eggs, for instance, and taste the milk.

How many of you take an added precaution—and *taste your shortening, too?*

I for my part would not think of using a shortening that I am unwilling to *taste*. That is why I use Crisco in all my cooking and baking—especially in my most delicately-flavored cakes.



SUN-GOLD COCOANUT CAKE



RIBBON CAKE

OF TASTING FIRST]

of his omelets his novels!

Texas Sun-Gold Coconut Cake

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Crisco 3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla 2 cups sugar 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup cocoanut (shredded) 4 eggs separated
3 cups pastry flour 1 cup milk

Beat Crisco and sugar to a smooth cream. Stir in well-beaten egg yolks and beat very light. Sift dry ingredients together three times and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add vanilla and then carefully fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 layers in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Use plain or marshmallow icing between layers and on outside of cake. Sprinkle with cocoanut.

Miss L. H., Rotan

Pennsylvania Spice Cake

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Crisco $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves 1 cup thick, sour milk
2 cups brown sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
3 eggs, separated 3 cups pastry flour
1 teaspoon ginger 3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon 1 cup chopped raisins
1 teaspoon allspice 1 teaspoon salt

Beat Crisco and sugar to a light soft cream; add egg yolks beaten well and mix well. Add all spices and raisins, then add flour (previously sifted with baking powder, salt and soda) alternately with the milk. Last fold in egg whites stiffly beaten. Bake in 3 layers in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Spread caramel icing between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle top with currants, nuts or raisins.

Mrs. R. L. K., Saltsburg

Long Island Ribbon Cake

1 cup Crisco 4 eggs, beaten 1 cup milk $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour 4 teaspoons cinnamon
3 tablespoons lemon juice 2 ozs. citron, shaved thin
2 teaspoons grated rind of lemon 1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder 1 cup currants

Beat Crisco and sugar to a light soft cream. Add lemon juice and rind, then eggs. Add milk alternately with flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Divide batter into 3 parts. To one-third add cinnamon, citron and currants. Spread evenly in well-Criscoed oblong layer-cake tins (10" x 6" is a good size). Use round tins if you prefer. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 20 minutes; dark layer 5 minutes longer. When baked take from oven, lay on wet towel until partly cool. Slip a knife around the edges, turn out on board and spread currant jelly between layers (dark layer in center). Lay waxed paper over top of cake and over this place upside down a pan in which the cake was baked. Place on top two flatirons (or other heavy weight) and let stand for an hour. Remove pan and waxed paper and cover top with plain icing. Use three weights for round cake.

Miss E. B. P., Port Washington

FRESH FLAVOR

Utah Chocolate Applesauce Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco, melted 2 cups pastry flour 1 teaspoon soda
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups thick unsweetened applesauce 1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup walnuts, chopped 1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon allspice $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup raisins 3 tablespoons cocoa 1 teaspoon cloves

Mix Crisco with applesauce, add nuts and raisins. Sift all dry ingredients together, add to first mixture and mix thoroughly. Turn into 2 well-Criscoed loaf pans and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours depending on size of pan.

Mrs. E. W. L., Salt Lake City

Missouri Chocolate Marshmallow Cake

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. unsweetened chocolate (half of $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. cake) 1 cup milk
3 cups pastry flour 2 eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco
4 teaspoons baking powder 2 cups sugar 1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla 1 cup cold coffee

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Mix slightly beaten egg yolks with milk, add to chocolate, cook and stir in double boiler until it becomes thick. When partly cool add Crisco, then sugar gradually, next vanilla. Beat until smooth, then fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Add coffee; then mix with flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together. Bake in 2 well-Criscoed shallow cake pans (8" or 9" x 11" or 12" is a good size) in a moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 minutes. When partly cool cover with marshmallow icing.

Miss D. T., St. Louis

3 good Icings for these cakes

PLAIN ICING: Cook $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water together, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Then boil without stirring until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour over 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites; beat until well mixed. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread over cake.

CARAMEL ICING: Simply substitute brown sugar for white sugar.

MARSHMALLOW ICING: Before adding vanilla, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups marshmallows cut in small pieces and continue beating until mixture holds its shape.



Free: "Miss Splint's Selected Recipes"

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. New, delicious recipes for every class of cooking, never before published. To receive book, simply fill in and mail me the coupon.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. L-12) P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me free cook book "Miss Splint's Selected Recipes."

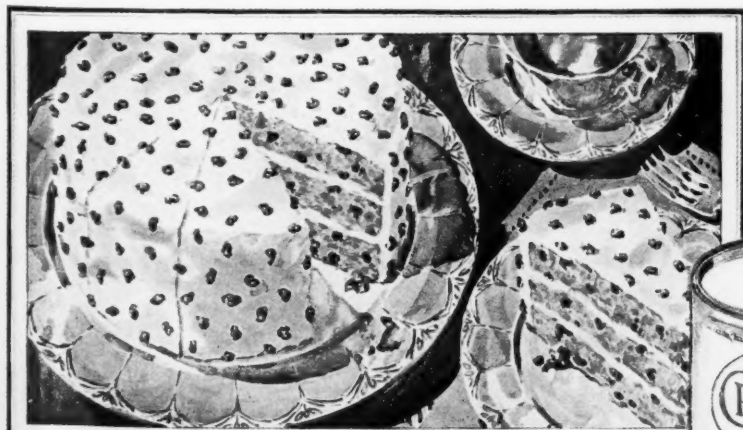
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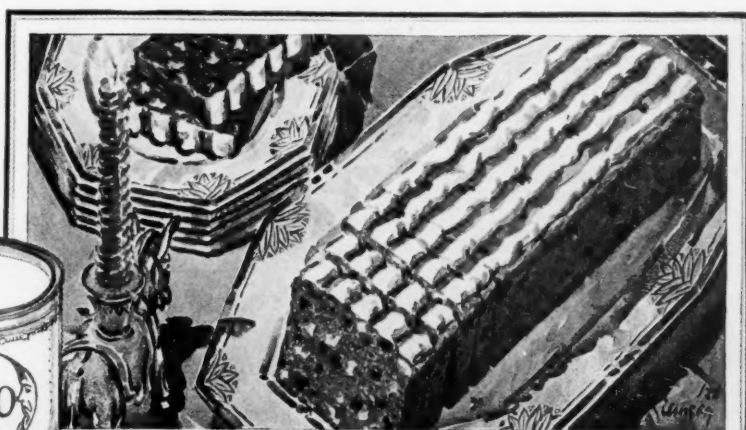
City _____ State _____

All measurements level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

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SPICE CAKE



CHOCOLATE APPLESAUCE CAKE

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER
FROM A
P AND G HOME



Jackie is the baby now - so *he* wears the "family jewels"

Procter and Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Gentlemen:

Your recent advertisement recalls my own P and G experience which began many years ago.

My first little daughter Marjorie went to her christening looking very sweet in a dainty little batiste dress her grandmother gave her. After its honors were done, the dress was put away until two years later when it was brought out for Marjorie's little sister. It was mussed and a little yellow but P and G freshened it up.

As a matter of sentiment I wanted each of my children to wear the "family jewels", so Dolly and Ethel too and finally a young son, Jackie, appeared in the same little dress at their christenings and on other state occasions. It has traveled with the family North, South, East and West, and has been washed in all kinds of water—hard and soft—but P and G has always kept it white and dainty.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. J. W. McMahon, Roselle, New Jersey.

P and G *does* keep white clothes white. And because so little rubbing is required, colored clothes come from P and G tubbings fresh and bright. With any kind of water—hot, warm, cold, hard or soft—P and G works beautifully. Do you wonder that it is used by more women than any other soap in the world?

This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacture costs less in proportion than small-scale manu-

facture, a very large cake of P and G can be sold to you for actually less than even ordinary soaps.

So—P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is so popular because *it really is a better soap.*

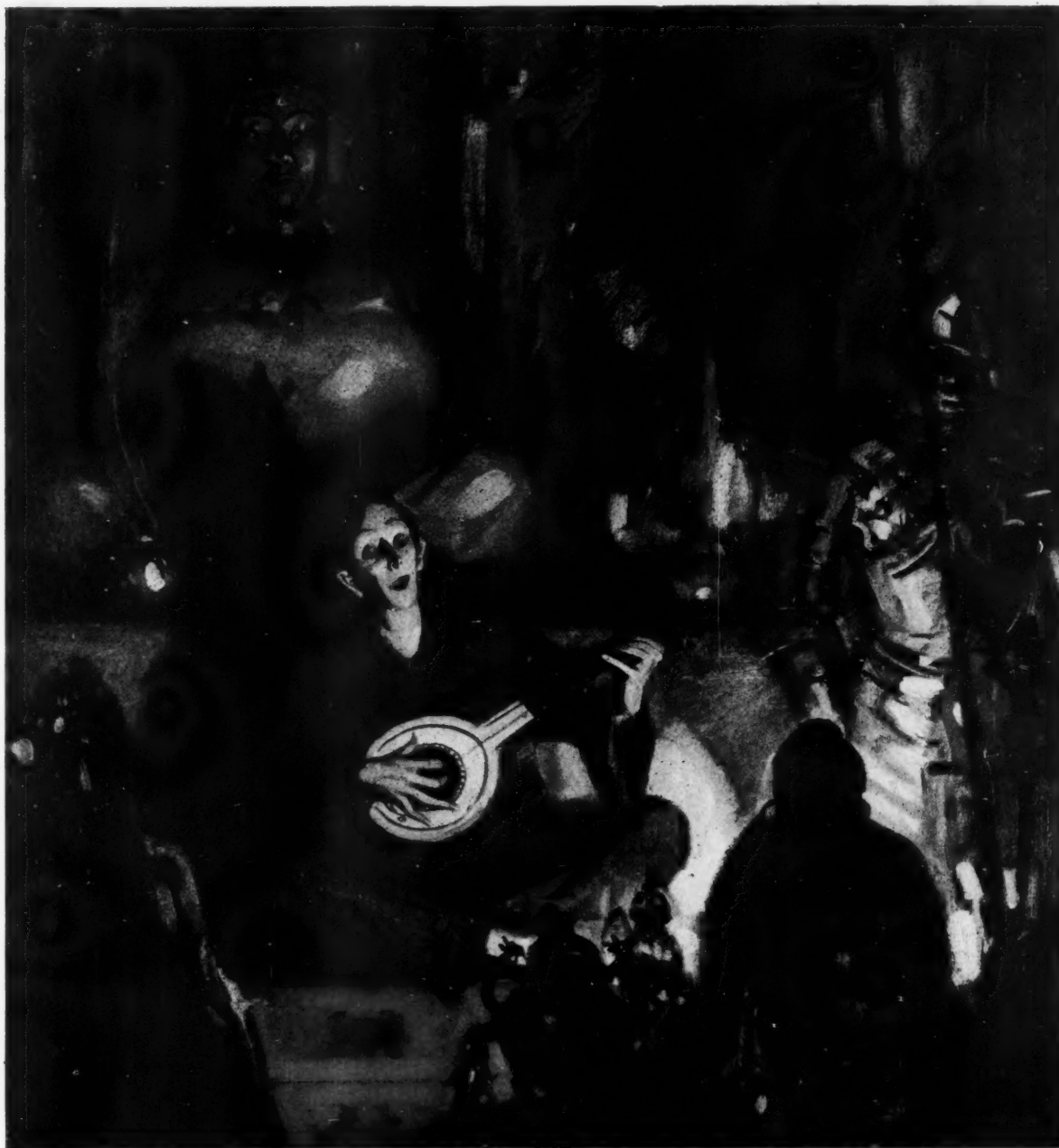
PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE—Rescuing Precious Hours. "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Department NM-12, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



© 1928, P. & G. Co.

The largest-selling soap in the world



"The blood of four races flows in my veins. I am a citizen of the world"

TEARS of NIOBE

Reflecting the modern note in fiction McCall's presents this enthralling romantic tale of intrigue as its choice among mystery stories

By Belden Duff

IT was Friday, mark you, Friday. June the thirteenth, when the thing started—a first episode in that onward sweep of events that were to catch up William Petty, bookkeeper, changing him practically in the twinkling of an eye from a hard-working, God-fearing citizen to a fugitive, with every hand raised against him. Like most men, William Petty scoffed at superstition; and like most men, he cherished a pet superstition in which he had implicit faith. Friday was his lucky day. When it chanced to fall on the thirteenth

of the month, it never failed to produce most gratifying results—like this finding of a ticket for the opening night of New York's smartest show, the new *Band Box Revue*. Seats were selling for sixteen dollars each.

He had followed his usual formula tonight in leaving the office until half-way down the corridor when he jerked to an abrupt halt. Directly in his path lay a narrow strip of pink pasteboard with a cabalistic 4 D Center in neat black letters on one end and the name of the theater on the other. A minute sooner and it might not have been there. A minute later and someone else might have had it. Was that luck or wasn't it?

It may help shed light on the subsequent behavior of William Petty if we pause long enough to form a

mental picture of him and the incidents leading up to that momentous Friday, the thirteenth.

In height, only medium; ears, close set; a small round head carried at a slightly inquiring angle behind amber-hued spectacles; eyes which might be almost any color; sandy hair inclined to curl, but studiously kept close-cropped. His tastes were nondescript; likewise his views. For example, when urged, he would express the opinion that business was looking up, or that it might clear before night, or that he preferred tea, thank you, to coffee; but on all other subjects, he was inarticulate.

To be sure, the scene of his daily activities was not conducive to demonstrations either in thought or deed. A warehouse on Front street. Sweating teams—swearing drivers—porters in burlap aprons—pyramids of barrels—the tang of freshly roasted coffee floating down the line—Trowbridge & Trowbridge—this on a black and gilt sign across the red brick façade.

Every morning for five years, William Petty had walked in under that sign at exactly twenty minutes to nine and every evening for five years he had walked out again at twenty minutes past six. No one knew his history. No one cared who he was or what he did with the hours when he was not working. All anyone knew was that during a strike in the shipping department he had appeared from nowhere, and proving his indifference alike to gibes and the brickbats of the strikers, had demanded and secured a job. Later a shift on the inside left a vacancy and the newcomer had been sucked into the office routine of the great coffee mill, which the Trowbridge brothers were pleased to call "the business." Like the famous mill of the gods, "the business" ground slowly. It also ground fine. Five years and William Petty was head bookkeeper at a salary of fifty dollars a week.

Concerning the nightly activities of William Petty there is, perhaps, a little more to be said. Dinner hastily gulped, it was his habit to mingle with the crowd in the "roaring forties," slipping in and out of hotel foyers, pausing at busy taxicab stands, haunting fashionable restaurants. And twice a week—the theater.

Theater nights were an event. A dress suit, surprisingly well cut, lent a gala touch to these occasions—not infrequently a gardenia or a white carnation on the left lapel.

Punctual in all things, he made it a point to be on hand before the doors opened. Finding an unobtrusive spot in the lobby, he would study the audience as it arrived, or rather, the women of the audience. Yet it was scarcely their beauty that attracted him, for young or old, plain or handsome, his eyes greeted them all impartially and as impartially dismissed them. Watching him one might have said he was on the lookout for something and that the something constantly eluded him.

Despite this evidence of the interest he took in women, William's speaking acquaintance with the sex was limited to two. The first of these was Elsie Scully, the daughter of his boarding-house keeper.

Miss Scully was twenty. She boasted a peach-blossom prettiness which is the natural attribute of youth, the business acumen that had enabled her mother to keep a non-leaking roof over the family's head, and the glib tongue of her father. Elsie was born to be some man's helpmate. She realized it, and there were times when William Petty realized it too.

The other woman, Virginia Trowbridge, was the daughter of his senior chief. She too was twenty. Virginia, however, was a spender, and unlike the protective coloring of Elsie Scully, Virginia's charms challenged attention as compellingly as the last beams of an October sunset. William Petty knew she would make an absolutely impossible wife for a poor man, and he wondered what sort of chap would finally win her.

Ever since the day when, dressed in ribbons and lace and held in the arms of a nurse, she had been exhibited ceremoniously to the office, it had been Miss Trowbridge's habit to honor the warehouse with an occasional visit. On these visits, she would invariably stop in the

outer office to bicker good naturedly with the clerks. The head bookkeeper, however, was not included in the game. For all the notice Virginia took of him he might have been part of the office furniture—something about as important as an inkwell or a piece of blotting paper. But one afternoon, six months or so before his discovery of the ticket, she had descended upon him—a bewildering whirlwind of gray fur and hot-house violets.

"And how is your wife, Mr. Petty? And your wife's eight children?"

The question had been prompted by nothing more tangible than exuberance—exuberance over the recent acquisition of a long-coveted evening wrap. Welling up from her heart was a warm desire to be nice to everybody—even to a bookkeeper who had been with her father's firm only five years.

Getting down from his perch, the bookkeeper answered her question as solemnly as though the fate of the coffee business depended upon it.

"Seven of 'em are right as rain, Miss Trowbridge; but my wife's youngest has most inconsiderately eaten himself ill on beer and kippers."

"Oh!" said Virginia, somewhat taken aback. But the next moment she had climbed the high stool and was rummaging through his desk with frivolous fingers. To his surprise, the wanton disorder those fingers left behind did not bother him, and when they came upon his bank book, he found himself quietly telling her the story of Elsie's economy. It was the last thing in the world he had meant to do; and what was worse, once started he babbled on. Bits about the boarding house in West Eighty-fourth street—the morning line-up for the one shower bath—the two old maids who secreted food in their napkins for a mangy Pekingese. Each a thumb-nail sketch, well-drawn, sparkling.

High above him on her perch, the daughter of his employer blinked down upon him as one who sees a familiar object in a strong white light for the first time.

Here, sure enough, was a sense of humor—a delicious ability to caricature without malice. What was more, when you really looked at the man, you found he was presentable. His jaw was good, the line to the chin long and cut with one true sweep of the sculptor's chisel. And if it weren't for those disfiguring glasses his eyes might be nice. At least, they were a nice color—



granite gray, flecked with golden lights that twinkled. She took a deep breath and carried her observations a bit farther. Quite a pair of shoulders, and a flat, straight back that looks so well in the saddle. Obviously this clerk had been destined by nature for a better and fuller existence.

Beginning with that day, Virginia's visits to the warehouse became more and more frequent. Each time she paused a little longer beside the high stool in the outer office, and each time she asked questions, but never again the question about his wife and eight children. Instead, she wanted to know how could he breathe leaning over a desk from morning until night. Desks were for slaves. What a red-blooded man needed was plenty of outdoor exercise. Exercise to be right had to be regular—golf or a gymnasium or tennis. Why not draw his money from the bank and take a trip around the world? Think of the Grand Canal on a moonlit night! Egypt! Spain, the land of romance!

There were moments, while the impress of her vivid personality was fresh upon him, when William Petty knew she spoke the truth. The office routine was getting on his nerves. It was sapping his initiative, his youth, his courage. Prisons were not the only places that barred a man's way to freedom. Freedom! The word was sweet.

Eventually there came a night when, alone in his room at the Scully boarding house, he resurrected from an ingeniously concealed strong box a packet of yellowing letters. Going over them he selected one, written in a crude hand. Its blotted pages brought a reflective smile, which slowly hardened.

"That, I suppose," he murmured, replacing the letters in the box and reaching for the telephone directory, "is the only sure way. It worked before. Why not again?"

The search begun in the pages of the telephone directory ended in Fifty-first street—the worst house in the worst block of a bad neighborhood—a green door ornamented with mermaids bearing a placard with the urgent invitation:

LADIES AND GENTS
LEARN TO SWIM!
PROFESSOR BARTON GUARANTEES
TO TEACH YOU SPECIAL COURSES IN
BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING
JIU JITSU TAUGHT BY EXPERTS
"A MAN IN TWENTY-FIVE LESSONS!"

Once more that expression—that stern, uncompromising look. William Petty laid his hand on the white porcelain knob of the green door . . .

TUG BARTON, erstwhile champion lightweight of Australia, had long since given up all forms of exertion. Layers of fat covered muscles that had been springs of steel. Only his brain and eye had retained their former skill.

As William Petty entered from the street, Tug in critical mood, was putting the finishing touches to a boxing lesson.

Hearing the latch click, he shifted slightly and glanced over his left shoulder.

In the next ten seconds one of the traditions of Barton's was shattered. Its proprietor got to his feet without groaning. Moreover, he came up with the speed of a jack-rabbit, his face drained of color.

There was a constrained pause, a startled expletive. The newcomer made an almost imperceptible gesture with the fingers of one hand.

"I came to see about a few lessons in boxing," he said quietly.

"Boxing?"

One might have thought Tug had never heard the word before.

"Y-yes—oh, yes! This way, sir," backing toward the small private office in the rear.

"This way!"

William Petty did not speak again until the office had been reached, and even then he must



"It's Brunhilde!"
he gasped

Illustrated by W. E. HEITLAND

first shut the door with one of those quick, decisive gestures and lean his back against it. "So!" he said, when at last he had made sure that they were alone. Taking off the amber-hued spectacles he sternly regarded the stammering professor. "So, after all these years you haven't forgotten?"

An hour before closing time on a Saturday following his visit to Tug Barton, William Petty, summoned inside the high glass partition which separated his chiefs from the sordid details of the coffee business, paused beside the nearer of the two flat-topped mahogany desks with the unexplained feeling that something was wrong. His junior chief wasn't looking up to form.

Six feet three, if he stood an inch, Charles Trowbridge, the junior member of the firm of Trowbridge & Trowbridge, Coffee Brokers, unlike most over-sized men, took an interest in the details of his personal appearance that bordered on the fastidious. Polo and tennis, with an occasional round of golf or a week's hunting kept him always physically fit. He had a brisk, abrupt way of talking that created an impression of forcefulness. But this was in a measure deceiving, for he was a gentle soul and rather given to leaning on his older brother, Virginia's father.

The thought that Mr. Charles might be going in seriously for business was somewhat heightened by the brisk way in which he approached the matter on which Petty had been summoned—a disputed bill of sale. Yet, the feeling of incompleteness persisted; and when, at last, the subject of the dispute had been exhausted, William gathered up his papers with a lingering, "Is that all, sir?"

"Yes—er—no!" Mr. Charles leaned back in his swivel chair and eyed his bookkeeper curiously. "Petty, how old are you?"

"Thirty-four."

"U-um! Just my own age. How long have you been with us?"

"Five years, sir."

"As long as that, eh? Satisfied?"

William Petty looked uneasy. "Rather."

"Like a change?"

The look of uneasiness increased, but Mr. Charles had just picked up a penholder and was sighting down its length at the inkwell.

"I can't say that I would, sir," the bookkeeper ventured.

The junior Trowbridge dropped the penholder and frowned.

"We're having trouble with the planters in Brazil," he said. "May have to send an arbitrator. You're the man for the job. Think it over until Monday."

With a curt nod, he swung forward in his chair and buried himself in a mass of correspondence which littered the desk.

William Petty made a strange little sound in his throat. Instead of accepting his dismissal, he stood rustling the papers with quick, nervous fingers. And twice it seemed as though he meant to speak but an annoyed cough from the senior Trowbridge, sitting stiffly erect in his chair on the other side of the room, finally drove him back to his desk in the outer office.

With the closing of the door in the high glass partition, the two brothers looked at each other.

"I told you he wouldn't go!" said Mr. Austin, the older, accusingly.

"He'll go!" The junior partner's lips were unexpectedly firm.

The two brothers were silent a moment, then Austin commented, "I don't understand this new attitude you've taken toward William."

The junior Trowbridge's lips were still obdurate.

"Do you understand William's new attitude toward us—toward me?"

"Why, no. I—"

"We've always thought he was a superior sort of beggar. But lately, he's actually taken to high hatting us."

"High hatting?"

"Yes. One of Virginia's words. Our bookkeeper thinks we're beneath him."

"Beneath him!" Mr. Austin looked



"Why not the Tears of Niobe?" he asked

appropriately shocked. The junior Trowbridge, seeing the look, laughed.

"Those old fossils out there," waving his hand toward the high glass partition, "have spoiled you, Austin. You imagine every man on our payroll owes us a debt of gratitude. I'll wager William Petty has ideas on that subject which would surprise you."

The older brother frowned.

"You forget, Charles, William Petty has been in our company now for five years. Surely in that time he's had ample opportunity to express these ideas you attribute to him had he held them."

With a wave of the hand intended to indicate that the subject was closed, he turned an uncompromising back.

Charles Trowbridge studied the back thoughtfully for a moment.

"You may be right," he said, "but just the same, the time has come when we must be rid of that young man."

Meanwhile in the outer office, William Petty scowled down upon the unoffending pages of his ledger. Why hadn't they discharged him and been done with it? Why had they temporized with offers of a trip to Brazil? Could it be possible that they had discovered? And, if they had, just what did this move portend?

He had reached no satisfying solution when, that evening, stiffly correct in the dress suit which had been pressed for the occasion, he stood in the vestibule of the Scully boarding house, ready for the opening night of the new *Band Box Revue*. Elsie Scully, openly admiring, had escorted him to the door.

There was a moment's delay while he shrugged himself into his overcoat. Then: "Don't be sur-

prised, old girl, if you hear something by Monday."

"Monday? What are you driving at?" Miss Scully used the whisk-broom from the hall rack to evict a minute speck of dust which had lodged on the collar of the overcoat.

"Wait and see," he admonished, adding darkly, "Only don't be surprised, that's all."

"Cut out the mystery and say what you mean."

Quite as though she had not spoken, the bookkeeper went on musing, "There comes a time when the urge can't be denied, when the call grows too insistent. To live in a cage, one must be born in a cage. Freedom's in our blood; and it takes generations to thin it out. Blood, Elsie, that's it—blood!"

An uneasy movement on the part of the girl recalled the wandering thoughts and brought that quick, eager smile which in some unexplained way lighted up the plain features to their tremendous advantage.

"Well," with a flourish of his hat, "I'm off. Wish me luck!"

"Be sure to keep the stub of your ticket," advised the practical Elsie. "They can't throw you out if you hold that."

"Yes, but you don't understand." For some reason, he showed an increasing irritation at her inability to see his point. "I don't want to be made conspicuous—to have all those people in the orchestra looking at me."

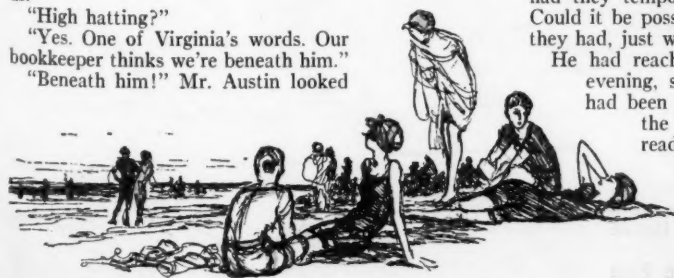
Imagination was not a Scully failing. Elsie shook her taffy-colored head.

"Oh, is that so! And what if they do look at you? Ain't you got a tongue in your head? Dare 'em to call a cop!"

William's irritation evaporated in a laugh.

"You're right; a ticket to the opening night of the *Band Box Revue* is worth some risk."

As William Petty walked down the steep steps of the Scully boarding house, he trod, not [Turn to page 63]



WINGS OF THE MORNING



*With the winning of the air
new realms of romance
loom above the clouds*

By Robert Emmet MacAarney
Illustrated by RAYMOND SISLEY

MOLLY FLINT'S wire-haired terrier halted in his wayward scurrying along the trail, cocking both ears as he gazed upward. There was a throbbing roar beyond the Adirondack ridge.

Zoo—oo—OOM—MM!

With one spiteful crescendo the mail airplane shot across the valley; the pine rampart of Elephant Mountain blanketed the salvos of its exhaust. It was like dimming down the thud of a hundred trip-hammers, the humming of a million bees. Afterward silence; little September sounds returned. The tinkle of Fawn Stream began again; underbrush rustled as an invisible mink resumed its progress toward the lake. Every morning this clamor smote the forest stillness, omen of a time when winged devices would flutter to earth where they listed. Soon not a placid trout pool, not a sun-flecked path among the hemlocks would be sacrosanct.

"I hate you!" screamed the girl. "You ugly, man-made machines!"

A squirrel chattered back at her and stopped; once more a whine in the dawn-washed heaven. Why should the plane be circling Jupiter? Mail pilots always cruised in a straight course from Piseco to Utica. Whine was transmuted into explosive coughing. Then suddenly a rending echo behind the ridge. She stood trembling, hands against her breast. It was as if she had called down upon this birdman a curse which had been fulfilled. Sobbing, she started to run.

A blasted spruce marked the final rise as the trail dipped. She knelt among the pine needles before she started. "Please, God!" she whispered. "Please don't let him be dead. And if he's got to be hurt, don't let him

eyes were closed; there was a trickle from a gash in his forehead. But he breathed. He was young, not more than twenty-five, tanned and wholesome looking.

"Don't die, boy!" she pleaded, tugging at the strap buckles.

She accomplished it. He slid out upon the hummocks. She felt strangely competent as she lifted his head upon her knee, unfastening the leather helmet. His hair was corn colored, with a hint of curl. Like a small boy asleep he lay there. She shook him gently, and the shut eyes opened. Blue, of course; with that hair they would be.

"Hello!" he murmured.

"Hello!" replied Molly Flint. "You aren't hurt much, after all. Are you?"

The yellow haired youth sat up and winced.

"Not much. Probably cracked my collar bone again." He arose, dizzily, essaying a few wobbling steps. "Otherwise I seem to be okay. I crashed, didn't I? Had to come down—gas tank sprang a leak."

"You don't have to fly over forests!" scolded Miss Flint. "If you hadn't landed in this marsh you'd have spoiled a few of the finest virgin pines in the United States."

"Think how much worse I'd have been

be all broken and covered with blood. I'm not up to that. Honest, I'm not. Please, God!"

Marsh haycocks straggled along the looping water where Jess-up's Brook widened into Mossy Fly and met the lake inlet. The plane was there, propeller blade half buried in the ooze. Furrows scarring the soggy meadow recorded its desperate effort to taxi to a level standstill. An arm hung limply over the rim of the cockpit. She ran eagerly now; no longer was she aware of pounding pulses. She had a definite objective. The pilot sagged, lashed to his seat. His

spoiled, sister." His laugh wavered as pain stabbed his shoulder. "I've cracked the darn thing a half dozen times. Ought to be used to it. You're a native, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm a native."

"Thought so. Strong, too. Only a mountain girl could have hauled me out of that cockpit."

Molly Flint had told the truth about being a native. Literally she was. She had been born rebelliously ahead of schedule, in the most luxurious camp preserve in the Adirondacks, twenty summers before. Her father owned it.

"The hay cutters usually hide a boat at the inlet," she said. "If you can walk that far I'll row you around to Fawn Stream. Better have the doctor at Speculator look you over."

"I'll look over my plane first, thank you." A bit drunkenly he strode toward the sprawling machine. "A fool for luck!" he exulted. "Don't believe the old bus bent one strut." But his face fell as he surveyed the expanse of marshy waste. "How will I ever dig her out?"

"You can cover it with tarpaulins. And this winter the guides can sledge it over the ice on Jupiter."

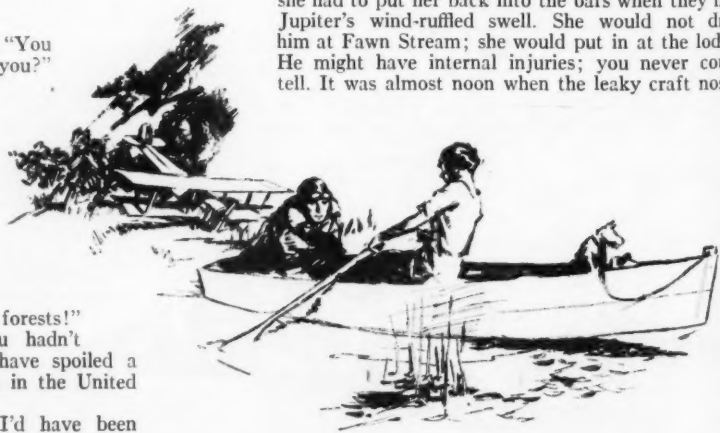
"Is this Jupiter Lake? There's a millionaire's camp on Jupiter—some plutocrat named Flint. Perhaps he'd help."

"I know that camp," said the girl. "It was closed last week. We can take your mail in the boat, if you wish."

"I'm carrying no pouch this trip. This was a test flight—trying out new fuel. Where does that doctor live?"

"Speculator—where Gene Tunney trains, you know. You could send a telegram from there, over the party line down the mountain."

The boat was moored beneath a toppled sugar maple; she had to put her back into the oars when they met Jupiter's wind-ruffled swell. She would not drop him at Fawn Stream; she would put in at the lodge. He might have internal injuries; you never could tell. It was almost noon when the leaky craft nosed



against the float. "You're gritty, kid," he mumbled. "Don't think I'm not wise to that. But I'm not long on conversation just now. Feel sick at heart."

He clutched her sleeve as he lurched across the planks; she knew it was going to happen. Lucky that he'd fainted on dry land!

She left him prone and hurried up the hill to the caretaker's cottage.

"Nanny!" she cried, startling a stout woman bending over the kitchen stove. "A mail pilot dropped out of the sky at Jessup's Brook! I shook my fist at him. He flew over Elephant Mountain! I rowed him from Mossy Fly! He has yellow hair and he kept talking to himself all the way."

"Land's sake!" said the caretaker's wife. "You'd ought of gone home with your mother. I knew it."

"I'm driving over to Speculator for Dr. Aird. And I'm not going back to New York until everything's all right either."

Nanny Bryan did not doubt that Miss Flint would have her own way. She had been Molly Flint's nurse until this self-willed child of the rich was sent off to finishing school. The yellow-haired birdman was in a stupor and one of Jim Bryan's flannel nightshirts when the roadster returned.

"Concussion," Dr. Aird diagnosed, as he taped the injured shoulder. "Light case, I think. All we can do is wait."

He helped Miss Flint examine the pilot's clothing. There was nothing to identify him except a name, crudely inked upon the belt of his canvas flying suit.

"Terry Murphy," read the country practitioner. "Will you telephone, or shall I?"

"It's my job, Doctor. He didn't look Irish to me."

"Terry Murphy?" a hoarse voice responded over the Piseco wire. "Party of that name unknown. Freeman took the pouch for Utica. This is Dan Collins talkin'."

"Don't be silly! It's inked on his flying suit," Miss Flint retorted.

"Hey—wait! What was the number on them wings?"

"There wasn't any number. Only two letters—DX."

"Cripes, Bill!" she heard him yell. "That navy test

rookie's did a nose dive near Elephant Mountain!"

Her bulletin had stirred the occupants of the hangar. Several men seemed to be shouting at once.

"Is he hurt bad, lady?" asked Collins.

"The Speculator doctor says it's light concussion. He's unconscious—in the caretaker's cottage at the Flint camp."

"If he's bein' tended to I won't come over till tomorrow. We're short handed here."

"You're a cold blooded brute! That's what you are!" shrieked Molly Flint.

"You don't even say you are sorry!"

"Hey, Bill! The lady's givin' me the devil," he was calling as she rang off.

"Send Jim for the guides, all of them, Nanny," Miss Flint ordered. "And both chauffeurs, and the gardeners—everybody."

In a half hour she was regarding seven able bodied males. "The first thing he'll be worrying about is his plane," she told them. "Get it out of Mossy Fly. I don't care how you do it, or what it costs. I want it in the empty hay barn by morning."

"We'll git it out," Jim Bryan promised. "I figure a raft'll be best. We can tow it behind the launch."

"Remember one thing," the girl cautioned. "Miss Flint isn't here. When that Piseco mechanic comes I'm Nanny's niece. She's going to lend me one of Mary's gingham dresses, Jim."

"Ain't hankerin' fer no publicity, be you?" asked the caretaker. "The boy'll be shut mouthed, Miss Molly."

"There'd be headlines," the girl explained. "Ira Flint's Daughter Saves Mail Pilot Crashed In Bog. Can't you imagine what the tabloids would do to it? Father would be wild."

She heard men's voices before daybreak. Lanterns were bobbing along the road from the lodge boathouse;



one could always rely upon Jim Bryan. Dan Collins' motor truck rattled up while she was breakfasting.

"I come alone, an' I made her step some," he said. "Brought gas, too. How's the rookie?"

She led him into the bedroom. The pilot's hands were plucking vaguely at the coverlid.

"Tough luck, Murphy," the Piseco mechanic grumbled. "But pretty soft for you at that. He blew in about dusk night before last, Miss. Detroit was his next landin'."

From there he was headin' for Frisco. We gathered he was a navy gob on special duty. He was just another solo to us."

"A solo?"

"One of them chaps that's forever tryin' things out. The Government lets 'em do it. This fellow was batty over some new fuel mixture. Claimed it'd get twicet as many miles to the gallon as regular gas."

"Would that mean a great deal?" inquired Miss Flint.

"Did it mean anythin' to Columbus to discover America? It'd just about wipe the stop out of these phoney non-stop flights. How near can I drive to Mossy Fly with this here stuff?"

"You won't have to drive. The plane's in Jim Bryan's hay barn."

He eyed her incredulously; then turned, with a final glance at the pilot.

"In soft is right, Murphy," he added. "Maybe your DX bus'll get to Detroit anyways."

He passed the cottage at supper time, grimier than he had been but grinning.

"She'll run like a railroad watch now," he told her. "Outside of tightenin' a few nuts an' solderin' that leaky tank there wasn't nothin' wrong. One of them miracles."

"We're making good for you, boy," she whispered to the youth beneath the quilt. "You've got to get well. It's only decent."

[Turn to page 105]



"Don't die, boy!" she pleaded, tugging frantically at the strap buckles

BURNING BEAUTY

*Amid the gleaming candles and bright gaiety of
Derekdale's sophisticated Christmas party Virginia
seeks and finds her solace in a gift of love*

By Temple Bailey

AT the auction of the beautiful possessions of the Oliphants in Annapolis, Virginia, their only daughter, meets Mrs. Bleecker and Tony, the latter's son, and a sophisticated friend of theirs—Marty Van Duyné. Mr. Michael McMillan, successful editor of a popular magazine, has also come in pursuit of antiques, wanting particularly a set of Dutch spoons and a pair of silver candlesticks. Virginia's loveliness and her patience with her hot-headed young brother Rickey, win admiration from the wealthy set of bidders. Tony and Michael McMillan, in fact, fall in love with her—Tony ignoring his mother's disapproval and obvious plans for his marriage with Marty; McMillan feeling that in Virginia he has found a real woman, his one adventure in matrimony having been disastrous. His wife has been dead a number of years and as he lives over the past he wonders if Virginia might not be the companion he requires. Tony Bleecker invites himself to supper on a Sunday evening and begs Virginia to join a Christmas party at Derekdale, their country home. Rickey begs his sister to accept, partly because he himself is in love with Marty, and partly to see McMillan, who has promised editorial consideration of *Burning Beauty*, the novel Rickey is writing.

Part III

WHEN, on Saturday, Michael came to the honey-colored room, he saw the primrose cat, and the little Scotch dog with his nose on Virginia's shoe. He saw Virginia in a deep blue gown which had a touch of gold at the neck and wrists and which gave her the look of one of Fra Angelico's angels.

She poured tea for him, and he felt suddenly as if in the stormy seas of sorrow he had found at last an island of serenity. He hardly heard what Rickey said. He was preoccupied with the thought of what life would be if Virginia might share it. Surely Pan would pipe for them and they would follow, follow through the reeds and rushes in the crystal dawns of spring and summer, and when winter came there would be golden-lighted rooms like this!

He and Virginia had little to say to each other, for it was Rickey who held the center of the stage. He flung himself down on the hearth-rug, and with his arms about his knees, talked of his story. "It's in the rough, of course, but I think I've got the idea."

"How about letting me read a bit of it?"

"Before it is finished?"

"Yes."

"I'd hate that. It might muddle me up."

"On the other hand, I can see just what you are doing. I know the kind of thing I want and when I have skimmed a few chapters I can give you an opinion. If I like it, I'll save space for its summer publication."

Rickey turned to his sister. "Shall I let him see it, Jinny?"

"Do as you think best, dear." She felt traitorous, as if she were turning a knife in his breast. He looked so flushed, so triumphant. She knew how sure he was of a favorable verdict.

"Oh, well!" Rickey stood up. "I'll read it to you if you don't mind. I haven't a clear copy."

He went to get the manuscript and Virginia said to Michael, "I must run away now. Rickey won't want me here when you discuss it."

"Just so you don't run too far," he smiled.

She smiled back: "Only to the fourth floor. A little boy is sick and I've promised his mother to sit with him while she goes out for her work. She sews on men's garments. I've made some broth for Roger to tempt his appetite."

Rickey came back just then, and Virginia, leaving

them for a moment, reappeared presently with a tray on which was a blue pitcher covered with a napkin. "Will you be here when I come down, Mr. McMillan?" she asked, and Michael said, "I may not be. But may I come again?"

"Of course," she held out her hand to him, "and the next time you may toast your own muffins."

He opened the door for her and their eyes met in a glance of mutual understanding. Michael closed the door slowly, hating to shut her out.

As Virginia ascended the stairs and passed the Bronze Knight she smiled at him. It was such a smiling world in which she moved at the moment. And she liked to have the Bronze Knight there on the newelpost, with his *vérité sans peur*. He seemed so stable and inspiring amid all the unstable and uninspiring people who climbed the stairs.

She reached at last the dim dark hall of the upper floor, and tapped on a door. A pale-faced woman opened it. "Oh," she said quite eagerly, "it is you, Miss Oliphant. Roger has been asking for you."

"We had a guest, and I had to pour his tea,"

Virginia explained. "I've brought some broth. I'll give it to Roger while you are gone."

In the neat but shabby room a little boy lay on a couch. When he saw Virginia he sat up. "It's my Fire Lady, Mother," he said, lighting up, "my darling Fire Lady."

He had called Virginia that from the first. "Her hair is like fire," he had told his mother. "I feel warm when I look at her."

Virginia sat down beside him. "Don't hurry, Mrs. Barlow. Get a bit of fresh air. If you are late, I'll take Roger downstairs with me."

So Mrs. Barlow went away and Virginia sat beside the child. He drank his broth to the last drop, and then asked for a story: "About the Bronze Knight on the stairs."

Virginia and Roger had often talked about the Bronze Knight at the turn of dusk when Roger had waited for his mother in the lower hall; and now she went on from where she had left off. "You see the Bronze Knight was a gentleman—he loved God, he never told a lie, and he was never afraid. And, when he waked at dawn, with the fields all sparkling with dew, he would pray for a day in which he might help men and serve Christ. And when he lay down at night, with the stars over him, he would pray again that for all he had left undone in the service of God and man he might be forgiven."

The boy liked that. He reached out his hand to Virginia. "And can any boy be a knight?" he asked.

"Yes, and hold a torch."

He slept then for a short space, and when he waked, Virginia said, "Your mother hasn't come. I'll take you down with me, and you can stay while I get my brother's dinner."

Illustrated by
C. D. MITCHELL



"Go on, Michael. I
apologize for your opponent"

She wrapped him in a shawl and carried him in her arms. He was very light in spite of his six years. When they reached the Bronze Knight on the newpost Roger greeted him with soberness. "Some day you'll go back to your fields," he said, "but now you must stay and do your duty."

Virginia opened the door to her apartment to find Michael McMillan still there. She had not expected to see him, and the color flamed in her cheeks. Michael was not prepared for the wave of emotion which swept over him as he saw her on the threshold in her deep blue gown, with the child in her arms. She was like some sacred mediaeval saint—some picture by an old master who could paint motherhood with tenderness.

Michael wanted to fall at her feet. He had never felt that way about any woman. He had loved, but not worshipped. He knew in that moment of revelation that he worshipped Virginia Oliphant.

"Am I interrupting," she asked, "or have you finished?"

"I was just leaving," Michael told her. "It is very late, I am afraid, and I am dining out."

Virginia laid the child on the couch. "Where's Rickey?"

"He's telephoning for a taxi, Miss Oliphant. I'm afraid I've offended him, but I tried to be careful."

"You saw what I meant?"

"Yes. He thinks I'm wrong, of course." They had no time for more, for Rickey came back, and when the taxi arrived, Michael said good-by.

The moment he and his sister were alone, Rickey turned to her, his eyes blazing. "I hate him!"

"Rickey! Why?"

"Oh, in a perfectly polite way, he told me that my story was—punk. Do you know what he is, Jinny? He's just one of a standardized lot of bromides who have it in for young authors. They kill genius. And, if he thinks I'm going to listen to his advice, he can think again! There are other editors in the world besides Michael McMillan!"

"Rickey dear, I'm sure he meant to be kind."

"Kind? Do you call it kind to fling the thing I've worked over for weeks on the scrap heap?" His voice broke on a sob. She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Hush, Rickey, Roger will hear you."

"Well, you shouldn't have brought him down—" irritably. Then, with a sudden change of mood: "Oh, I'm a brute and a beast to talk like this to you, Jinny. You've always believed in me." He stopped suddenly as her eyes wavered before his. "Jinny, Jinny, haven't you always believed in me?"

She flung her arms about his neck, forgetting the wondering child, forgetting everything but that she loved him. "Oh, Rickey, dear, let me help. I do believe in you. We can do anything if we work together."

The next morning Virginia had a note from Michael. "I am much concerned about yesterday. I want to be friends with your brother and with you. Can't you and I have a cup of tea together and talk it over? Perhaps we can find a way out. And will you call me up at my office? I would call you, but do not know when to find you alone."

She telephoned him, and the next day went to tea with him at a charming place. She told him the things Rickey had said to her. "I shouldn't have asked you to get him to read his manuscript. He is so sensitive, I might have known how risky it was."

"No," Michael insisted, "I went at it the wrong way. I thought he wanted to be helped and he didn't. He wanted to be praised and there's a difference."

"He's always been like that. Perhaps I have spoiled him."

"It is because you are kind," Michael said. "Your kindness is beautiful." He paused for a moment, then lifted his head and looked at her. "Do you know how I like best to think of you?"

"No."

"As you came into the room the other night with the child in your arms. There was a tenderness, a sweetness. I wonder if you know how few women are tender—and sweet."

Her heart was beating wildly. "But you don't know me—really."

"I think I do. But I want to know you better."

She told him frankly, "I am afraid I can't let you come to the house. Rickey would think me disloyal if I tried to be friends with you."

"But we are going to be friends, Rickey or no Rickey?"

Her eyes met his bravely. "Yes."

"Good." He reached out his hand to her. "You can

motor with me now and then? We can have tea together? And there's one place I'd like to end to take you to—my Aunt Molly's. She's the only soul in the world who understands one side of me. It is the side I want you to know, Virginia."

She tried to answer with calmness. "Tell me about it." It seemed so astounding that Michael McMillan should be saying things to her like this.



She broke from Tony and fled. Laughing, he followed at her heels

He told her then of the boy who had heard Pan pipe. Of the years when all that wild fluting had been stilled. He had no word of blame for his wife. "We were different in our tastes," he said, "that was the trouble."

He went on to talk of his Aunt Molly. "When things get too much for me in town, I go up to her farm. It's a marvelous old place, and she has an ancient couple and their son to look after it for her. She has always lived there, and she is as unchanged throughout the years as the rocks on which her house is built. She cares nothing for fashions, she cares nothing for motor cars or radios or telephones. She adores her doves and her ducks and her comfortable old cows. She makes famous Dutch cheese and has honey from her own bees." He stopped and laughed a little. "Do you like the sound of it?"

"I adore it."

"Good. We'll go out and lunch with her. Do you think you can manage it? Soon?"

She knew that she could manage it. She knew she could do anything which would give her hours of companionship with Michael McMillan.

For the first time in her life she hid things from Rickey. She planned her meetings with Michael deliberately. They had the effect of being clandestine, but she felt she was not violating her own sense of what was conventional and right.

She wrote freely and frankly to her mother about this new friend of hers.

"He is really wonderful, Mumsie. And you'd like

him. He is so gay and boyish in some of his moods and in others he is spiritual and splendid."

She gave the whole history of Rickey's book and Michael's criticism and of the consequent coolness between them. "Rickey's wrong, of course, Mumsie. You know him and his moods. He is like Father, and I suppose neither of them is responsible. It is probably a throwback from generations of high-strung Oliphants. But it doesn't make them easy to live with. Michael and I are going around a lot together, and Rickey doesn't know it. But I feel sure you wouldn't disapprove. Michael is really very careful about the places he takes me. He says I am mid-Victorian, but that he likes my 'proprieties'."

"We went yesterday to his adorable Aunt Molly's. She has a farm out in Westchester. We lunched there and had broiled chickens and hot biscuits and honey and her famous Dutch cheese. She wears long dresses and a cameo pin and does her gray hair in a pompadour. You would love her, Mumsie, because she belongs to the old regime. But she isn't delicate and dainty like you. She's jolly and plump like some of the delicious old women in Dickens' stories."

Aunt Molly had said to Michael when lunch was over: "You'll want to show Virginia the doves and the ducks." So they had gone together to the dim, deep barns, where the doves cooed among the rafters, and where the cows looked at them with melting eyes. They saw the

ducks sunning themselves in the yard, and swimming in the cold pools between frozen banks.

They walked on then across the fields and through a grove of pines. "I'll bring you here in the spring," said Michael. "The dogwood is simply wonderful—deep pink, like roses."

"I'll bring you here in the spring." It seemed to Virginia too perfect to be true that he should be looking forward to spring days together.

As yet he had said no word of love. He had spoken of friendship, of how their tastes met, of how he delighted in her companionship. Yet she knew that he loved her. There had been that moment at the Spanish Museum, when they stood in front of one of Sorolla's paintings—the Valencia group with its clear and startling color, its deep-hued oranges, its sapphire sky, the red trappings of its milk-white horses. And Michael had said, "It was in Spain that my castles fell to the ground."

"Why did they fall?"

"I spent my honeymoon in Valencia. And I found before it was over that I had married a woman who knew nothing of love as I had dreamed of it. I don't know why I am telling you this. I have never told anyone."

"I am glad you told me."

He had beaten his fist thoughtfully on the arm of the bench on which they were sitting. "I think the time will come when I shall tell you everything."

It was after that visit to the Spanish Museum that Virginia found herself lying awake late into the night. She slept on the big couch sheltered by the three screens which made a little room of the space about her. Since the beginning of her friendship with Michael, she had pushed into the back of her mind the thought of her visit to Derekdale. Yet now it was almost upon her, and there was her promise to Rickey.

SHE had told him it should bind her to nothing.

Yet she knew that in a way it did bind her. Tony expected things of her, and so did Rickey. They showed it—each in his own way. Tony by a maddening air of possessiveness, Rickey by taking impossible things for granted. It had been hard to keep Tony from a knowledge of the hours she spent with Michael. Tony was always coming in at odd moments and asking her to do things. When she said that she couldn't, he demanded, suspiciously, "Why? You seem to be having a lot of engagements lately."

She had refused to be drawn into any damaging admissions. "Just because I haven't time for you, Tony, is no reason why you should feel injured. You are really a most demanding person."

"A lot of good it does me to be demanding," he had told her. "I haven't seen you alone for ages."

"You are seeing me alone today."

"Because Rickey happens to be out. There's always Rickey, or Mary Lee, or that small boy from upstairs. I can whistle for a chance to talk to you without ears wide open to hear."

"You shouldn't want to talk about things that 'open ears' can't hear."

"You know what I want to talk about and you might as well let me."

She did know. And as she lay wide awake on her couch she blamed herself for letting Tony go on with it. She could never love him and she knew it. She ought to settle it now and stay away from Derekdale. Anything else was not fair to Michael or to herself or fair indeed to Tony.

Yet if she did not go, Rickey would be furious. He talked of nothing else—Derekdale, Derekdale, Derekdale—and Marty Van Duyn.

Michael was also going to Derekdale. Mrs. Bleecker, instigated by Marty Van Duyn, had urged him. "He'll add distinction to your party, Jane," Marty had said. "Too many millionaires are deadly. 'You mustn't for-

get that. Money makes people heavy."

But Michael was not going because of Marty or Mrs. Bleecker.

He was going because of Virginia. He told her so frankly. "It will give us three days together."

Virginia, thinking of these things in the night, rose and put on her dressing gown. It was very late, but she could hear the click of Rickey's typewriter. She must tell him at once that she could not go to Derekdale. It would put her in a false

"I know it. It will be like wine in my veins, Jinny, to meet people like that. I'm one of the kind that has to have excitement. I simply shrivel right up when things are at a dead level."

Excitement. That old roistering ancestor, Lute Carney, Rickey—links in the chain, all of them! Virginia was afraid. Rickey mustn't get restless. It wouldn't do to disappoint him. No matter what happened, she must not disappoint Rickey.

CHRISTMAS came that year on Saturday. The big ball was to be on Friday, and Virginia and her brother were to motor with Tony to Derekdale on Friday morning. Michael would come in time for dinner. Virginia had three new dresses. Rickey had made her get them. "You've got to look as well as the others."

Mary Lee Logan drifting in on Thursday and finding Virginia alone asked, "Where's Rickey?"

"Out doing some last minute errands. He'll be back for lunch."

"May I stay? I want to say good-by to him."

"Of course."

Mary Lee sat dejectedly by the fire and watched Virginia pack. "Do you ever have premonitions?" she asked.

Virginia smiled at her. "Are you having them?"

"Yes. I get such superstitions, I suppose, from my old black mammy. But when I am low in my mind as I am today, I always know that unhappiness of some kind is ahead. And just now I have a feeling that things aren't ever going to be again with us as they are now, Virginia."

Virginia, tucking silk stockings into the pocket of her traveling bag, said, "Cheer up, we will be back on Tuesday."

"But it won't be the same," Mary Lee persisted.

"The gobble-uns will git you, Jinny, or the witches. It's that silver witch I am afraid of—for Rickey."

Virginia straightened up and looked at her. "She isn't half as nice as you are, Mary Lee. And Rickey's sensible enough to know it."

"Rickey isn't sensible. No temperamental person is. And he's going to suffer—"

There was a great change in Mary Lee. She was no longer the plump little maiden who had made eyes at Tony in the old house. She was composed, quiet, more womanly. There was, indeed, about her now something of the tragic remoteness of the little Chinese lady in the song. The effect was heightened, perhaps, today, by the fact that she wore black—a slim tailor-made with a white flower in her buttonhole, a small pull-on black hat, and a scarf of silver fox.

When Rickey came in and saw her he gave a whistle of astonishment. "You're simple stunning, Mary Lee," he told her.

She turned herself about on slim patent leather pumps. "If you only knew," she said, "how hard it was for me not to have steel buckles. But I knew these were smarter."

The three of them had lunch together, and when she was ready to go, Mary Lee said to Rickey, "Don't fall in love with Marty Van Duyn."

He flushed. "What rot!"

"It isn't rot. But I probably shouldn't have said anything to you about her. It's like telling children not to put beans up their noses. They won't think of it if someone doesn't suggest it."

"Marty Van Duyn wouldn't look at me."

"That's the very reason you'll fall in love with her. She's the distant star that you poets rave about. I'm the ripe plum that falls at your feet."

She laughed as if it were a light thing, but Virginia knew that back of the lightness was deep emotion. She was sorry for Mary Lee, of course, but she wasn't sure that she wanted Rickey to love her.

On Friday, before Tony came for her, Virginia and little Roger Barlow hung Christmas greens in the shabby old hall. Virginia had felt it might help the dreary people who came up and down the stairs to get a bit of the holiday spirit.

"We will put a crown of mistletoe [Turn to page 78]



*"All this will
be mine some day"*

position. Tony would think things that were not true. He would think she was willing to marry him and she was not.

She came to the little room and opened the door softly. Rickey's back was turned to her and he was writing madly. She spoke his name and he whirled around and spoke in a startled voice, "What's up, old girl?"

He looked very tired and his hair was ruffled. There were dark rings under his eyes. She faltered. "I couldn't sleep."

He came and put his arms about her. "Anything worrying you?"

Everything was worrying her, but she couldn't tell him now. She simply could not—not this tired Rickey, with his arms about her and that touch of tenderness in his voice.

So she said, "Come on in and talk to me. I'm fed up on myself, Rickey."

They went into the living room and he put more coal on the fire. The little dog and the bright cat came and camped on the rug in front of their beloved mistress, and Rickey, also on the rug, talked of the things he was going to do. "I'll get a new start at Derekdale," he said.

GATE MARKED PRIVATE

by Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT



THAT journey through the London streets seemed unending to Bobby. It was raining, and the roads shone like glass. She felt dazzled, bewildered, uncertain of herself, acutely conscious of a tension between her companions for which she could discover no remedy. She realized that Ravencombe had given a very definite hint to Silas and that but for her much more definite assurance he would have taken it. Strangely enough, obsessed as she was by the thought of Rosemary, she had time to be angry for his sake. And it was Dick—of all people, Dick—who had made her so. Dick, now Lord Ravencombe and a cousin of Silas! That was the amazing thing. And Silas who hated and despised the Thorgrave blood that ran so strongly in his veins!

By the fitful glare of the streets she watched his face and again she saw that likeness. They were utterly unlike—these two cousins, and yet so much alike that they might have been brothers.

It was all rather like a dream from which she could not disentangle herself. She even began to wonder whether it was possible that this curious resemblance which till now she had never seen had been a factor acting upon her sub-conscious mentality to induce the intimacy between herself and Silas which Rosemary and Matilda had so deeply resented. It had never occurred to her before that there could be any attraction save that of genuine friendship and gratitude. But now—she wondered.

The taxi turned a corner and stopped at last. She went through glass doors into a high hall, and looked around her eagerly. But only the casual glances of strangers met her gaze.

"She isn't here," said Ravencombe. "I've got a sitting room. Go straight through to the lift!"

She went, and was aware that he followed her. In the lift she realized that they were alone, and sharply turned. "Where is Silas?"

He had already shut the doors. "He stopped to engage a room," he said.

The lift shot upwards as he spoke, and for those few seconds they were alone. At the fourth floor they stepped out and went down a long empty corridor till they came at length to a door at which he paused, turned and faced her. "It was a pity that you brought an escort with you. I wanted you alone tonight."

"Alone!" She went backwards with the word, her hand to her heart. "Where is Rosemary?"

He smiled at her. Then very quietly he took a key from his pocket and opened the door, switching on the light. "Come in here, and I will tell you!"

SHE obeyed him, trembling from head to foot. She found herself in a well-lighted sitting room in which a meal had been spread. There was a door at the further end towards which she turned instinctively, but Ravencombe's voice arrested her.

"No, she isn't in there, I can't produce her for the moment, though she is quite safe and happy; so you needn't be anxious."

She turned swiftly upon him, all her joyful anticipation swept away in a wave of anger. "How dare you trick me like this?"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly. "I should have thought the reason was obvious. As for tricking you—well, that was a game of your own starting many years ago."

She gazed at him, taking in every detail for the first time, noting the iron-grey of his hair, the bitter lines that the years had carved upon him, and the cruel scar which no years could ever efface.

Then, at the end of a deep silence, she spoke. "Dick, why—why didn't you come back before?"

He made her a curious bow.

"At last," he said, "I have succeeded in attracting your attention. But I should have thought that once more the answer to your question was obvious. I had nothing to come back for."

The words were like cold steel, piercing her. She made a gesture that was unconsciously tragic. "Was I—nothing?" she said.

He raised his brows. "The answer to that," he said, "is not so obvious, I admit. But come and sit down, and perhaps we shall arrive at an understanding."

He motioned her forward, but she remained stationary. "Before I do anything at all," she said, "you must first—please—tell me the truth about Rosemary. Where

is she? What is she doing? You—you can't mean to torture me by keeping it back?"

He walked slowly forward into the room so that she was obliged to follow. "On the contrary, I know almost everything about her," he said. "I have already told you that she is safe and happy, and that is the truth. But she is no longer in my keeping, or—in yours. I am sorry that the pleasure of meeting me is not sufficient to counter-balance your disappointment. I can only suggest that you make the best of a bad bargain—or shall we say a bad exchange not of your arranging?—and answer a few questions I have to ask. When you have done that, I will do my best to answer yours."

"I should like to know everything, please," he said smoothly. "But before you begin, may I request you to remove your hat? I want to see you properly."

She obeyed him without further hesitation, somehow realizing that she had no choice; and she saw his look change subtly as it dwelt upon the gleaming gold of her hair.

"So you are neither gray nor shorn!" he said. "I appreciate that. Now begin at the very beginning and tell me everything that has happened to you since I saw you last!"

She looked up at him with her clear, unswerving gaze. "I don't think I have very much to tell," she said. "I have just kept on working."

His eyes held hers with an almost fierce intentness. "For—Rosemary," he said, his voice very level and distinct. "You hadn't got her to work for, you must remember, when I left."

"No, I know," said Bobby, and closed her lips firmly upon the words.

He marked the fact with a grim hardening of the features that gave them a stony, carved look. "Is that all?"

"That's all," said Bobby quietly. "You have no intention of telling me anything more?" he said.

Her eyes still met his without a falter. "No, Dick," she said. "I don't discuss other people's affairs with anyone."

"You'd sooner lie," he said.

The color rose and spread all over her face at his words, but she still continued to meet his look. "I should not lie to you," she said.

"Ah!" He laughed, though his face scarcely altered. "That is kind of you, Roberta, though I imagine it is only because you could not hope for any success if you did. Tell me, why have you never married in all these years?"

THE color deepened in her face, but she kept her head up still. "I have had—other things to do," she said.

"Is that your sole reason?"

She made a small unconscious gesture of protest, and locked her hands together. "I daresay I shouldn't have married in any case," she said. "But—I have always—until lately—regarded myself as engaged to you."

It was his turn to be discomfited, and though he kept himself rigidly in hand, there was something about him—a subtle, scarcely perceptible change of countenance—that betrayed it. "Oh, you stick to that story too, do you?"

"I am telling you the truth, Dick," she said almost pleadingly. "And you meet me with gibes and sneers. Why? How have I wronged you in all these years?"

"How have you wronged me?" he said, "You ask me that?"

"Yes, I do ask you." Her voice still trembled, but she spoke with more assurance. There was something about him that seemed to indicate that he had given ground before her. "I do ask you, Dick; because, as I say, until lately—I have always [Turn to page 84]



"Aunt Bobby, did he tell you that he loved you?"

The "City of New York," which is carrying the Byrd expedition to the South Pole

Photos by Underwood and Underwood



SANTA Goes To The SOUTH POLE

*A merry Christmas is
forecast for the Byrd
men in Antarctica*

By Commander Richard E. Byrd

Dearest Jim:

You don't know how hard it is to work up a Christmas spirit on this scorching August day just before you sail for the South Pole. It is 98° in the shade. You will read this in December; 40° below zero you told me it might be. Quite a difference. But don't forget I'll be thinking of you on Christmas day; and that I love you.

AND so on for half a dozen pages. Jim is any one of the members of my South Polar expedition. He sits this Christmas morning by a small window in our hut on the Antarctic Ice Barrier thousands of

miles from home. His letter, marked "Open Christmas Morning," was handed to him when he left. He can receive no regular mail until our ship comes back a year hence.

The writer of the letter—his sweetheart, wife or mother—he kissed good-by months ago. He knows she is thinking of him today; that she meant this letter to be a touching reminder of the tenderness she feels toward him. And yet the whole proceeding—letter, day, spirit,

memory—is unmistakably flat. Goodness knows there are reasons enough for Jim's homesickness. He is about twelve thousand miles from home and just halfway around the world from the traditional haunts of Santa Claus. In the more than five million square miles of continent that surround him, not a Christmas tree grows; not any kind of tree, nor are there any Eskimos, reindeer, turkeys, holly or cranberries to be found in this frozen land. Human hearts and an immeasurable quantity of glistening snow are the only Yuletide realities at our ice-bound antarctic base.

All else that has to do with making our Christmas a success we have brought along in envelopes, boxes, bottles, phonograph records and reliable tin cans.

But this is not a new experience for many of us. The seafaring man and the explorer must always use their ingenuity to make their festal days savor of the real thing. The explorer is put to it more than the sailor to make the best out of that day of days which comes on December 25th. He is farther away; he is away for a longer time; his comforts are more limited; his existence is more grueling—and more often than not a savage blizzard chooses just that day to perform.

One thing about our Christmas in Antarctica that differs from the popular idea of a polar Christmas is that it comes in *midsummer* at the South Pole. In the north polar regions the sun is farthest away on December 21st. In the south polar regions the sun is at its highest point on the same day. December 21st at our base will see more sunshine than any other day in the year.

Peary, Nansen, Kane, Greeley and all the other famous arctic travelers found Christmas useful in raising the spirits of their men who had been for many weeks living in the awful gloom of sunless days. It was a dreaded season when all hands were at headquarters; when work was curtailed by swirling blizzards, bitter cold and darkness. It was a time when fresh meat was at a premium because hunting was well-nigh impossible; when scurvy crept in and laid its clammy fingers on its victim; when hope for success was at its lowest ebb.

IN contrast, Christmas in the Antarctic will find us at the height of our activity. Although the days will be much colder—all Antarctica is colder—than corresponding days in the Far North, the sun will roll around, unsetting throughout the twenty-four hours. Seasons, you know, are reversed south of the equator.

Jim will no doubt be awakened at dawn Christmas day—such as it is during the period of midnight sun—by a great uproar. Perhaps he is an integral part of the uproar. This is the Christmas morning "parade." I don't know what the psychological significance of a parade is; but I do know that at Annapolis, aboard a man-of-war, and in other corners of the world where only men gather together, a parade is a characteristic way to start Christmas day.

Costume for the parade may be anything from pink silk pajamas—worn over woollens—to the skin of a fake gorilla. Music is provided by a cornet, a trombone, a snare drum and two or three ukeleles. If some good old ditty, such as "Blow the Man Down," has caught the party's current fancy the roars of it may drown out the instruments.

If the weather outside is not too awful the parade may wind around the several huts that make up our little "village." If a hurricane is in progress and a smother of snow enwraps our huts the walking part of the parade is replaced by a noisy jubilation in the main quarters.

No doubt the effect of the whole performance is much more profound than its outward semblance would indicate. Sudden absurdity jolts men out of the dull



"A tall ship and a star to steer her by"

formality of routine. It releases the strain of over-great intimacy. Perhaps it helps cover the heartaches that are bound to be there.

In a sudden lull the same idea strikes everyone at once. For each of us has some sort of Christmas box, a package of letters and small gifts packed especially for the occasion by loving hands before we left. Jim drags his out of his bunk. It is a large pasteboard box such as glassware is often packed in. Nearly three weeks ago he took the precaution to get it out of the storehouse to make sure he would have it on hand when the great day came. "Oh boy!" he exclaims, more like a ten-year-old than a weather-beaten man with a three-day growth of whiskers on his face.

He loosens the last cord and dips out a heavy oblong package. His comrades gather about. There is an unmistakable odor to the package. Jim lifts the lid. "Ah-h-h!"

Yes, they were right; five pounds of rich chocolates! And ask anyone who has been in polar regions which he'd rather have, gold or candy—or liquor or candy, for that matter. There is a fine fuel value in sweets that makes them prodigiously satisfying in cold climates.

I always remember how Captain Bob Bartlett's father worked his men night and day down the Labrador, building a fishing schooner. Neither threats nor rum drove his men, but a twenty-pound cask of brown sugar, to which the gang was given free access during the rush.

NOW another member bursts in upon the knot of men, munching chocolates. "Hey, look what I got!" With a wild gesture he waves a photograph. Such gyrations the picture describes in his hands that some one begs him to let the crowd have a look.

It is the photograph of a chunky morsel of humanity, perhaps six months old; an infant that looks almost exactly like every other infant of its age, expressionless and contented, mostly hairless and fatter than it will ever be again.

Silence falls upon the group. A few older ones smile knowingly. Two or three bachelors wear faint expressions of "Well, what of it?" Only the proud father goes on with his gurglings until suddenly, in embarrassment, he realizes that his act is a monologue and a flop and that it's time for the next cue.

Still another man intrudes, unwrapping the top package out of his box. "Say, what do you suppose this is?"

"Another photo?" mutters someone.

"No, there aren't any kids in mine!" snaps the unwrapper in an undertone so as not to hurt the feelings of the young father.

Yet the package certainly looks as if it held a picture of some sort. It is flat and about eight inches by twelve.

A card drops out. "Merry Christmas from Eddie," it reads. "Just what you'll need when you reach the Pole."

This message adds to the suspense. It is clear that the whole roomful of men are for the moment eager to learn what it is a small brother would send along with our expedition, something that will be needed "when you reach the Pole."

A black object falls out of the package. An incredulous gasp rises from the audience, followed by a burst of raucous laughter. Little Eddie's Christmas gift to his brother, to be used at the historic moment when flying across



Captains of the sea and sky—David Dedrick and Commander Byrd

the South Pole, is nothing less than a folding opera hat! And at this moment the jubilation is interrupted by a shout of protest from the cook: "Say if you fellows are going to hang around that table all day how do you expect to get any breakfast?"

At which some callous soul commits a blasphemy by retorting: "We aren't interested in breakfast, Cookie; what we want to know is the menu for dinner!"

About this time there will be a call for a brief divine service. We shall have no chaplain along, but as prac-

There will be sports peculiar to the strange environment of snow and ice in which we live. Of these, skiing will, for many reasons, be most important. Surface of the icecap is such that skis are very important for our field parties. Anything that encourages their use benefits the whole expedition. The billowy surface of the Barrier just outside our front door lends itself readily both to ski sprints and to slides. The latter are likely to be the most spectacular events of the day. Americans take to skis in boldness if in nothing else. Hence I anticipate some grand moving pictures of human meteors sweeping down the nearest snow-slide and ending in an equally grand crash in a cloud of powdery snow at the bottom. Of course the winner can only be he who keeps his feet—unless all topple.

Then there are snow-block contests to see who can cut the best and fastest cubes of snow, the kind we use for wind-breaks on the trail. And obstacle races over the ice-hummocks near the tide crack. Possibly there will be toboggan races if conditions are right.

By the time the sun has passed the meridian our chief Cook—spelled with a capital C—is ready with his banquet. We gather in the mess hut, those of us who are not off laying down depots or on a flight. As this is a gala occasion a toast is drunk—the President's toast. Then the feast.

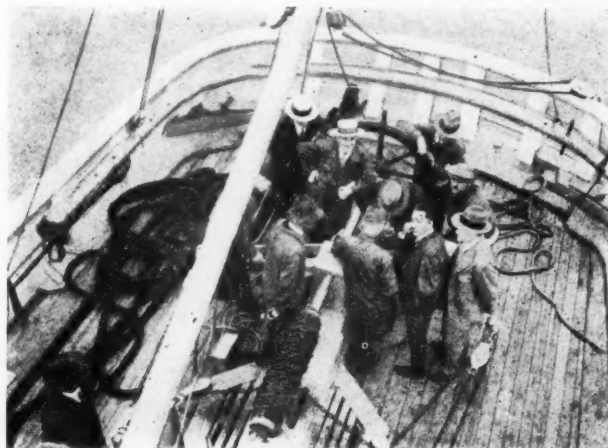
PROBABLY the table would surprise you more than anything else of our topsyturvy Christmas celebration. Candles, of course, aren't needed for the good and simple reason that the sun won't set for another month or so! By the side of each plate are three small packages, each trio like the other. These are special gifts that have been made for the expedition by three kindly folk who would not rest until they had taken care of everyone of us for Christmas day.

Then comes the food; and what a feast it is! Course after course, with such civilized dainties as roast goose, turkey and chicken, with all the "fixings," because nowadays a roast bird can be put up in fat and tinned for an indefinite time. As our Cook is one of the best all-around culinary mechanics in the business I should be very much surprised if we do not have a plum pudding and cake that he will put together himself. I know that when we left New York he took along some packages which contained mysterious ingredients with Christmas dinner in mind.

While not all members of the expedition are smokers, there will be pipes and cigars a plenty when the feast comes to an end. Tobacco is discouraged on the trail; but it is a great solace at headquarters, particularly on such days as Christmas.

The next few hours are the most personal part of the day. For it is at this time, when the jollity of the morning has worn off and the repletion of sharp appetites is complete, that thoughts of family and home are most likely to come with poignant sharpness.

Christmas letters—all, like Jim's, given before the ship sailed months ago—are read again. Photographs are taken out and scrutinized as if [Turn to page 107]



Commander Byrd "talks it over" on deck with his associates

tically all of the party are good churchmen this will not be difficult to arrange. The day would not be complete without a Christmas carol.

It is not unlikely that athletic events will have been organized for the morning. Some of these will be common to temperate climes, such as field hockey, foot races, soccer football and others. With an experienced man in charge these contests will go off with a very real interest.

We shall not have much time to devote to athletics during our stay south, despite the long periods of bad weather and darkness which may assail us. There is too much work to be done by too few men.

But our crowd will be in such splendid physical trim at all times that holiday games will surely not be cheap imitations.



Silver wings ready for the Antarctic flight



"You will, will you?" said the goldfish. But Frisky was too chilled to argue

THE GOLDFISH UNDER THE ICE

How Frisky celebrated Christmas Eve
because he was not a member of the
Go To Sleep As Soon As You Go To Bed Club

WHEN I asked Frisky what kind of story he would like—it seemed only proper to consult him as it was the first time he had been in a story—he said at once, "Tell about the goldfish." I knew that he was thinking of something that happened one Christmas Eve. To tell that story we will have to divide it into three chapters. The first will explain about Frisky. The second will describe the G.S.S.G.B. Club. The third will tell about the Goldfish Under the Ice.

Chapter I. About Frisky

FRISKY is well named. Perhaps because he was born on the Fourth of July he is so gay and sportive. He is only a very small dog but he has a big spirit. He is a perfectly real dog, but he looks rather like something from a toy department because he seems to be made of a lot of white wool with brown patches.

I doubt if it ever occurred to Frisky that he belongs to anyone, for he has a strong sense of his own dignity. But of course he is really Louise's dog. He is a year old, and Louise is nearly ten times as old as he is. "Just a curly dog," was her description when someone asked what breed he is. Mr. Mistletoe calls him a fan-tail dog, because his fluffy, plummy tail curls up over his back rather like a tiny ostrich fan. But when the application for his license was made out, he had to be described as a mongrel. His New York State license is number 200701. I often wonder who is dog number 1, and how does he feel about it? Governor Smith has automobile number 1, so perhaps he has dog number 1 also.

I can still see Frisky as he was when he was given to Louise: a fat, square, stumbling little oddity only a few weeks old. Donny, the big sheepdog, sniffed curiously at the woolly morsel; I think he believed at first it was a kitten. Indeed the children were rather afraid

By Christopher Morley
Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY

that Fritz Snyder, the next-door dog who has a very sudden way with kittens, might make a rush and simply abolish him before there was time to explain. But Frisky himself had no anxieties. He did not know he was so small. From the very beginning he had a confident air, a bright eager eye, a certainty that the world was a good place to be in. He arrived the day before Mr. and Mrs. Mistletoe were going abroad for a vacation, and in the excitement of enjoying Frisky the children almost forgot to miss their parents. In that early part of his career he slept in a ginger ale carton in the kitchen; and as Louise said, he was a very great comfort.

All people and all animals have their own habits, which are interesting to watch. Frisky had specially amusing ways. Even the robins chuckled at his attempts to catch them. When it first occurred to him to bark, everyone smiled at that impudent little squeak. It was the bark of a very small person indeed, yet somehow he managed to put into it a sound of authority. The only time I ever heard it sound frightened was when he was very young and saw in the cellar a rat quite as large as himself. Frisky has always been brave; and—what is sometimes as useful as courage—quick to learn. He supposed at first that something ought to be done about cars but after one bump from a fender he never attacked them again. In this he has more sense than Donny, who is rather an old fool. Donny is elderly and heavy and lies sprawling in the sunny driveway, un-

willing to shift unless the wheel actually touches him. I have heard Frisky use quite a different tone of bark when he yelled at Donny that the car was backing out of the garage and there was danger.

Courage, good sense, these are excellent; but another thing too is very useful to Frisky. I suppose we might call it charm, or perhaps tact—tact, a queer looking word, really means knowing how to pat or stroke people so that they feel happy. When he suspects himself of having done something wrong—such as sleeping in forbidden chairs—he rolls over on his back and holds all four paws in the air, looking at you sideways with such appeal that it is hard to be severe. When you carry him down to the cellar for the night he makes a plaintive little moaning sound and manages always to lick the inside of your ear. He knows that the inside of an ear enjoys being licked by a warm soft tongue; and I dare say that children's ears are often improved by that attention.

"I suppose Frisky is probably the very handsomest dog in the world," Louise said gravely one day when he had had a bath and was looking for bits of potato under her chair. No one knows how so much potato gets under that chair, for Louise is quite positive that she does not spill any. If vegetables would grow in the garden the way they do under dining-room chairs it would be useful. Christopher says that Louise is "infatuated" with Frisky; but when he is clean there is really some excuse for her admiration. His woolly coat shines white and fluffy, his fan-tail spreads out its curly plumes, his muzzle is like silk, his spidery legs are full of caper. But like all woolly dogs, when he is grimy he is very much so. And in early mornings, before he is let out, he amuses himself by rooting in the coal bin.

That brings us to the thing that is really at the bottom of this story. Frisky has a passion for being warm. In winter he sleeps on a nice bed of old burlap sacks right alongside the furnace. Very snug it is, and a pleasure to see him there when you go down to give the furnace its midnight look. He loves fires and heat of any kind. I've seen him sit on the hearth looking right into the blaze, closer to the flame than dogs usually care to get. Perhaps he has salamander blood in him; or perhaps because he was born on the Fourth of July he is fond of fireworks. He's as much interested in heat as the Red Imp himself.

You know the game of Red Imp, don't you? The Red Imp is the little red magic that lives in the motor-meter—the round thermometer thing on the radiator of Mr. Mistletoe's car. When you take the old coop out of the garage on a cold winter morning there's no sign of the Imp. He's far down in bed, with the covers pulled over his head. The game, as you drive to school, is to see how far you can get along the road before the Imp cheers up and puts out his red head. Usually Helen or Blythe sees him first, because they take turns at sitting high up on the shelf behind the driver's seat. Sometimes the Imp comes up slowly, sometimes he wakes in a bad temper and rushes right up to the window at the top of his house. When he shouts out of that window, with an angry hissing of steam, the children know it means trouble. When you get to school you have to go in and borrow a kettle of water from Miss Greany and cool him down.

Chapter II. The G. S. S. G. B. Club

NOW to explain why Frisky, so fond of the warm fireside was outdoors on a cold winter evening, we must know something about the G.S.S.G.B. Club. If you want to start a branch of this Club in your own home you can easily do it.

First you must draw a picture of yourself in bed and asleep, and color it pleasantly with crayons. Underneath the picture you fill in your own certificate—just like the one on this page.

Then you can hang the whole thing by your bed and

study it while undressing.

This Club, which has some very intelligent members, was founded by Mr. Mistletoe because it was discovered that though the young Mistletoes were usually in bed at the appointed time, they often did not get to sleep until much later. Loud shouts—or grievous moans—of Goodnight! were frequently heard, even after nine o'clock. Nine o'clock, as everyone knows, is the time when the night officially begins to be Terribly Late. Any member of the G.S.S.G.B. Club who is not in bed—and I hope asleep—by nine, has to have a good excuse for it. People can be members as young as they please; they graduate out of the Club when they get into their teens.

Of course it is in winter that the Club is most successful. In summer the long evenings and daylight saving time and



games played in the dusk make it difficult to be too rigid. But in winter the Club tries to enforce its rules. Members called Helen—for whom the Club was chiefly invented—are allowed to use rabbit slippers. These are bedroom slippers with imitation rabbit faces on them. They have glass eyes and two long ears which hear everything. If you have any difficulty about going to sleep, and are tempted to keep saying Goodnight! or run downstairs in your pajamas to see what's going on, you put the rabbit slippers beside your pillow. Their long ears are very sensitive and easily disturbed. So you think quietly about rabbit's

ears, and about wobbly noses and nibbly teeth, and while you are thinking you find it is tomorrow morning.

But the one night when it is most desirable to belong to the Club is also the hardest one to obey its rules. That is Christmas Eve, when there is so much to think about that it is difficult to sleep. Frisky could never have belonged to the G.S.S.G.B. Club because if anything was happening he wanted to have a share in it. Mr. and Mrs. Mistletoe were trimming the tree, and the living room was full of interesting packages and bundles. Donny slept comfortably in his usual chair, but Frisky was riotous with excitement. He insisted on frolicking to and [Turn to page 103]

(Your name) _____

is a member of the

GO TO SLEEP AS SOON AS YOU GO TO BED CLUB

The rules of the Club are:

Members born on _____ (the date of your birthday) ought to be **IN BED AND ASLEEP** by _____ P. M. (get a parent to fill in the proper time)

No Member is allowed to say Goodnight more than five times

Members of this Club make no Uproar before Seven A. M.



A whipping, he said, would warm Frisky perfectly. But of course you can't whip people on Christmas Eve

Lower New York
from the Bay

An etching
by Earl Hester



WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

America's Day

By COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

GO where you will, you will find that the topic which interests people most is the relative economic and political position of the United States to the rest of the world. It is a condition which fills the intelligent and traveled American with pride and concern, pride that our country should so quickly have taken the foremost place among governments, and concern as to how worthily we may exercise so exalted a position.

From time to time delegations from foreign lands visit us for the purpose of finding the cause of our sudden leap forward from a debtor nation to a creditor nation, and to study our methods in the operation of our vast industrial enterprises. The reports they take home are of no less interest to us than to them.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that credit for our unparalleled prosperity may be given to our almost boundless natural resources—resources which embrace rich agricultural soil, large areas of unbroken virgin forests, great deposits of essential minerals such as coal, iron, oil, copper and sulphur, deep and wide waterways, all knit together by a railway system of phenomenal proportions. These form our foundation stones, upon which we have built our industrial eminence.

Next in importance, so these observers believe, is our method of fabrication. Where others use the hands we use machinery. We were the first to dispose of the theory that machine-made articles were inimical to labor, for nowhere does man reap so large a share of his own labor as in machine-driven America.

Other factors upon which stress is laid are the high prices paid for labor and the energy, intelligence and general efficiency used by those employed in our manufacturing enterprises. There again the United States has gone contrary to the generally accepted theory that industries could flourish best under cheap labor. Other causes given are our continental proportions and freedom from tariff barriers within our own boundaries.

Another question puzzling to observers is how long we may be able to maintain our dominance. Economists have contended that our methods were wasteful and that some day a realization would come that our resources were not limitless. It has been said that we waste more within a year than it costs some of the European

powers to maintain their governments for that period.

Again it is said that we are drawing near the end of our lending power. Now that Europe is becoming more normal our gold will go there in increasing quantities and within a few years London again will be the financial center of the world.

Meanwhile we go along shattering records and leaving prophets of ill omen to make what explanations they may for unfulfilled predictions.

Not the least of the many contributing causes in spreading the influence of the United States is her lending power. On the whole this has been used with discretion and has accomplished much good in helping Europe to return to pre-war conditions. Our first service in this direction was the absorption of American securities held in foreign countries. Later, during the reconstruction period, we loaned freely and wisely much of our surplus wealth to the rebuilding of the areas depleted by the war.

The American invasion is resented by some and approved by others. As a rule, the older generation object to it while the younger generation accept it. We are praised and condemned as the individual mood happens to be. We are charged as being "dollar chasers" and "cheap materialists." S. K. Ratcliffe, distinguished English publicist, who knows his America, says in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*: "The nation which for a century has been condemned as the people of the dollar clings more lightly to money than any in Europe. Americans hold that money should be spent, not hoarded. . . . It cannot be a bad thing, it must be a good thing, that a whole people should aim at being well dressed, well fed, and able to keep clean without a struggle. It is not 'materialism' to bring light and power

into the house, and so release civilized womankind from a deadly servitude to stoves and dustholes."

Mr. Ratcliffe has not made an overstatement. Americans do chase the dollar, even as their foreign brothers, but they chase it more effectively, and once possessing it, give it in generous measure for the common good. Without having actual information on the subject, it is probable that it is not an exaggeration to state that more is given each year in America for high public purposes than is given by the balance of the world.

And what will be the outcome of this aggregation of wealth and power concentrated in the hands of one nation? The answer lies in the future. We may pass as other nations have passed that have lived, flourished and gone into decay under like conditions. Or, education may prove the restraining influence, and public opinion finding voice in many different forms unknown to the ancients, may be the deterrent.

America has embarked on a great adventure and no one can gainsay the fact that this is her day.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

Gilbert and Sullivan Operas

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

IF ever there was a Christmas garland in the theater of any race, ours is Gilbert and Sullivan. Shakespeare is too big for that lovable use—too spacious, lyrical and universal to be this Christmas genius.

Congreve is too brilliant, Shaw too cerebral and combative, Eugene O'Neill too individual and intense, George M. Cohan too thin, and the gallery of our musical comedies, however bright and genuinely popular, are too shallow in their gaiety and trivial in their sentiment for this abundant season.

Gilbert and Sullivan's art has every abundance of spirit, and an undying gift for play. The sentiment is slyly tricked out with burlesque and smiles. The fun is masculine fun as well as feminine; it is impish, shrewd and gossipy, but also tumbling and lusty and hearty, like your uncles after Christmas dinner. There is something in the story and characters and actions of these operas that has the Christmas glitter and shine about it, and the short, happy memory of children.

Above all, in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan the melodic gift is everywhere in evidence.

That talent for melody and delight in the free springs of song that was once so natural in the English blood fills these pieces of Gilbert and Sullivan with wings;



Sir Arthur Sullivan



Sir William Gilbert

and the presence in them of lovely musical tradition, side by side with travesty, is as much a delight now as when our fathers and grandfathers went to listen.

There is also a fitting of the word to the note that could point the way to all our song writers, and especially to those who make the wretched translations that shock the world when grand operas are sung in English, and who seem to prove to thoughtless people that we have so poor a language for singing—we need only to hear one of Gilbert and Sullivan's songs to know better.

The success of Mr. Ames' recent revivals doubtless contributed no little to the wave of Gilbert and Sullivan that has gone over the country this last season or two. Three seasons ago the group at the Provincetown Playhouse brought their fresh energy and courage to a production of *Patience*.

And now we hear of productions that the Jitney Players are carrying along the roadside with them, and of performances of Gilbert and Sullivan in Baltimore and here and there in art theaters and amateur groups. None of these have been more fortunate in their setting than those in San Antonio.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

The Terror

REVIEWED BY ROBERT F. SHERWOOD

THAT conspicuous community, Hollywood, has been in a state of approximate frenzy during the past few months, due to the amazing and steadily increasing popularity of the talking motion pictures. With the development of the Vitaphone, Movietone, Photophone and kindred appliances, there has come a change in the movie industry the like of which has never before been seen. Those bold and keen-visioned producers who realized the value of this new medium, and were consequently prompt to act on it, have made sudden fortunes; those timid conservatives who doubted the potency of the novel devices and believed in the traditional silence of the silent drama have been forced to admit the error of their ways, and they are now frantically attempting to equip their pictures with "sound" accompaniment.

There is no longer any question of doubt that the talking movies have arrived and that the old fashioned silent films, in which pantomime was punctuated with printed sub-titles, will soon be obsolete, which means that teachers of elocution, voice culture and the English language are flourishing in Hollywood.

The "talkies" that have been produced to date have not been impressive as works of art. But it is a significant fact that, despite the awkwardness and crudity of all of them, each has been a decided improvement on its predecessors. The directors, actors and scenario writers have been remarkably quick in adapting themselves to the new condition, and some of them have already displayed a commendable aptitude for the work. They still have much to learn about dialogue, tempo, dramatic construction and kindred subjects, but the great point is that they're learning, and rapidly.

The Terror is the best of the all-talking pictures to date. It is a mystery melodrama, adapted from a play by that tirelessly prolific Englishman, Edgar Wallace, who has successfully applied the principles of mass production to literature.

Mr. Wallace's story is not particularly novel, nor is its mystery difficult to penetrate; nevertheless, thanks largely to the Vitaphone accompaniment, it manages to be consistently interesting and even, at times, effectively terrifying. It is concerned with the nefarious activities of a killer who is described, by the police, as "the most dangerous madman in all England." He is engaged, at the moment, in haunting a lonely old inn, and in sending chills shooting up and down the spines of the inn's inmates.

There is, of course, a beautiful young lady who is the

principal victim. She is continually being confronted by the hooded figure of the maniac—his clutching hand is forever reaching for her throat—and every time she beholds this fearsome apparition, she lets loose a horrible, ear-piercing scream. Indeed, *The Terror* is worth seeing, and hearing, if only for the shrieks.

There is also a humorous old lady in the inn and she, too, screams, though in a different key; and there is a quaintly whimsical young man who strolls upon the scene, for no apparent reason, and then turns out to be the keenest and most fearless detective in Scotland Yard.

The Terror has been competently directed by Roy Del Ruth, who has had the good sense to realize that a moving picture should be a moving picture, even when it has the added advantage of the spoken word.

The cast is composed of actors and actresses who have been identified with the silent drama, rather than with the spoken variety, and most of them prove that they have nothing to fear from the changed order of things, May McAvoy and Holmes Herbert are sufficiently good; Edward Everett Horton and Louise Fazenda are excellent.

It is my sincere belief that the talking movies will continue to progress, and that they will develop into an extraordinarily interesting artistic medium.



Ruth St. Denis as a Javanese Dancer

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

Little Sisters of the Symphony

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

ANYONE who has ever been connected with a newspaper will probably recall the bitter controversy that arises between the dramatic and music departments whenever tickets for a dance recital come into the office. Inevitably there is a struggle over the privilege of reviewing the event, the dramatic department insisting that dancing comes under the head of "music" and the music department pointing out with equal firmness that a dance recital is obviously "drama."

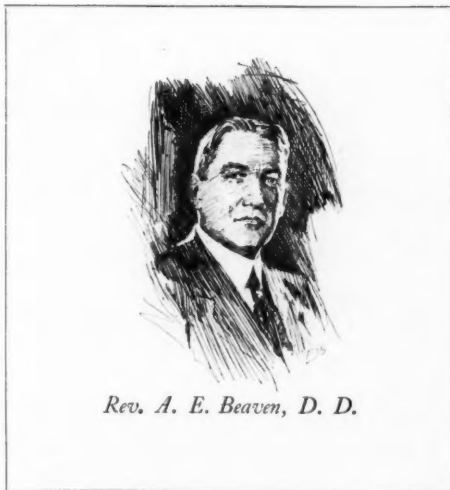
The controversy seems in a fair way to being settled in favor of the dramatic department's contention, for dancing has of late been included in programs of orchestral music, and has been clamantly hailed by audiences.

The whole modern dance movement can probably be traced to Isadora Duncan. Years ago she was insisting that the dance deserved the accompaniment of the world's best music; it was she who first dared to attempt terpsichorean interpretations of the works of Beethoven, Brahms, and the other symphonic masters. Her pioneer work made easier the paths of Pavlova, Genée, Mordkin, Ito, and the other great dancers of our time.

It was doubly interesting, therefore, to see a pupil and adopted daughter of hers, Anna Duncan, carrying forward her work this past summer. Miss Duncan, assisted by a company of her own training, so far invaded the sacred precincts of symphonic music as to offer a group of dances as part of one of the regular programs of New York's Stadium Concerts.

The week following saw an even more spectacular upsetting of concert traditions when Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, with their Denishawn Dancers, took over three of the Stadium Concerts to give an elaborate dance program of twenty-three numbers.

As one whom the average recital of the dance throws into a state of violent apathy, I must confess that these two Stadium performances made at least one enthusiastic convert. Perhaps the combination of lights, summer breezes, and outdoor spaciousness had as much to do with their charm as did the music and dancing. Certain it is that the dance profits greatly by an out-of-doors setting. Unlike the spoken drama, the mimed drama seems to take on dignity and spaciousness when its settings are those of nature.



Rev. A. E. Beaven, D. D.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

The Gospel of Christmas

BY REV. A. E. BEAVEN, D. D.

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, LITT. D.

DR. BEAVEN is minister of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church of Rochester, New York, where he has done a work which has made him known throughout the land, building up a great institutional Church which is also a center of inspiration and practical service; of which he has told us in his book, *Putting the Church on a Full Time Basis*. To do what he set out to do, particularly in the field of religious education, has

kept him from accepting all sorts of alluring offers, including two college presidencies; and his single-hearted devotion has been rewarded.

In his first book Dr. Beaven dealt with *The Fine*



May McAvoy and Alec Francis



"*Midsummer Night's Dream*"
presented by the
Bonstelle-Cassau
Dancing School
in Detroit's open
air stadium

The Star Lady

WHEN I see a young actor as handsome as Ben Lyon and with a personality as magnetic as his I always want to help him. Most boys on the stage travel a while on youth and magnetism and then lose out, they know not why. Ben had appeared in two of Stuart Walker's productions and he was already popular. But he carried through not on his acting but on his charm. I interviewed him and realizing his great personal attraction I made him an offer. "Ben," I said, "I believe that you have the making of a great actor in you. But you need training. Come to Providence with me and work hard for a year and let me take charge of you."

"How much?" asked Ben.

"Eighty-five a week," I replied.

"Oh, Miss Bonstelle, I couldn't do that!" he protested. "Look here." He took from his pocket a contract for two hundred a week.

"H'm," I said, "how long did the play run?"

"Four weeks," he admitted.

"My company," I said, "will run thirty to forty. Think it over."

"No, I can't," he said firmly. I thought I had lost out but I figured without Ben's mother. Mrs. Lyon urged Ben to come and in the end he did, and what a year we had! Ben has all the gifts of the fortunate, plus a hot temper. I used to keep mine in hand and lecture him severely on his displays, and he would look woe-begone and penitent and just when I thought I had him properly cowed the young scamp would murmur, "Oh, Miss Bonnie, you don't mean that!" and would take me up in his strong arms, swing me round until I had no breath left, and then deposit me on some big chair and kneel before me. It upset what little dignity I had, for it is hard work to discipline a mischievous, hot-headed boy you are very fond of. I used to call Ben my "baby lion" because he was so tempestuous and when we took curtain calls I presented him as the "Lion" of my menagerie.

During that year, Ben had a good offer from the motion picture field which I begged him to refuse, and he did. At the end of the year, both he and I knew he was ready to try his wings and he went to New York in *Potash and Perlmutter*, followed by *Mary the Third*

The story of Jessie Bonstelle, whose ideals for the theater have guided young actors and actresses to Broadway stardom. Told to Helen Christine Bennett

in which he made a sensation, and after that he could choose what he wanted to do. He is the most grateful boy possible. After he had won tremendous fame for



The celebrated Ann Harding

himself in pictures he returned to Detroit to make a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater. According to the rules of the profession, no actor who is playing at one theater may appear on

the stage of another until the engagement has ended. On the Sunday night after Ben's ended he came to my office and showed me the enormous check for a ten minute's appearance twice a day.

"Bonnie," he said, "honestly I'd be happier if I were back playing with you. Take me out with you once won't you, for a curtain call?"

So I took him out as a surprise to the audience, and as we stood there bowing he suddenly turned, took me up in his arms and kissed me. Setting me down he cried, "Don't applaud for me. Bonnie has taught me everything I know!"

WHILE I was running two and three companies a year, to say nothing of an occasional New York production, I became a veritable scout for promising material. Some few years ago a group of young people calling themselves the Provincetown Players set about producing all kinds of plays that no commercial manager would touch. How successful many of their productions have been is theatrical history. I sat upon their bare hard benches through some weird and some excellent performances. One night there came upon the stage a girl so lovely I knew that half the managers in New York would make her an offer. I decided to have a try for her. She had no grace; she walked with a stride too full for the limits of the stage, and there was no technique about her acting. But she had intelligence and sympathy and what would be a nice voice when it had been developed. I sent for her.

"My dear," I said, "you will have many offers because of your beauty, but just how long you will last because of that is a question. You need training."

She opened her great, lovely eyes.

"It's my first experience," she said. "I have been working for a life insurance company. I came in for fun, and my father is so angry with me I don't know that he will ever forgive me. But, oh, I do want to learn. How can I?"

"I'll help if you will come with [Turn to page 72]

All the glowing healthfulness
of red-ripe, luscious tomatoes!



SOUP

and the
new housekeeping

EVERY now and then you will meet some woman who will tell you that she never, oh never, buys her soup. She will admit that she is often tempted to deprive her family of enjoying soup, because it is "such a bother to make". But don't think she is "uppety" or condescending because you *do* buy your soups—like most women. For she is dead in earnest. She has never even tried the soups you buy—soups made by skilled French chefs in famous spotless kitchens. Some few women still believe they have to make their own soup in order to have it good.

WE FORGIVE you your smile. It does sound absurd, we admit. Especially when you think of the sacrifice in time and work and expense by the fast dwindling, comparatively small number of women who make their own soup. But you must give them credit for their zeal and their desire to give their families the best. They certainly would not go to all this extra and unnecessary trouble unless they imagined they had to, in order to obtain the right quality. For our part we think they should be praised for their high standards.

Excellent housekeepers, these women who give up their whole lives to the tasks. Soon they, too, will "see the light" of the new housekeeping. Then they will join the ranks of the most intelligent, alert and resourceful women in the world—that vast host of American women who take advantage of every invention, every opportunity to raise their living standards and abolish useless drudgery.

TAKING A LEAF from their husbands' note-book, women have now organized their housekeeping to get better results with less effort. They read and they observe. And the more they have learned about the art and science of good food, the greater has grown the popularity of soup. Now it is used every day, not only just once in a while. Now it is known and recognized for its tonic effect on health, its aid to appetite and digestion.

And of course, soup to these modern housekeepers means Campbell's Soup. Quality with convenience. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil, simmering a few minutes. That is all Campbell's Soups require in the home kitchen. Yet the proudest housewife admires their delicious goodness.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.



Mr. Grocer, you should know, sir
What I want today:
Soups delicious and nutritious—
Campbell's, right away!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Body toxins

Beauty's most cruel foe

EYES that sparkle—skin that is smooth and clear—hair that is lustrous and abundant—what priceless possessions they are! Would you knowingly let them be taken from you—these charms which are your birthright?

Yet, there are insidious poisons called body toxins that can steal your loveliness from you unawares. For the strenuous life we lead, the rich, bulkless food we eat, often lead to constipation which creates these poisons. Many have constipation and do not realize it. To be sure, the mirror warns them but never gives the reason.

Isn't it a pity? Especially when both relief and prevention are such a simple matter! Thousands of women have freed themselves from body toxins. They have learned that what their systems need regularly is roughage. And they have found this necessary roughage in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Why all-bran is more effective than part-bran

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN has that abundance of bulk that is necessary to relieve constipation. It absorbs moisture and carries it through the digestive system. The intestines are exercised just as nature intended. For ALL-BRAN gently distends them and sweeps out the poisons and wastes. No part-bran products can do this completely, for they seldom have enough

bulk. That is why doctors recommend ALL-BRAN. It is 100% bran and its results are 100%.

ALL-BRAN is far better than habit-forming drugs

Unlike dangerous pills and cathartics, ALL-BRAN does not injure the system, and create undesirable habits. ALL-BRAN is a naturally healthful cereal, rich in food elements in addition to its laxative bulk. You'll like its appetizing nut-sweet flavor. So



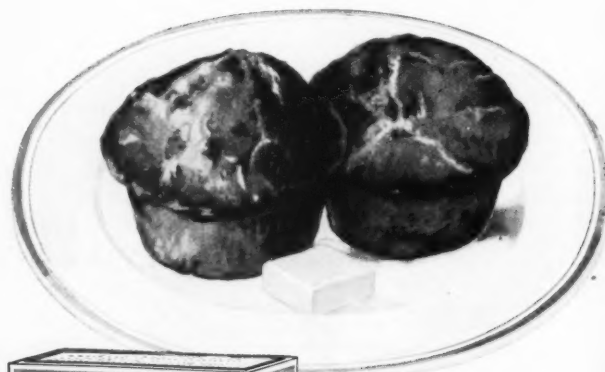
many ways to serve ALL-BRAN too. With milk or cream, fruits or honey added. Let it soak a few minutes before eating and its flavor is wonderfully brought out.

Cook with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Because of its delightful flavor, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is preferred for all cooking purposes. Use it in recipes for delicious bran muffins, pancakes, waffles, bread, etc. (Recipes on every package.) Sprinkle it into soups. Mix with other cereals. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal.

Be sure you get genuine Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—the 100% bran. Sold by grocers. Served at hotels, restaurants. On dining-cars.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbs, Kellogg's Shredded-Whole Wheat Biscuit, Rice Krispies and Kaffee Hag—"real coffee that lets you sleep." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

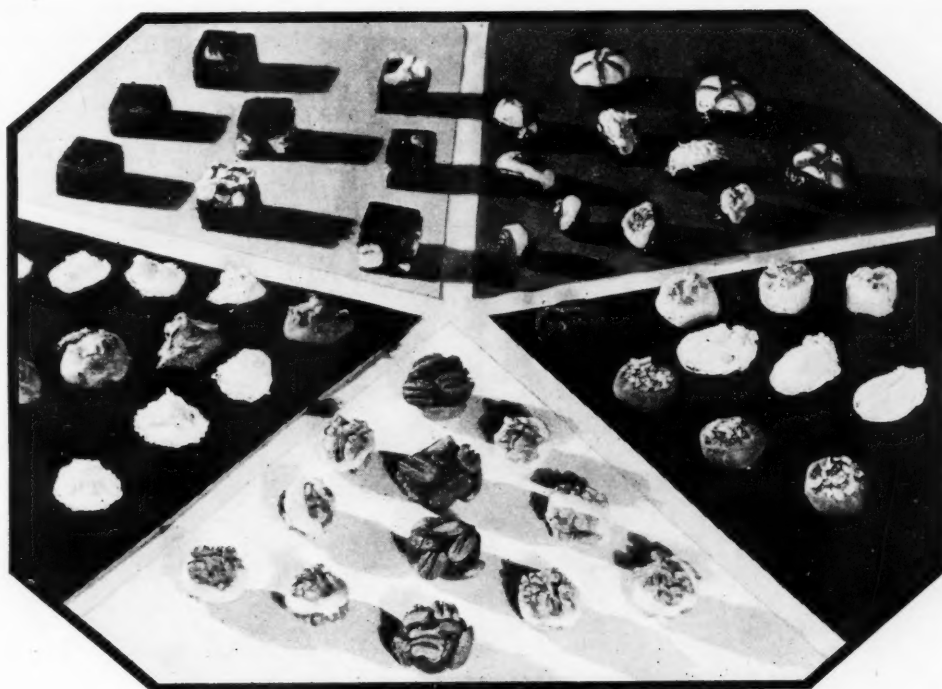


GUARANTEED!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

Photographs by
G. W. HARTING



*Candies made in
my own kitchen*

CANDIES for CHRISTMAS

Use only one recipe to make this delicious assortment

BY DOROTHY KIRK

HAVE you ever wished you could make some of those professional-looking candies you buy at the confectioner's? They are not nearly as difficult as their finished perfection would make you believe and you can duplicate them easily.

Here is the secret. Fondant is the foundation of all cream candies. If you learn to make smooth, creamy fondant there is practically no limit to the variety of delicious confections you can create with it. But you must follow the directions carefully if you want perfect results.

Here is the recipe for water fondant:
2 cups granulated sugar
1 tablespoon light corn syrup
1 cup water
Few grains salt

Put these ingredients into a smooth, straight-sided saucepan. Place over a slow fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When the syrup begins to boil, remove the spoon and cook quickly, without stirring, until it will form a soft ball when a little is dropped into a cup of cold water. Or, better still, invest in a candy thermometer, place it in the syrup and cook until the mixture reaches 240° F. At this point pour the syrup quickly onto a cold wet platter or marble slab. Sprinkle with cold water to help cool it quickly. (This may be done by dipping a small pastry brush into water and shaking it over the surface of the cooling syrup.) Do not move the platter while the syrup is cooling. This may change the candy's condition.

The Handling

Up to this point you have accomplished just one thing: you have changed granulated sugar to a crystal-clear solution; and now you want to change it back to another form of sugar—smooth, soft and creamy. The quicker this clear syrup is cooled, the smoother the resulting fondant will be. But be sure not to handle it, or "work" it as professionals say, while it is still hot, as that is what causes it to "sugar" or become grainy. When the platter of cooling syrup is lukewarm, that is, when you can hold your hand underneath it, begin to

work the mixture with a spatula. Work toward the center using a backward and forward motion. (See photograph.) The mixture will soon change to a creamy white mass which can be taken up in the hands. Scrape it all up from the platter or slab and knead in the hands for about 5 minutes or until it is soft, smooth and velvety in texture. Then place it in a covered jar or crock to ripen.

This is fondant! Fondant should be allowed to "ripen" for at least a day or two before using. It will keep in

good condition for several weeks. If you are going to have home-made candies for Christmas, make up plenty of fondant a week or two ahead. With a supply of smooth, creamy fondant on hand you will be surprised to find how much finished candy you can turn out in a few hours, especially if you have someone to help you.

Cream Fondant

2 cups granulated sugar 1 cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon light corn syrup Few grains salt

This fondant is made exactly like water fondant except that while cooking it must be stirred occasionally to keep it from sticking to the bottom of the saucepan.

Finish as for plain fondant.

Cream fondant is richer than water fondant and is a better foundation for chocolates and bonbons.

To Make Centers For Chocolates

If you are ambitious to try bonbons and chocolates, make the centers from cream fondant which has ripened for at least a week. Turn it out on a board or slab, and divide it into four or five good-sized lumps. You are now ready to create the varieties you desire. Here are a few delicious ones and you may think of many more to try: Add chopped candied cherries or other candied fruits to one ball; to another add chopped nuts; to a third, chopped coconut. Knead these ingredients well into the fondant so that they will be evenly distributed all through it; at the same time, add a few drops of vanilla. Still other varieties can be obtained by kneading in enough dry cocoa to make a rich chocolate flavor and a dark brown color; or by

flavoring with maple and adding chopped walnuts; or by working in a bit of green coloring, and flavoring with a drop of oil of peppermint (see directions below).

After flavoring your lumps of fondant, roll them out lightly to long rolls about 1 inch thick. (See photograph.) Cut rolls in small uniform-sized slices, then shape these [Turn to page 57]



When the syrup reaches the right temperature, pour it quickly into a wet platter to cool; sprinkle with cold water to hasten cooling; when lukewarm work it backwards and forwards with a spatula; never stir it; then knead in the palm of the hand and pull the edges toward the center with the fingers



Photos by
HARTING

*A few of the paper
novelties you can
make*

HERE'S TO A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A quartette of parties for the whole family and the visiting relations

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director McCall's Department of
Cookery and Household Management

EVEN Scrooge, if you remember your Dickens, at last fell a victim to the lure of a Christmas party. The rest of us need no urging; we succumb early to the fever, decide to have a party of our own, and spread the pleasure of it over days and days while we plan and invite and decorate and cook for our family and friends.

For several years Christmas dinners and suppers have pushed every other kind of holiday entertaining off this page. But no longer! This year we are going to look into the party possibilities offered by those ten gay, hospitable, loving days beginning with Christmas Eve and lasting until the day after New Year's.

If you have children of your own—or nieces and nephews—you will probably want to celebrate for them. Your young guests will, of course, all be about the same age; nothing seems to cause our best young minds more agitation than to be obliged to play with companions considerably a little younger than themselves.

The following menu for the children's supper is suitable for youngsters of any age over five. (The tomato juice cocktail is suggested because of its color and vitamins, but it is not a necessity and can be omitted, if you choose).

Children's Supper

The children's supper is served any time from 5 to 8 o'clock, depending on the age of the children.

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Creamed Chicken on Toast
Buttered Peas Celery
Santa Claus Sandwiches*
Vanilla Ice Cream
Christmas Chimney Cake*
Milk

Santa Claus Sandwiches

Cut whole wheat bread in thin slices and remove crusts. Spread with softened butter and a little currant jelly. Put slices together and cut out with special Santa Claus cutter. (If you cannot buy a cutter, trace a Santa Claus on paper, cut out and use as a pattern. Lay on the sandwich and cut around it with a sharp, pointed knife.) With a brush, or wooden skewer, dipped into beet juice, outline Santa's pack, cap, coat, boots and beard.

Christmas Chimney Cake

To make this cake use any plain butter cake recipe or a sponge cake mixture. Bake in 3 square pans of graduate sizes (see page 52). Or bake in 3 pans of the same size and when cake is cool, trim off edges. The 3 layers will then fit on top of each other to form steps. Make a double recipe of "Seven Minute Icing" and cover the entire cake, spreading evenly with a spatula. Sprinkle thickly with shredded coconut. On top of the

pyramid place a small red paper chimney with a Santa Claus coming out. These are sold for table favors at Christmas time in the five-and-ten-cent stores and elsewhere. On each corner of each layer put a small red candle. Christmas Chimney Cake makes an attractive centerpiece for any holiday party.

Seven Minute Icing

1 unbeaten egg white 3 tablespoons cold water
¾ cup granulated sugar ½ teaspoon vanilla

Place egg white, sugar and water in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with beater for seven minutes, during which time the hot water underneath is slowly cooking the icing. Add vanilla and beat once again. Spread on cake. This icing is of a good consistency and will not run while spreading.

Young People's Dance

Buffet Supper

Cold Sliced Turkey or Fresh Ham
Candied Cranberries
Creamed Mushrooms with
Green Peppers and Pimientos*
Hot Finger Rolls Stuffed Olives
Open Sandwiches*
Pistachio Ice Cream Coffee
Fancy Cakes

Young people at high school or college will thoroughly approve of the idea of a dance, and if you have never given one you will be surprised to find how easily it is done. With a radio, phonograph or mechanical piano to furnish the music, and with two fair-sized rooms from which the furniture has been removed, a mother is justified in sending out invitations to fifteen or twenty couples. A buffet supper—a menu for it is suggested above—is served at eleven o'clock. But just sandwiches, punch, coffee and ice cream will be acceptable. This makes delicious sandwiches:

Open Sandwiches

Remove crusts from white bread, slice about ¼-inch thick and cut into fancy shapes with cookie cutters.

Spread each piece with softened butter. Put jelly or jam in center and make around it a fancy border of softened cream cheese

put through pastry tube or bag. Other suggestions for spreads are: Deviled ham with a border of chopped olives, anchovy paste garnished with chopped hard-cooked egg and caviar garnished with finely chopped pickled onions. Or spread bread with cream, snappy or pimiento cheese and decorate with strips or fancy cut-outs of pimiento, or slices of stuffed olives.

Creamed Mushrooms

1 pound fresh mushrooms or Parsley
1 can mushrooms ½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter ½ teaspoon paprika
4 tablespoons flour Strips of pimiento
2½ cups chicken stock or milk Strips of green pepper
1 egg, slightly beaten Stuffed olives
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Peel and slice fresh mushrooms and sauté 10 minutes in a little butter. When using canned mushrooms, drain off liquid and slice. Make white sauce as follows: Melt butter and stir in flour until well blended. Add stock or milk gradually and cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Place over hot water and add egg, Worcestershire sauce, salt, paprika and mushrooms. Just before serving add the pimiento and green pepper. Serve hot on triangular pieces of toast. Garnish with parsley and stuffed olives.

Afternoon Bridge

*Christmas Salad**

Raisin Bread Sandwiches Cheese Toast Rolls
Salted Pistachio Nuts
Marron Chantilly* Macaroons
Ginger Tea

Perhaps your mind is even now revolving around the question of what is the nicest way to have your friends meet the house guest who is spending the holidays with you. If she plays cards she will like an afternoon bridge party; if she abhors the game, then give a high tea (it used to be called a reception) for her. The above menu is suitable for either occasion.

Christmas Salad

3 tablespoons gelatine 1 cup boiling water or
½ cup cold water clear chicken stock
1 tablespoon lemon juice ½ cup celery, chopped
½ teaspoon salt 1 cup mayonnaise
2½ cups chicken, cut in pieces 2 hard boiled eggs
¼ cup pimiento, chopped Green pepper

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in boiling water or chicken stock. Add lemon juice and salt (less salt if stock is seasoned). [Turn to page 52]



KEEP YOUR SKIN LOVELY—AND THERE WILL ALWAYS BE THE LIGHT OF YOUTH IN YOUR FACE!

To have and to hold ... a Beautiful Skin!



NO MATTER how otherwise lovely you may be, if you lack the fresh beauty of a fine clear skin your confidence in happiness can never be sure!

And even if your complexion is everything you—and he—could wish, you must watch over and care for it as a priceless possession.

There is a marvelously simple way to keep your beauty—a way thousands of grateful women already know. And even if your complexion has "gone off" a bit, this same method will bring it right again.

Ice, hot or warm water, and just Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap a skin specialist gave us the formula for—these are all you need, to keep—and to gain—that exquisite "skin you love to touch."

If your skin is normal, there is a Woodbury treat-

ment that will help you to keep the firm, fresh, youthful contours, the clear color, the smooth texture that you prize.

If your complexion is poor, the chances are you are bothered with one of the six following faults:

Excessive Oiliness Blemishes Dryness
Conspicuous Nose Pores Sallowness Blackheads

A famous skin specialist who has studied these common defects, has formulated special treatments for each. These are all contained in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's will last you a month or six weeks. Begin, tonight, to follow the treatment you need. Within the incredibly short period of ten

days or two weeks you will notice an improvement. Your skin will grow clearer, finer, younger. The deep intensive cleansing Woodbury's gives your pores sets free all your natural charm and loveliness.

Now—the large-size trial set!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 1523 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1523 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
© 1928 A. J. Co.



In Gingerbread Town boys and girls and birds, animals and trees are all dressed up with coconut and icing, raisins and nuts. Many other good things are inside the amusing cookies. Couldn't you send a delegation of them in gay boxes to spend Christmas with some children you love?



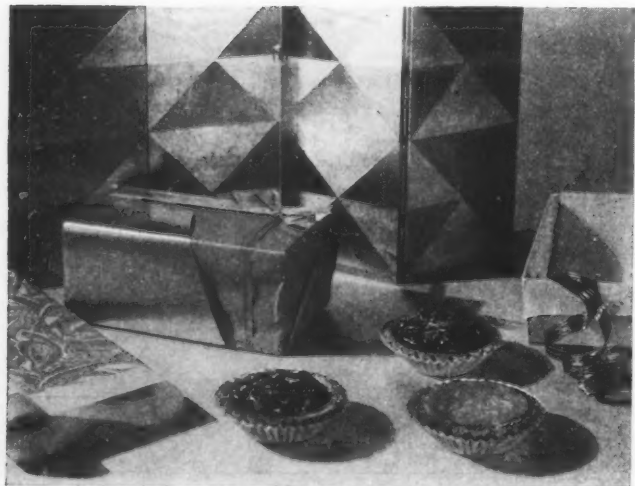
(Left) The home maker of jams and jellies finds it easy to give gifts of many flavors. Odd sizes of jars in glass and pottery may be filled. Decorate the jar tops with bright colored sealing wax; adorn lids with pasted labels or paint and slip a book of your favorite preserving recipes in the basket.

Photos by HARTING

(Below) Who wouldn't be pleased to receive a box of luscious tarts?—mince, pumpkin, lemon meringue and cherry custard. Box them in holiday papers for Christmas giving. Paper tart shells in fancy shapes add to trimness of package. Line plain boxes with waxed paper and cover outside with brilliant colored papers. Then, a sprig of holly for the top, tie with holiday ribbons and off goes an appreciated gift from your kitchen.



(Left) Individual chicken pies for the bachelor girl in her little apartment. They are made of rich pastry, tender chicken and savory gravy. They may be heated in a few minutes and be the piece de resistance of the kitchenette Christmas.



(Right) A baked ham from home—to sons and daughters in distant cities—that's unusual. Bright cranberries spell Yuletide greetings on the roast while Christmas greens surround its sides. They'll call in friends to feast on your Christmas thoughtfulness. A plump roast bird would be quite as welcome. And for big measure, tuck in a jar of mayonnaise, a loaf of nut bread and a rich fruit cake.





LADY, LAVERY, famous beauty, has a chaste elegant dressing table (left). A priceless Venetian mirror hangs above pale pink ruffles. Between quaint Chelsea candlesticks stand jars of Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. Of them Lady Lavery says:—"I have always used Pond's Creams! Now I use the new Cleansing Tissues so silky and fine, and the Freshener, too, ideal with the Creams."

THE VISCOUNTESS CURZON's dressing table (right) reveals the restrained taste of a long line of aristocrats. Gold-topped vials and boxes emblazoned with the Curzon crest are grouped around Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. Of the Pond's method Lady Curzon says, "It's a straight-forward way of keeping fit—one can do it all oneself, at home or wherever one may be."



FOUR DELIGHTFUL DRESSING TABLES

characteristic of their lovely owners

WHAT dressing table does not reflect the personality of its lovely owner? It mirrors her taste, her discriminations, her little indulgences. In terms of creams and lotions, perfumes and powders, and many another dainty mystery, it is eloquent of her very self.

But all dressing tables supply one need—they help a woman care for her looks!

Because Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are of such dependable worth, they are found on the dressing tables of lovely and distinguished women everywhere. They are their choice for quick, convenient daily use at home.

This is how you, yourself, should proceed with

MRS. RICHARD P. DAVIDSON, granddaughter of the late Mark Hanna of Ohio, has a dressing table (below) which expresses the youth of its vivacious owner. Taffeta bouffant hangings are matched by green jars of Pond's Two Creams. Mrs. Davidson says, "I have adored Pond's Creams for years."



the daily use of these four famous preparations made by Pond's:—

Cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream at least twice a day, always after exposure and every night before retiring. Apply the cream generously with upward, outward strokes, over face and neck allowing its penetrating oils to soak into the tiny



air passages and dislodge the grime and powder.

Then use the inviting new Pond's Cleansing Tissues—snowy-white, large, fine—to remove the surplus cream and the loosened dirt. For extra scrupulous cleanliness repeat these two steps.

Next, if it is a daytime cleansing you are having, flick on Pond's Skin Freshener, briskly. Notice how it tones and firms your skin—the healthful ringling glow it engenders.

Then for protection and to serve as a foundation for powder, apply just a little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives a magnolia-petal quality to your skin, a finish that makes your powder last for hours and hours. Read the inviting offer and mail the coupon below.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT's dressing room for guests is graced by a lovely old French coiffeuse (below). Chinese porcelain vases are accompanied by green jars of Pond's Two Creams. Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "Through a multitude of engagements Pond's will give you the assurance of being your best self."



FOUR DELIGHTFUL AIDS TO BEAUTY

Pond's Cold Cream keeps lovely faces exquisitely fresh and deeply cleansed. Pond's Cleansing Tissues—soft, ample, remove cold cream in a dainty way. Pond's Skin Freshener—a new delightful tonic for the skin—tones, invigorates, refreshes. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards fragile skins and affords a velvety base for powder.

MAIL THE COUPON WITH 10¢ for package of Pond's 4 preparations—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. M
111 Hudson Street, New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1928, Pond's Extract Company

The Happy Day



"You surely deserve release from work and care. We owe our success to you and other men who always gave us the best they had. Pay days will be provided for you, as long as you live, out of the Cooperative Retirement Fund which you helped to build. You have earned the right to take it easy. Good luck!"

© 1928
M. L. I. CO.

AFTER the man who has won the right to retire in ease and comfort has been congratulated, the wise president and board of directors who thus show their appreciation of faithful service also deserve congratulations. Such appreciation inspires new courage in all hearts. The interests of capital and labor are inseparably linked. Through cooperative efforts their most difficult problems are being solved.

Many of the biggest employers of labor are themselves employees and do not own the companies they manage. These men have learned that officers as well as men in the ranks do better work if they know that years of loyal service will be amply rewarded.

Stockholders expect dividends. Employees expect good wages. In wise management there is a fair and just division of earnings which

Business has welcomed the development of modern pension plans which have made possible retirement with a fixed income. While, in the past, many privately owned businesses have provided quietly for the needs of retired employees, scientific pension systems are a comparatively new development.

Some of the earlier plans, dictated more by good intentions than by sound financing, are so hopelessly involved that they will have to be

must be preserved in a delicate balance. Not all of the yearly earnings may safely be paid out in dividends and pay checks.

Long-headed business men lay aside money for new and more effective equipment when old machines shall be worn out. In the same way they make plans that permit the honorable retirement of veterans and the filling of their places by younger men.

Big business recognizes that it is good business to establish the independence of faithful workers in their later years. By planning together for their mutual advantage, employers and employees can build a sound Retirement Plan based on earnings and savings that will provide a regular, definite income for life.

No man of spirit wants charity but he does want an opportunity to become independent.

revised or completely abandoned.

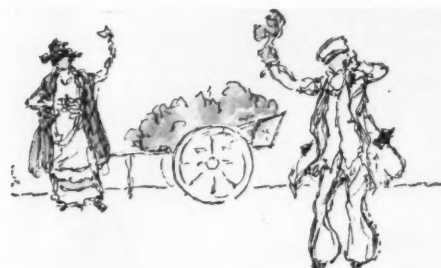
The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made a comprehensive study of more than 350 different pension plans in operation today. To employees and employers interested in a sound solution of pension problems, the Metropolitan will be glad to mail without charge, Booklet 128-M, "Sound Retirement Plans and What They Should Provide".

HALEY FISKE, President.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



TROT, TROT TO MARKET

To fill the Christmas basket

AT Yuletide there are more opportunities to

BY C. L. BROWN

shell and flavor. Pistachios and cashews are two imported nuts

achieve variety and novelty in the menu than at any other season of the year. Food specialties are most abundant during the Christmas holidays. For months the dealers in food products have been assembling and preparing their choicest products for this occasion. Moreover, the quality of most products is prime. Harvest time is safely past—no need to worry about green, lean or immature offerings.

Hickory nuts, butternuts, black walnuts and chestnuts are featured more at this season for old-times sake and while these native nuts may not have the sophistication of the "fancy" nuts they yield delicious kernels for candy, cake and pudding as well as goodies for the nut bowl.

Home Grown Nuts

Nowadays the big three of the Christmas trade are paper shell English walnuts, almonds and Brazil nuts. Large sized walnuts cost more but the smaller sized ones are just as good. Almonds vary considerably in shell texture and usually the easier they crack the more they cost.

Most of the walnut supply is California grown but imports from Italy, France, Roumania, Chile and Manchuria are also common in the nut stores and other shops of this country. The California growers have standardized their grading methods until their walnuts are of exceedingly high quality, sound, sweet, easily opened. The nuts of the best grades bear a brand upon the shell. California almonds are likewise a thoroughly dependable product.

Brazil or cream nuts are not cultivated but grow deep in the Amazon jungles where they are gathered by natives, transported to Para or Manaus and finally to this country. They grow in a big thick outer shell the size of a coconut which contains about twenty of the smaller black nuts. Despite the fact that they grow wild, Brazil nuts run surprisingly uniform in quality.

Three other popular nuts in special demand at Christmas are filberts, marions (or large imported chestnuts) and pecans. Filberts grow throughout Southern Europe and Asia Minor. The long type is generally considered superior to the round ones. The big Italian chestnut lacks the fine flavor of its American cousin but it is best for roasting and cooking. The chestnut stuffed goose or turkey of the Christmas table is properly stuffed with tender nuts from France, Italy or Spain. Pecans have been greatly improved in the last few years, the big paper shelled pecans being one of the best and most popular nuts on the market. They are a tremendous improvement over the small hard shelled varieties not only in ease of opening but for appearance in the

which are more of a novelty but they are coming into popularity. The only fault to find with these two excellent nuts is that they are scarce and expensive. Pistachios are obtainable in both shelled and unshelled form. They are imported from Sicily, Syria and Persia. The pistachios sold in the shell are coated with a salty solution which gives them a glistening white appearance, and those with green colored kernels are much superior in flavor to those with yellowish meats. Cashew nuts are a product of warm climates such as India, Mexico and the West Indies. They are blanched and salted before selling. You can always recognize them by their curious half moon shape and excellent sweetish flavor. Pistachios are popular as a decoration for candies and also when used inside candies. They are also delicious in ice cream, puddings and other desserts. But the cashew is better eaten just for itself alone rather than in cooked dishes. It adds novelty to the nut dish.

A curious little nut known as the pignolia or pine nut adds variety and is also delicious in candies, cakes and cooked dishes sweet or otherwise. It is the smallest nut of them all and really delicious but it takes a patient individual to enjoy the work of cracking them. Fortunately they can be bought shelled and ready to use.

Some Novelties

The Paradise or Sapucaia nut from the Amazon Valley is regarded among nut dealers as one of the finest nuts grown but relatively few stores carry them. Another novelty is the Chinese litchi nut although more fruit than nut since it consists of an outer shell which covers a fruit very similar to a date. Many varieties of nuts are obtainable already shelled and sealed in a vacuum pack. There are also mixtures in a vacuum packed can which are better value than shell mixed nuts.

Besides the long familiar and always popular oranges, apples, pears and bananas for our holiday fruit bowl, the avocado, calavo or alligator pear has become popular for the Christmas salad as well as for many uses the year round. It adds a touch of green to the decorative fruit basket when uncut and is sufficiently luxurious for the extra special salad demanded by fine holiday dinners.

There are still plenty of grapes on the market at Christmas time. California shippers supply the red Emporer variety for the holiday trade and occasionally the green Almeria as well.

Florida tangerines and kumquats are two of the lesser citrus fruits in season at this time. The tangerine is a small flattened orange of the easy peel-

[Continued on page 41]

The World's Fastest Hot Breakfast

And how it combines deliciousness with the important energy elements in food that "stands by" you

Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes

THE result of improper breakfast eating reflects, in children, in "between meal" hunger, in low resistance to sickness, often in undernourishment.

Dietetic experts emphasize the importance of well-balanced, nourishing breakfasts the year around. Hot breakfasts that supply the brain and energy elements of food that "stands by" them.

A hot oatmeal breakfast is recommended for growing children as well as adults. For oatmeal offers a richness of flavor and content with the best balance of the vital food elements of any cereal grown.

16% is protein—plus—an almost perfect food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Now with Quick Quaker all the rich flavor, the creamy deliciousness and stamina elements of Quaker Oats are provided—in a cereal that cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes. That's quicker than coffee—it's as quick as toast.

Quick Quaker contains 16% protein. That is the stamina element in food that builds muscle and makes good the wear and tear on the human

70% of the day's school work crowded into 4 morning hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to *Watch Your Child's Breakfast*—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.



Little Doris Ennis' doctor said "Quaker Oats," and it's been a regular diet with her since.

machinery. That acts as a "factor of safety" against disease.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice, 100% more than cornmeal.

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

The oat is the best balanced cereal that grows. It is richer in food's tremendously important growth elements than any other cereal known.

Served hot and savory, Quick Quaker supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness that no other cereal known can boast. It makes the *richest* breakfast, now the *quickest*, too.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.



Hot oats breakfasts are wisely provided by most mothers for body building, during the important growing years.



KNOW YOUR LINES!

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCALL'S BEAUTY EDITOR

WE do not need an expert to recognize a clear skin and lustrous hair; these charms speak for themselves. But opinions do clash when we talk of other phases of feminine beauty. We differ, for example, about hands. To some hand beauty means hand perfection; to others it means hand character. It is the same with the lines of one's figure and the way we frame them for the world. To the producer of a Broadway revue lines of a figure must attain a kind of mathematical perfection; to the fashionable modiste they mean the silhouette which the mode of the moment demands. While to the rest of us, lines make harmony, a pleasing whole, an aesthetic satisfaction which is far harder to define than any other aspect of personal charm. To secure this harmony is supremely important.

Many girls whose figures would defy chorus-girl classification or the demands of the mode are able to bring about subtle graces of line which add immeasurably to the stature of their beauty. Why? Because they "know their lines." The mistakes of other girls should serve as a warning. Then let us summon those two handmaids, common sense and a sense of line, and lean on them for assistance.

A generous destiny has given us a wide variety of body proportions so that the human form may never be monotonous. How dull the world would be if every girl had the measurements of the Venus of Cyrene! I'm not urging us to make ourselves grotesque in order to achieve distinction. But I am saying that the girl with bodily proportions that are irregular or "different" need not despair. She can bring her lines into harmony and still keep herself interestingly distinct from the horde of women and girls all dressed similarly.

Seek Good Posture

It's not so easy as it looks however. Before you begin be quite sure that your posture is correct. Many figures would slip into lovely graceful outlines if only they were carried well. Here's a simple test. With feet firm stand sideways against a door edge or some other rigid barrier. If your posture is correct the base of the door should be on a line with the ball of your foot. It should also be on a line with the ear, should pass about one inch in front of the shoulder and one third of the way back from the front of the waist and the front of the knee. The spine cannot and should not be straight. If you've attained the natural position your chest will be raised without further effort. Hold the head up, chin back and slightly in and your shoulders won't tend to roundness. Artists who have studied the feminine figure tell me that in most cases lack of pleasing lines may be laid to bad carriage. Too tall people fancy that by hunching over they can conceal their apparent height.



But bad carriage never improved a woman's looks. There is only one correct way to carry any type of healthy body, from the petit, Dresden-china figure to the broad-shouldered, swimming-champion type. When good carriage becomes a habit then, and only then, should we attempt to mold outlines that are "out of drawing."

Are You Too Tall? Too Short?

Briefly, the two axioms for bringing figure lines into harmony are: (1) Break up the lines that are too long, (2) Accentuate those that are too short. Since clothes largely determine our outlines, they can be used to blur the defects of the bony structure. For example, if your shoulders seem extra broad use collars, pleats, tucks or other decoration between the neckline and the armhole. Wear the neckline farther from the neck than usually worn, to decrease the apparent area between neck and armhole. Bring collars down between the shoulder blades (scarf collars are particularly good here) to break this broad area. Once this principle is mastered it may be applied to almost any part of the body. Clever dressmakers instinctively drape according to the line principle but you, too, can learn to apply it yourself.

Are you too tall? Break that up-and-down line. Wear blouses, tunics, boleros, hip-length jackets, preferably in contrasting colors to the skirt or contrasting line patterns. See that the line of the tunic does not come too low, however, for this defeats your purpose. And don't wear too many rows of small ruffles or pleats running horizontally; this also increases apparent tallness. Too short? Be careful not to break the up-and-down line. Don't use contrasting colors horizontally. If you're broad you may wear them in the up-and-down lines. Strive always for the grace of

a Lombardy poplar—did you ever see them in the wind? Every line is long, flowing and moves with every other line. For cutting the too-broad figure, panels, pleats, long guimpes inset both front and back, will help to emphasize height rather than breadth. And remember your whole figure and your height when you buy a hat. It is seen as part of the entire you, not merely as a frame for your face.

Do your arms seem too long for the rest of your body? Avoid snugly cut, plain-colored sleeves; break the apparent length by long cuffs, frills, all the devices fashion offers for varying the sleeve. Too short? Then choose the long, plain sleeve, add length by drawing the cuff in a point over the hand. The principle is more difficult when we come to legs. Are they over long? Wear shoes in contrast to the hose. Short? Make them seem longer by wearing hose and shoes to match.

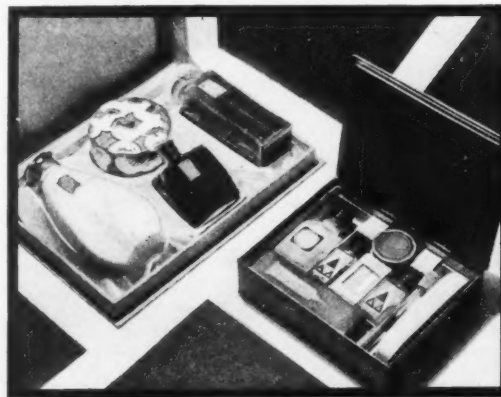
The problem of thick legs and ankles has led many girls into line difficulties. They imagine that wearing very dark hose decreases the apparent size of the leg. It does, but not unless the color of hose blends with the dress.

Corrective Corseting

Corsets nowadays have been so constructed that they discipline the figure which inclines to slump. Carefully fitted by experts, not too tight nor too loose, giving proper support where support is needed and freedom where movement demands it—all these the good corset should do. When you try on a corset, stand in the good posture defined earlier in this article. No corset in the world can mold your figure unless you give it some assistance. By paying more attention to your breathing,

posture, and by buying your corset as carefully as such an intimate garment deserves to be bought, you will get many times as much satisfaction from wearing it.

No single article could possibly cover the infinite nuances of line which our bodies present. Do not expect to change the effect of your figure magically. But you may reasonably expect results if you study the subject carefully. Work it out in front of your mirror. You'll find your new self when you "know your lines!"



Last minute suggestions. A two-cent stamp brings our leaflet, "Give Gifts for Beauty"

FRICASSEE...PATE...FARCI

The genius of French cooking in NEW MEAT RECIPES

2nd SERIES

*They combine
flavor and economy
in tempting
easy ways*

APPROVED BY GEORGE RECTOR,
FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHORITY
ON FRENCH CUISINE

TYPICAL of France—these choice recipes now ready to delight American families. Simple meats and vegetables to start with—but transformed by adroit blending and seasoning. The addition of a fruit flavor, the expert mingling of several spices, the touch of culinary genius in a gravy!

And, surprisingly, some less known, less expensive cut of meat is used as the base for every recipe of this new set. Not only used but *chosen*, for in these comparatively little known cuts are rare flavors. What fresh interest in menu planning—what new enjoyment at the table they invite!

An avalanche of requests met last year's free offer of the first series of "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French." In this new series, every recipe is just as helpful, just as delicious, and just as sure to become popular.

Delicious dishes made from the less expensive cuts of pork

It's the goal of every capable home manager—to serve dishes that are appetizing and nourishing, yet do not strain the budget. These ten new pork recipes, now offered you by Swift, are planned with that in mind. Each one has met the strict standards of Mr. George Rector, who, through years of study abroad, added the secrets of European chefs to his own broad knowledge of all that was finest in American cookery.

So that you may know exactly what to ask for when you market, Swift has also prepared a meat chart for you—convenient, helpful. Every pork cut is pictured and described. The chart, like the recipe cards, is free.

When you plan to surprise your family with such enticing new combina-



Pork Shoulder Roast, a tender cut, full of rich flavor. It is one of the most interesting less expensive cuts. Here it is shown ready to be roasted with vegetables in a delicious dish—Pork, Montpellier

tions, plan also to make them with meat you can count on to give you the utmost goodness. Be sure to order Swift's Meats supreme in flavor and tenderness.

Through more than 400 branch houses, through 7,500 miles of private telegraph wires and a whole fleet of refrigerator cars, Swift supplies your dealer with the choicest fresh meats, wherever you may live. To get the recipe cards, telling the wonderful new ways to use pork, and the instructive meat chart, simply mail the coupon today.

Swift & Company



Pork Cutlets are little tender strips, that come to your butcher packed in shining pails. He will weigh out just what you need. And the new Swift recipe cards will tell you savory ways of cooking them.

Home Economics Department
Swift & Company, 4225 Packers Ave.,
Chicago

I want a set of your new free pork recipe cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French—2nd Series," and the free chart picturing the various cuts of pork.

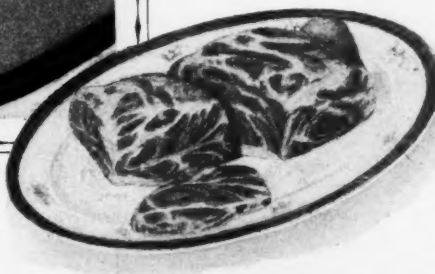
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



"These new Swift recipe cards use the less expensive cuts of pork in thrifty, delicious French ways the clever American housewife will welcome." George Rector.



Pork, Montpellier, ready to serve—just one of the delightful French dishes you'll find easy to make if you use the new Swift recipe cards. The coupon brings them to you—free!



Pork Shoulder may also be cut into meaty chops, full of flavor and appetizing. The new Swift recipe cards will offer you several attractive suggestions for cooking it.

FREE Mail the coupon below and you will receive promptly the new Swift pork recipe cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French—2nd Series," and the instructive pork shopping chart. (Postage on coupon 1 cent if pasted on government postal card, 2 cents if sent in envelope.)



Do you know *this secret of making lighter, fluffier pancakes?*



TODAY IT IS EASY

to follow this old plantation recipe

A SPECIAL way of mixing batter to make *lighter* pancakes—a trick of combining ingredients that comes from old plantation days! Corn, rye and rice flours are added to the usual wheat flour.

It is a southern cooking secret for unusually fluffy cakes. More and more women are using it to bring new cheer to the breakfast table.

Along the Mississippi, before the Civil War, the fame of these dainty, golden-brown pancakes, with their wonderful flavor, spread far and wide among the plantations. But in those days only Aunt Jemima's master and his guests could have them. As long as he lived, she would not reveal her recipe to a soul.

Today this same recipe is probably more popular among good cooks than

any other in history. Millions of women are baking light, tender pancakes just like Aunt Jemima's.

Her own ingredients—ready-mixed

Her four flours, wheat, rice, corn and rye, with all her other ingredients, milk, sugar, baking powder and salt, now come *ready-mixed* just as she proportioned them, in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. It's so easy today! *Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and stir.*

Watch your husband's face light up when he first tastes these fluffy, wholesome cakes with that matchless plantation flavor. Try Aunt Jemima's four flours—her entire recipe *ready-mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Grocers have it in the famous red package.



We are often asked, "Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; Peterborough, Canada

FREE—a chance to test this famous recipe, ready-mixed. To get a free trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour together with a valuable recipe booklet, just mail coupon below



CLIP
THIS COUPON

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Dept. D-26, St. Joseph, Missouri.
Gentlemen: Please send free trial package Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and recipe booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

TROT, TROT TO MARKET

[Continued from page 36]

ing type, while the kumquat is a little lemon colored fruit no larger than a small plum. Both have good eating quality and both take their place in the table fruit bowl or in a salad plate with good flavor, color and novelty to recommend them.

During the last decade California growers have increased the production of persimmons, pomegranates and prickly pears, all of which are esteemed by epicures. California persimmons are of the improved Japanese type and are infinitely superior to the small wild Southern persimmons. They look not unlike large heart shaped tomatoes and have a flavor that appeals to most everyone. They should be as soft as a baked apple when selected at the fruit store. Their brilliant color is particularly appreciated in a Christmas gift basket or on the table.

The pomegranate is relished by some but to others it makes an indifferent appeal. However, it is not an expensive fruit and its color adds variety to the attractiveness of the fruit bowl.

Prickly pears, or cactus pears, are not only a novelty but are a deciduous fruit once the forbidding spines are peeled off. These can be easily removed by cutting off the ends of the fruit and slitting the skin lengthwise. To peel a prickly pear use a fork and knife, since the prickles get into the fingers and are troublesome.

Pineapples, South American cherries, Belgian hothouse grapes and Florida strawberries are some of the exotics which are possibilities for Christmas although not always obtainable except in the larger towns. Honeydew and casaba melons linger until the holiday season and quite a few stores may also have the Santa Claus or Christmas melons which resemble small watermelons outwardly but have flesh like the color of a cantaloupe.

When the Game Hangs High

Christmas time is the flush season of the year for poultry and practically every market variety is not only in season but ranks high in quality. Housekeepers who want a change from the familiar turkey, goose and duck dinners have a number of alternatives. Capon is an excellent substitute for turkey. As a rule capons cost about the same pound for pound as turkeys do but are lighter in weight. Guinea hens offer a possibility if one likes dark meat birds. They weigh two to two and a half pounds each so it takes a pair of them or more, according to the number served.

But it is not necessary to serve poultry to make the Christmas dinner a success. At this time of year hothouse lambs—young, specially fed lambs—are appearing on the market. And then there are roasting pigs weighing ten to thirty pounds each. Roast of venison or Alaskan reindeer is also especially suitable for mid-winter dinners. Every year we import considerable quantities of venison from England besides the occasional lots of native venison which are offered. Reindeer for market are now bred like beef cattle and much of it comes into New York and other cities of this country every winter.

Much game is also raised commercially like domestic poultry and quantities are imported. Wild ducks have always been a favorite game bird. Mallards and Blacks are now being bred in captivity. One of the very best species of feathered game is the Mongolian or ring-necked pheasant. You will do a lot of searching to find a better table bird. Pheasants weigh about

two pounds each but they have a higher proportion of breast meat than chicken and go much farther, pound for pound. Many are produced for market on special game farms.

Several species of partridges are esteemed by gourmets. Most of the supply is imported. Considerable quantities of French partridges known as "graylegs" and of English partridges called "redlegs" are received. Uruguay and Argentine supply a species called martinet. Partridges run slightly smaller than either pheasants or ducks. The gray hen and black cock of a species of grouse are also imported, principally from England and Scotland. These birds are all dark meat.

Slightly smaller than any of the game birds described above are quail, woodcock and black plover. Quail is obtained from both domestic and foreign sources but at present most of the woodcocks come from France and the black plovers from England.

Savory Cheese

Cheese makers concentrate on the Christmas holiday supply. Most of the cheeses conspicuous at this season are especially adapted for dessert or salad purposes. Others because of color or shape have a special appeal. The bright red Edams and Baby Goudas from Holland have all the brightness of gigantic holly berries and are delicious as a dinner cheese or for any hungry occasion.

Sharp cheeses are especially suitable for serving with a heavy meal and for this reason distributors hold back well cured stock for Christmas. Old English, or any well cured cheese of the cheddar type, and the pineapple cheeses are excellent examples.

The semi-soft cheeses because of their sharp distinctive flavors are very good. There are three kinds—English Stilton, French Roquefort and Italian Gorgonzola. Camembert and Swiss Gruyeres are two important types that are used extensively at this time.

It is also possible to obtain a Christmas assortment of several varieties of cheese packed in a box much the same as candy or confections. These are American manufacture, distinctive, delicious and attractively packaged.

Figs and dates are old holiday favorites. Pulled figs are especially good and then there are the Black Mission figs of California—not much to look at but delicious. In dates there are many types both imported and home grown. A few retailers also carry the famous dry dates produced in the Coachella Valley of California. These make one of the finest confections on the market.

Glacé fruit is being offered in larger quantities every season for table use as well as for confections and cookery. Crystallized ginger is another confection which has been popular since the days of sailing ships and fine cargoes from India and China.

The fact that it is possible to obtain the same brand of nationally advertised staple food products from one end of the country to the other has ceased to excite comment. Yet it is also worthy of note that many of the delicacies are likewise standardized. The same brands of walnuts, almonds, dried fruits, citrus fruits, apples and cheese are on sale the country over. Whenever a product reaches the stage where it is obtainable anywhere it is uniformly good in quality. The high class product is the easiest to obtain. It is the product of the unknown manufacturer and distributor that you need to examine most carefully in purchasing.

A MOST MODERN ENDING TO THE TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS DINNER

... this special plum pudding and these unusual new candies all made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine

CHOCOLATE Plum Pudding! It is delicious!

Different! The ideal dessert to follow those lavish courses of your Christmas dinner. For it is made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine and is matchless in its goodness and is most inviting in appearance. You will be proud, too, to serve Knox Dainties—an exquisite candy—with the after-dinner coffee.

THIS delicious candy and the delectable pudding, however, only demonstrate two of the many uses of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. With it, a wide variety of dishes, healthful for young and old, can be made easily and economically. Every package of Knox Gelatine will make four different desserts or salads of six generous servings each.

Boxes of Christmas Candy

Many have found that these candies packed in boxes make appropriate gifts. Mrs. Knox's new recipe books tell you how to make After-Dinner Jelly Mints, Coconut Fudge, Peanut Dainties, Turkish Delight, Creamy Fondant, besides wonderful desserts, salads, jellied soups, meat and fish loaves. It will be a pleasure to send you these books free. And if you write Mrs. Knox, she will gladly send you her special recipe for Cranberry Frappe—a perfect accompaniment for your roast turkey.



CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING
(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	1/2 cup seeded raisins
1/2 cup cold water	1/4 cup currants
1 cup milk	2 egg whites
1 square chocolate	1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla	1/3 cup dates
	1/4 cup nuts
	Few grains salt

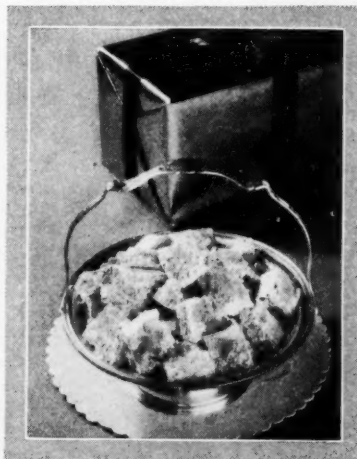
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet individual molds decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

KNOX DAINTIES

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Acidulated Gelatine	4 cups granulated sugar
	1 1/2 cups boiling water
	1 cup cold water

Soak gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope and two teaspoonfuls Lemon Extract. To the other part add one-quarter teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring and one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired, use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Pour into bread tins, which have been dipped in cold water, to the depth of three-fourths inch, and let stand overnight. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

NOTE: If the Plain Sparkling package is used, add three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice to take the place of the Lemon Flavoring and Lemon Extract when making lemon dainties.



Knox Dainties



Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
108 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, New York

Please send me a copy of your new recipe books.

My name is _____
My address is _____
My grocer's name is _____

What is the real foe of attractive
teeth and mouth health?

Uncleanliness!

... thousands never have clean teeth because their
dentifrices try to "cure" and fail to clean

You use a dentifrice on your toothbrush to clean your teeth more thoroughly and pleasantly than you can with the brush alone. So, clearly, the most important action of a dentifrice is to clean. Colgate's is made to give you the greatest possible safe cleansing power. It would not clean nearly so well if we tried to make it a medicine or treatment as well as a cleanser...



Colgate's is made as
dentists recommend

Years ago, before Colgate's was brought out, we went to leading dentists and said, "What kind of dentifrice would you like your patients to use? Would you like it medicated, strongly antiseptic or antacid?" They answered, "Give us a simple, non-medicated dentifrice that really cleans. Give us as much cleansing power as possible without harm to the teeth. If the dentifrice cleans thoroughly, there is nothing else for it to do."

Constant touch with the latest ideas of the dental profession and continuous research only emphasize the importance of a clean mouth. And on the advice of men who know most about mouth care, we continue to make Colgate's the finest dental cleanser that advancing experience can perfect.

The searching, cleansing foam

When you brush with Colgate's you are cleaning your teeth—not doctoring them.

The rapidly acting Colgate foam sweeps through your mouth—goes rushing, searching in and out and around teeth and gums—carrying away mucin deposits—polishing enamel

glistening smooth—destroying acids that destroy teeth—sweetening all mouth surfaces.

May we send you the free ten-day tube?

A trial of Colgate's quickly shows that cleaning is the important thing in care of the mouth. When your mouth is cleansed the thorough Colgate way, you find medicines and harsh abrasives unnecessary.

We will gladly send with our compliments a tube of Colgate's sufficient for ten days' use. Just return the coupon.

Colgate & Company, Dept. 210-L
595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Gentlemen: Please send me the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy," and a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE
MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

Dolls by courtesy of F.A.O. Schwarz



Photo by Frederick Bradley

Just a flying visit to Holland

The CHRISTMAS DOLL

Old or new she holds her popularity
in every land under the sun

BY JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON

THE wonderful assortment of dolls for Christmas selection this year is unique in the history of these favorites in the toy world. They draw

with variations of a cement mixed with the rags to make a hard, stiff doll. It is crudely painted and dressed in native costume, perfect in every detail. Oriental dolls follow

racial form and feature as well as costumes. Children of Siam rejoiced in dolls of baked mud, until recent years. Some of our North American Indian dolls were made of waxed cloth with horse-hair wigs, painted in the colorings of the owners, and dressed in buckskin, beads and silver ornaments.

A famous doll in Queen Elizabeth's collection was made of tree bark, two centuries old before it came into her possession. Queen Victoria's dolls, one hundred and thirty-two in all, are preserved at the Museum, many of them she dressed herself. Queen Alexandria's favorite doll has just been given to [Turn to page 53]



Photo by Frederick Bradley

Above—a group of dolls from Switzerland. Right—an English doll is enjoying a lesson in the new dances



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

their inspiration from old dolls as well as from modern art. The old ones are doubly of interest at this season. The oldest dolls known are in the British Museum, played with by Egyptian children 4000 years ago, centuries before the coming of Christ: there are terra-cotta dolls resting in museums of Rome and Naples, reminders that happy children once played about old Pompeii; the doll of William Penn's daughter, said to be the oldest in America, still wears the court costume she crossed the ocean in to come to Philadelphia in 1699; in the Vatican museum in Rome there are small ivory jointed dolls and hundreds of others in other collections in the world showing the age-old popularity of these beloved toys.

The rag doll of Mexico is one of the oldest and is used quite generally today



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Beautifully made felt dolls from Italy are smart for grown ups and children



It's time for a whispered suggestion!

A CERTAIN someone is planning now to make this a happy, long remembered Christmas for you. There is nothing he would like so much to know as the gift you would choose for yourself.

Whisper the suggestion. Tell him that a modern Singer Electric will make this a Christmas remembered through the years because of its companionship on happy afternoons, because of the clothes you can make at a fraction of their cost in the stores, because of the little longed-for luxuries the savings will afford.

This year more than ever before, Christmas will be an occasion for such "chosen" gifts. And so this year, in thousands of homes, the arrival of a modern Singer Elec-

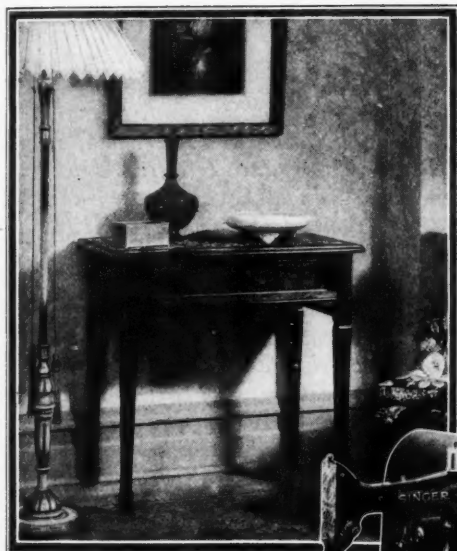
tric will mark the beginning of a new joy in sewing for wives and mothers.

For this modern Singer gives all sewing the thrill of a new adventure. Creating a frock now means a few hours of fascinating interest. Curtains and draperies are so easy to do that dressing the house becomes a delight for each new season. The children can have an abundance of clothes for school and play and happy parties. And when Christmas comes again this Singer itself will be the boundless source of gifts for others.

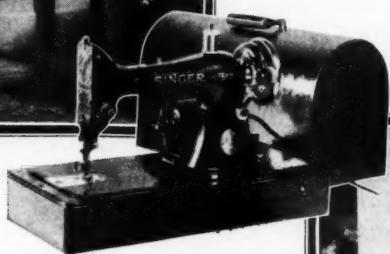
The modern Singer Electric is utterly different from any sewing machine you have ever seen. There is no thought of effort, for hidden electric power does all the work. Simple and easy to use, it is quiet, swift, vibrationless beyond belief. Beautiful in design, it serves in its idle hours as a piece of fine furniture for any room. Or the compact portable model can be carried anywhere and set away in any small space when sewing time is done. And for the home not yet electrified there are modern Singer non-electrics of the same superior quality, that may be equipped with Singer motor and Singers-light at little cost when your home is wired.

Stop at the nearest Singer Shop and see these tempting new models yourself. Or when the Singer man calls at your home, accept his invitation to try the machine of your choice in your own home on your own sewing, on the Self Demonstration Plan.

If you wish to give a modern Singer to someone at home or in any place in the world, you may use the Gift Certificate especially prepared for that purpose. You may select the machine for delivery with the Certificate on Christmas Eve, or you may send the Gift Certificate by mail and the recipient may choose the model she prefers at any one of the 10,000 Singer Shops throughout the world.



There are eight new Singer Electrics from which to choose. Above is shown the latest Cabinet Model as it appears when closed. Its refinement of design makes it a piece of fine furniture appropriate as a table for the entrance hall, living room, dining room or boudoir.



This is the popular Singer Portable Electric, so light and compact that you can carry it upstairs, downstairs, anywhere in the house. Simply set it on any table, connect with the nearest light socket and sew. When not in use it can be set away in a closet or any small space. An ideal machine for the small home or apartment.

Below is the Library Table Model open and ready for use. Its quiet beauty is evidence in itself of the quality of the machine. The streamline head, the small disc wheel, the concealed motor—all the lines express the simplicity and good taste of modern design.



The New

SINGER



ELECTRIC

Sewing Machines

(Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Shops and salesman in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance on your present machine.)

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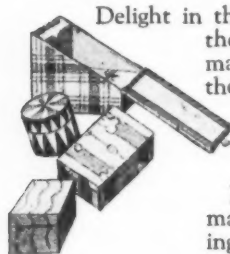
ANNOUNCING A NEW ART



YOU CREATE BEAUTY WITH PINCO PAPERS
...and it's so easy!

A WHOLE new realm of Home Decoration has opened up. You do it all yourself. With your own hands you create beauty—give color, change, richness to your home. And all at so little cost.

Ask to see Pinco Papers in your favorite store today. Note their beauty of design and color—gorgeous oranges, blacks and reds, delicate pinks, lavenders and orchids, regal golds and silvers and platinum—colors and tints for every season and purpose.



Delight in their unusual quality and "feel". Observe that the colors won't smudge, rub off or fade. Then marvel at their cost—it is only a fraction of the expensive foreign papers they surpass.

Give Christmas New Beauty This Year

It's so easy to do. The Free Instruction Book makes it all clear and simple. In just one reading, you learn how to cover boxes, lamp shades, portfolios, scrap baskets, toilet sets, flower pots. How to panel walls, closets, furniture, drawers—why golds and silvers are so much in vogue—

where to use color and where not. How charming a gift can become with more beautiful wrappings.

Don't wait! For yourself and your friends you can make such fascinating things—really smart and new. The Pinco Gift Box, itself (10 exquisite sheets in a handsome box) is a most original present. And, of course, Pinco Wrappings for all. See them today!



PINCO PAPERS

Send for Beautiful Home Decorator's Assortment

PINCO PAPERS, Inc. Dept. B.
727 State St., Camden, N. J.

Enclosed please find \$_____ for which
send me postpaid:

..... Home Decorator's Assortment
..... Pinco Gift Box

Name

Address

My dealer's name and
address is



If your dealer cannot yet supply you, send 50¢ for exquisite Home Decorator's Assortment. Six beautiful full-size sheets, together with complete Instruction Book. In Canada, 75¢.

A Beautiful Pinco Gift Box at \$1.00 containing 10 selected sheets, will be acceptable to the most fastidious, and appreciated far beyond its price. In Canada, \$1.50.



Santa Claus

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL BY ANGELO PATRI

CHRISTMAS belongs of right, to childhood. It is the celebration of the child spirit and not the least of its triumphs is the power to create Santa Claus. "Don't you care, Mom. Jus' as soon's he said there wasn't any Santa I knew it, ahead of him. I don't mind if he isn't real. It's more fun." "It is more fun and better Christmas to keep Santa. Childhood is the mystery of mysteries and Christmas, its special day, ought to present a measure of appreciation of this mystery in its symbols. No realism is to mar the snow of its garments; no rough hand brush the bloom off its shining red berries; no crude word destroy its beloved traditions. Christmas is set apart. Its antics are childhood's own. Spare Santa Claus. He is to make his trackless journey across the sky, cracking his whip and jingling his bells, to halt his ramping reindeer on the roof at the stroke of midnight. Down the chimney he must go, pack and whiskers and elfin grin, an invisible, enchanting messenger of love. This he does in token of a deeper, wiser thing. You would have the children know the beauty of selfless giving? Who so selfless as Santa? You would have them know the art of gracious acceptance? It is easy to give thanks to whom the silent gratitude of a full heart is eloquent language. Tell again the story of the Child and the manger, the star and the adoring wise men. Let Santa be the interpreter. Childhood's symbolism speaks clearly to childhood and the old saint clears the finer meaning of Christmas, love, peace and goodwill, when our best-chosen words fail. Merry Christmas to Santa!

ARE YOU SAVING MONEY?

AND are you spending your income for the things you really want? Many homes have been made unhappy through the mismanagement of the family income! The best solution to this problem is a family budget. McCall's Home Service has prepared a booklet which explains step by step the making of a budget for the modern home. Send ten cents in stamps for *The Family Budget* to

The SERVICE EDITOR, McCall's Magazine
236 West 37th Street, New York City

The Gift of Gifts — Exquisite Beauty

More luminous than a flower, starrier than a jewel is a lovely woman's face



DEMeyer

Elizabeth Arden

More than any other woman of her time has added to the beauty of women

Her preparations are sincere and of the purest materials, her method of firming up sagging muscles and toning the color and texture of the skin is the triumphant result of understanding that faces, like flowers and precious gems, need skillful care to keep them finely chiseled and fresh and free from flaws. In the Elizabeth Arden Salons, quiet rooms and soothing fingers invite you in these driven days to take time to be.



DEMeyer

There you find not only fragrant release from strain, but also straight at your elbow, all the lovely gifts which your women friends hope that some wise, sweet person will give them. Many charming things—lingerie, jewels, boutonnieres, perfumes, and the incomparable Elizabeth Arden preparations, as well as rare collections brought from afar, as were the myrrh and frankincense, to lay at the feet of Beauty.

Elizabeth Arden has a charmingly appropriate gift for every woman on your Christmas list

POUDRE D'ILLUSION, Elizabeth Arden's most exquisite powder, in a satin-lined box, *Illusion, Rachel, Oere, Minerva, Banana, and White.* \$3.

LA JOIE D'ÉLIZABETH, a new vivacious perfume, with a subtle blend of enticing fragrances. In a smart cubical bottle and French gray suede container. \$22.

PETITE O-BOY, Elizabeth Arden's smart compact, a chased gilt case, containing powder or rouge or both powder and rouge. \$2.50.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S BEAUTY BOXES AND TRAVEL CASES are a perfect gift for the most important names on your list. Leather Travel Cases are \$125, \$100, \$85, \$75, \$30. Rose lacquered metal boxes, \$18, \$14, \$3.85.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S VENETIAN DUSTING POWDER, a delightful luxury, a smooth, fine powder, pure, soft and lightly perfumed. A large box gaily flowered, with a big puff. \$3.

MON AMIE ELIZABETH, a perfume created especially for Elizabeth Arden. Smart cut-glass bottle in satin-lined box. \$9.50, \$25.

On sale at smart shops all over United States, Canada, Great Britain, in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia, The Far East, South America, West Indies, The Philippines, Porto Rico, and Honolulu, Hawaii

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix

CHICAGO: 70 E. Walton Pl. BOSTON: 24 Newbury St. PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th St. WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave. DETROIT: Book Building
SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell St. ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th St. BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries
MADRID: 71 Calle Alcalá ROME: Via Condotti 65

© Elizabeth Arden, 1928



Irresistible!

... and the story goes on to tell how she, too, became "The Girl with the Definable Charm" ...

Discussion pivoted on "definable charm" at a recent Hollywood bridge. The girls were moderately winsome, but withal, typical of "types"—rather casual, critically measured—with one exception.

This girl, less sophisticated, possibly; not "pretty"; a trifle less striking—won the plaudits because she had hair that glowed with lustre of its full natural color.

Here was hair that expressed richness and life and that outweighed, in open minds, any omission of social brilliance its owner might be taxed for; hair that expressed utmost care—that gave its wearer personality—(and without dissent)—truly "definable charm."

To an eager circle she recounted the sincere story of how the natural brilliance of her hair has returned since she began rinsing with fresh California Lemon Juice and water; how the color-dimming shampoo curds are cut away by the Lemon's delicate acid.



© 1928 C. F. G. E.

And she told the exhilarating sense of sweet cleanliness the *Lemon Rinse gave to her hair—and the joy she continually experienced in its permanent betterment.

You instantly pick girls with that "definable charm" in every group. Nine times out of ten they prefer the fresh California Lemon Rinse for the reasons explained in "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," a booklet you should send for at once.

(*Shampoo as usual. Rinse with clear water. Squeeze juice of one lemon in 4 quarts fresh water and rinse thoroughly. Rinse again with clear water.)

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR AN EVERY-DAY USEFUL FREE BOOKLET
CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Sec. 612, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me FREE book, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, manicuring, and beautifying the hair.

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

Photo by
Henry E. Towle



Last year's Christmas Pageant at Trinity, Boston, by the Boston Community Service

YULETIDE MUSIC For Church, Home and Club Programs

By JOHN TASKER HOWARD

ALL Christian nations have their own Christmas carols, some of them are very old, and their authorship unknown. The First Nowell (the word is the same as the French Noël, meaning Christmas), is at least five centuries old, and is supposed to have originated among the English peasants. The words represent a naive attempt to make the New Testament story more easily remembered by presenting it in rhyme. In spite of its crudities of meter, it still retains its freshness and vigor, and whenever we hear it we think of Christmas.

Some of the carols deal with quaint customs of celebrating the Yuletide. The Yule Log Procession, to which Robert Herrick wrote the words in the 17th century, was one of the songs used to accompany the elaborate ceremony of the Middle Ages, when the huge Yule log was brought into the great hall of the castle and the Christmas blaze lighted. Bryngynge in the Bore's Hede dates from the 14th century, and is associated with the traditional Christmas Eve Ceremonies at Queen's College, Oxford. These rites are still observed, and each year the Procession of the Boar's head is led by the chief cook, followed by little boys bearing candles and mustard pots, then by the head huntsman, and finally by all the students.

We are therefore but observing tradition when we celebrate Christmas with music, and so much material is provided in the form of Carol collections, anthems, Christmas songs, cantatas, pageants, phonograph records, and music rolls, that it is indeed simple to devise Christmas programs suited to every taste and talent. The performance of Christmas music may be given at many functions: during regular Church services; at church, Sunday School or club entertainments; at general community gatherings; by organized groups of Christmas car-

Mr. Howard will answer questions on home music problems. Inquiries regarding suitable songs, instruction material, music games, phonograph records, or the musical education of children will be answered as fully as possible. Obviously no recommendations of teachers can be made.

Address all inquiries to

MUSIC EDITOR
McCALL'S MAGAZINE
236 W. 37th St., New York

olers; around community Christmas trees; and either formally or informally as part of a Christmas party at home.

Christmas plays and pageants provide excellent material for organized entertainments, and offer opportunity for using the available talent of the community. The offerings may be simple or elaborate, according to the facilities for production. Some of the plays and operettas deal with the religious aspect of Christmas, while others are wholly secular. Some are intended for performance by children, others by adults, and many are for both grown people and children.

The musical accompaniment to these plays may generally be provided by a piano, but if an orchestra can be assembled, usually orchestrations are available from the publisher. Local music dealers invariably have in stock sample copies of many Christmas operettas. The following, however, are offered as suggestions:—

The Baby's First Christmas Tree, by Gertrude and Arthur Farwell. A musical play for children, in one act (C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston).
King Christmas, or King of the Holidays, by Frances McCollin. A children's opera, in one act (G. Schirmer, Inc., New York).
The Nativity, a Musical Mystery Play. Words and music adapted from old French Noël's by Linda Ekman and Elizabeth Fyffe (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston).

The Star of Hope, a Christmas pageant by Grace Pierce Maynard. Music compiled from various sources; some to be sung by the church choir, some by a junior choir and some by the characters on the stage. (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston).

Some organizations prefer to make up their own programs of two or more features, rather than devote the entire time to an operetta or pageant.

[Continued on page 48]

Buy Silk Stockings with Your Savings

on corsets and underwear

at the J. C. Penney Co. store nearest you

ARE you getting your nicest things at a J. C. Penney Company store, as thousands of other women are? You'll find here dainty underthings, modish corsetry, luxurious silk hose—all priced so reasonably you'll hardly believe your eyes!

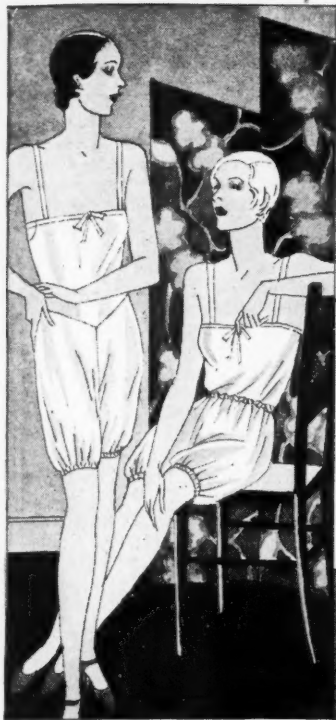
You will find that your savings on underwear will pay for your silk stockings. You will want to make these same savings on all the clothes you buy.

For that is how we have grown from one store to one thousand—by giving extra values. Women all over the coun-

try have soon found out that these 1000 stores, purchasing together through buying experts in a central office, make possible substantial savings on the loveliest of fine quality intimate wear.

Lower prices

See what you can save in a J. C. Penney Co. store. Come in and visit the one nearest you. Convince yourself we actually do offer smart, new styles in metropolitan variety, at prices lower than elsewhere!



Left above

Glove silk vest, flesh, reinforced under arm, \$1.49.

Left above

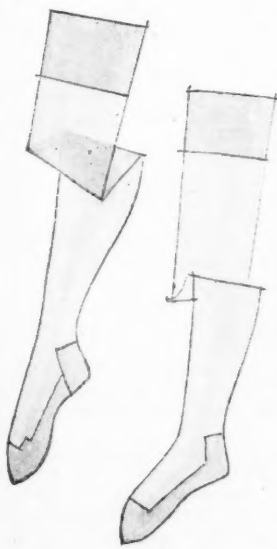
Fitted yoke, glove silk bloomers—a trim foundation for slim outer garments, \$1.98.

Right above

Well tailored rayon vest, pastel colors, 49c and 79c.

Right above

An unusual value in rayon bloomers; well cut; reinforced; in several styles, 69c and 98c.



Left

Chiffon weight stocking, pure silk, picot edge. Reinforced mercerized foot. Smart new colors, \$1.49.

Right

Pure silk stocking—98c! Semi-sheer, pure silk, mercerized sole and top. Wanted shades, 98c.



Left

For the slender figure, charming girdle of silk-patterned peach brocade, fancy elastic side panels. One bone—in front—to give fashionably flat effect. Handsome materials, \$1.98.

Center

Trim, light bandeau of pink rayon jersey. Firm weave and darts give support. Back cut low. Ribbon straps, 79c.

Right

Full figures look slender in this brassiere-corset, specially made to slim the hips and flatten the abdomen, while giving smooth, unbroken lines. The front supporters, joined to both the inner girdle and the long-fronted brassiere, do marvels in flattening and holding the figure erect. This remarkable garment at \$1.98.



Upper left

Costume slip, non-cling mercerized cotton pongee. Exceptional value, 98c.

Lower left

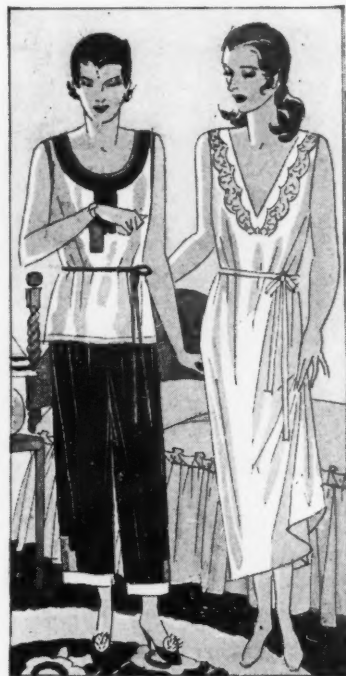
Shimmering rayon taffeta slip, pastel and other shades, \$1.49.

Upper right

Smart glove silk step-in, bodice top, self-straps, \$2.98.

Lower right

Well cut rayon step-in, self-straps, pastel shades, 98c.



Left above

Smart pajamas of ecru and blue rayon jersey, gaily trimmed with scarlet and leaf green. One of the many charming designs and color combinations at \$2.98.

Right above

Dainty nightgown of soft rayon jersey. Lace trimmed, narrow ribbon girdle. Many other attractive styles in becoming, flower-like tints, \$1.98.

The Golden Rule applied to business

Can the Golden Rule be successfully applied in business?

Our organization is a stirring affirmative to that question. It is now 25 years old. It started in a humble little store—scarcely more than a shack—out in Wyoming. Today we are operating over a thousand busy, progressive stores throughout the country. We are the largest group of department stores in the world.

We have prospered because we have stuck to the Golden Rule. By taking less profit we have gained greater volume. As we grow bigger, we are enabled to give you still better values. Increasingly, you see in J. C. Penney Co. merchandise, bigger values than ever.

(Signed)

J. C. Penney

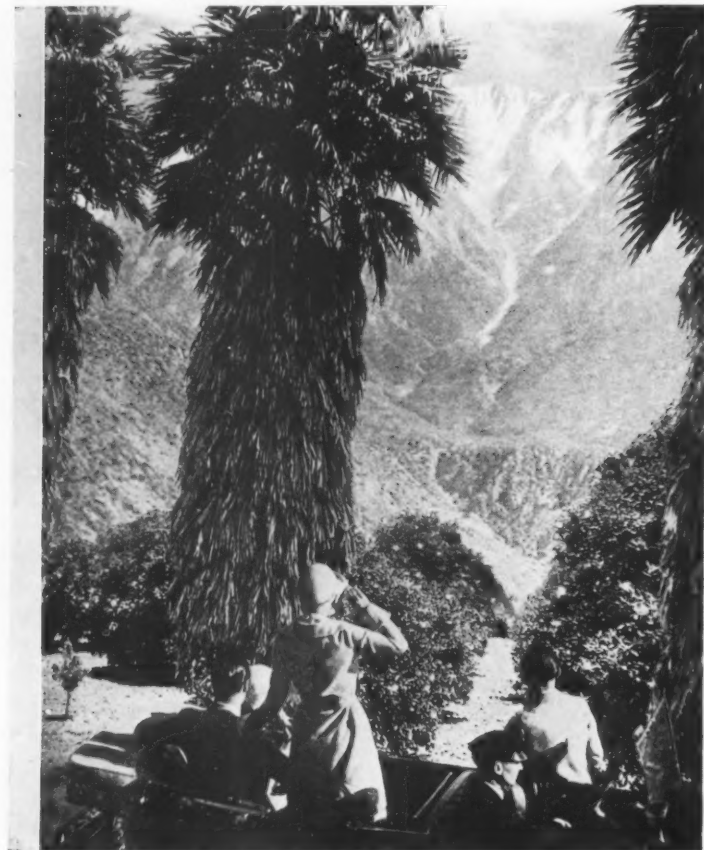
There are J. C. Penney Co. local department stores everywhere in the United States—one near you!

J. C. PENNEY COMPANY, INC.

O

ranges - snow peaks -

• flowers • palms • healing sunshine!
• fascinating all-winter Joys..



Everywhere—palm-lined valley boulevards, groves of golden oranges, vast snow-peaks!

FROM the balmy spring-like "winter" sunshine of Southern California comes better health, renewed energy . . . happier living conditions. Children, too, thrive wonderfully here—out of doors all winter beneath the energizing sub-tropic sun!

"Winter," in this land of contrasts, appears only on nearby snow-crested mountain peaks, for a mile below in the warm, sunny valleys flowers bloom, golden oranges ripen, birds sing and people enjoy life in a new way.

A fascinating rose-clad Spanish bungalow may suit your fancy; or perhaps a palatial resort hotel. Accommodations may be found to meet any expense limit. Plan to come this winter—early. Get the thrill of the gorgeous poinsettias and red-berried pepper trees. All winter long roses, stocks and snapdragon blossom in this friendly "winter" climate!

Southern California's natural beauty and natural wonders await your visit. There are countless novel things to see and do; astounding contrasts: trips to the vast desert wonderland of Death Valley and Palm Springs, to the High Sierra country where you see giant peaks swept by blizzards while you bask in the sunshine of Owen's Valley.

Gay hotels, or quieter places; fine theaters, cafes—everything a metropolis can offer in alluring entertainment. For, Los Angeles will delight you with its cosmopolitan attractions and spirit.

And, from Los Angeles, wide boulevards lead to Old Spanish Missions and to every other interest point in the Southland! Los Angeles county is among the richest in natural resources, with agricultural products approximating \$95,000,000 in value annually and oil fields rated at a billion dollars.

This is the winter you should be in Southern California. It is the trip of a lifetime! You will return home bettered physically and mentally. Plan to come—before Christmas if you can.

Now—before you do anything else—sign and mail the coupon for "Southern California Through the Camera," an authentic book of pictures showing exactly what you will see in Southern California winter and summer.

Southern California



All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. 12-T, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ San Bernardino ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange ☐ San Diego
☐ Riverside ☐ Ventura

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

YULETIDE MUSIC FOR CHURCH, HOME AND CLUB PROGRAMS

[Continued from page 46]

The ideal program should present variety not only as to the selections themselves, but also in regard to the types of performers, allowing participation by both young and old. There should be some instrumental numbers, some vocal solos, and some choral selections. There should also be caroling by the entire audience, so that the community idea will be emphasized by actual participation. If it is possible to assemble a small orchestra, it may be used not only to accompany the general singing, but for one or two special Christmas numbers of its own.

A Model Program

Here is a suggested program, containing numbers of religious significance, and others of a secular nature:

1. Orchestra: Pastoral Symphony, from the Messiah Handel
2. Chorus (mixed voices): Ring Out Wild Bells Gounod
3. Vocal Solo: Gesu Bambino (The Infant Jesus) Yon (J. Fischer & Bro.)
4. Piano Solo: The First Nowell (traditional) arr. Howard (Carl Fischer, Inc.)
5. Chorus (Men's Voices): The Holy Mother Sings .arr. McKinney (J. Fischer & Bro.)
6. Recitation with Musical Accompaniment: The Night Before Christmas Van Hollenhoven (Boston Music Company)
7. Appearance of Santa Claus.
8. Toy Symphony of Children: Christmas Toy Symphony for piano, four hands, and any number of toy instruments Hewitt (Theo. Presser Company)
9. Vocal Solo with violin obligato: Ave Maria Bach-Gounod
10. Junior Choir: The Frost Was White (Unison) and The Weeping Babe (Two-part) Hewitt (G. Schirmer, Inc.)
11. Christmas Carols by Entire Audience:
Oh Come All Ye Faithful.
God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen.
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.
Silent Night, Holy Night.
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night.
12. Chorus and Orchestra: Hallelujah Chorus, from The Messiah Handel

If an orchestra is not available, the first and last selections may be omitted. The picturesque custom of outdoor caroling on Christmas Eve has enjoyed a tremendous revival during the past few years. Ten years ago it was estimated that there were but 100 American cities and towns following the traditional carol custom, while in 1927 the number had increased to almost two thousand.

The carol groups should include both old and young. If the community is small, and not more than twenty-five singers can be gathered together, they may go about as a single group. In larger centers, where a greater number of singers may be enlisted, the participants should be divided into several bodies, each visiting a different section of the town. Experience has proved that no city is so large that proper organization cannot provide for well directed, effective carol groups.

Detroit was among the first of the large cities to undertake the project on a systematic basis, and has formed an organization whose officers are drawn from all denominations. In the first year (1916), twenty-five groups of ten singers each participated. In 1918 the number of carolers in this one city

had increased to 10,000. Three years later 1100 groups sang from six to eight in the evening, each group covering both sides of a street for a distance of half a mile. Among the other large cities which foster the custom are Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland and Baltimore.

In smaller cities it is best to have all the carolers meet at one place—around the community Christmas tree, if there is one. They should then be divided into groups, and conveyed to the sections of the town they are to cover in automobiles. Through churches and the local press the residents of the several districts may be invited to place candles in their windows if they wish the carolers to sing before their houses. When the neighborhood is covered, each group should return to the original meeting place, and all of the singers may be formed into one large chorus for half a dozen carols around the tree.

While by no means essential, appropriate costumes add to the Christmas atmosphere. These generally consist of the traditional English cape and pointed hood or cap, which may be made of inexpensive materials by the carolers themselves, or by local sewing clubs.

It is wise to plan the organization of the caroling in advance, so that everything will run smoothly and awkward delays be avoided. The leaders of each group should be carefully selected, and meetings held so that the town may be mapped out into districts, transportation arranged, and other details decided. The programs should be devoted largely to familiar selections. If advance rehearsals are possible, new carols may be introduced, but if there is no time for practicing, the repertoire should be confined to the old songs everyone knows and loves. These suggestions may prove helpful:

O Come All Ye Faithful.
Silent Night, Holy Night.
O Little Town of Bethlehem.
The First Nowell.
God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen.
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.
Joy to the World.
We Three Kings of Orient Are.
Once in David's Royal City.
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night.

While Christmas Eve is the time for out-of-doors caroling, Christmas night, or the Sunday evening after Christmas, offer splendid opportunities for holding home parties of friends and relatives. Informal musical programs may be arranged, and each member of the party who can play or sing should be asked to contribute one or two selections.

Every home should enjoy as much Christmas music as possible with the phonograph, piano or radio. If the phonograph is placed in the room with the Christmas tree, it may add to the spirit of the occasion by rendering the record of *Adeste Fideles*, (sung by the Associated Glee Clubs of New York), which is rich and beautiful.

Anyone wishing to become familiar with the available literature of Christmas music should consult the special Christmas catalogs of the various music publishers.

Note: If you wish to have additional suggestions for Christmas music with lists of publishers and prices, write, enclosing two cents in stamps, for return postage to McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



Christmas feasts at the old Maxwell House in Nashville were famous throughout the South. Here Joel Cheek's blend was served for years



To those who most enjoy the good things of life, this blend of fine coffees brings a new adventure

In its blended richness . . . a new luxury that has won AMERICA

A TOUCH of richness that no single coffee grown can yield—

A skillful mingling of many flavors—

A blend from the old South which has won the first real nation-wide fame that ever came to a coffee—

This one special coffee flavor is the first on which the critical families of this country have ever agreed.

*A shade of difference
in flavor*

Years ago in the old South, Joel Cheek created this blended richness which is now changing the habits of a nation. Down in Tennessee, he worked many months at his coffee blending. He was

a southerner born with a genius for flavor, brought up in that land noted for good things to eat and drink.

Long ago the full-bodied smoothness of his blend delighted the great families of Dixie. Long ago Maxwell House Coffee became the first choice of the southern states.

Today it has come as a new luxury to the whole nation. Known to the South alone until recently, Maxwell House has now swiftly become by far the largest selling coffee in the entire

United States. Never before has any coffee won such fame.

In that extra touch of richness a new experience awaits you and your family—a new adventure in good living. The smooth, mellow liquor, the rare fragrance of Maxwell House will perhaps bring your family a wholly new idea of how good a cup of coffee can actually be. Plan now to serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Maxwell House Products Company, Inc.,

Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

Radio listeners—tune in! Noted artists every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour, 9:30 p. m. Eastern Time, 8:30 p. m. Central Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WCCO, WEBC, KSD, WDAF, KVOO, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX. 7:30 p. m. Mountain Time, KOA.

*"Good to
the last drop"*



MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

Take your first bite.
Isn't the crust short and
tender? And the rich,
luscious mince meat—
Heinz Mince Meat—
tasting of juicy apples
and plump raisins and
currants . . . of tender
little morsels of meat
—of candied citron
and lemon peel.
What a mince pie
— every delicious,
fruity bite of it !



flavor 57



We don't wonder that most women have given up making their own mince meat. For it does take such a lot of time and patience and skill.

We know. For our own mince meat, we go to extraordinary pains to find the ingredients that give us exactly the flavor and "mince-meatiness" we want.

"Four Crown" Valencia Raisins from Spain, Grecian Case Currants, candied Leghorn fruits—citron and lemon peel—juicy apples, prime beef . . . And—most important—to secure our spices we send our representatives to the very ends of the world.

Then the blending according to an exclusive Heinz recipe. And the experience! For, after all, it is our 59 years of experience that has made the name Heinz mean Flavor.

Another holiday suggestion — Heinz Fig Pudding made especially light; and Heinz Plum Pudding, as rich and plum-y as you could ask for. We print the recipes for delicious sauces right on the label. H. J. HEINZ CO. • PITTSBURGH, PA.

HEINZ FIG PUDDING
HEINZ PLUM PUDDING

© H.J.H. Co.'28

HEINZ MINCE MEAT



The radio industry is making successful efforts to bring the modern receiving set into artistic harmony with the furnishings of the American home.

Will Santy Bring A Radio?



The neat little package (left) upon which the bronze stork casts such an approving eye is a six-tube, one-control radio set, designed for storage battery operation, with an outside antenna and ground connections. The leads to the ground connection and the antenna are carried behind the bookshelves, and so is the battery cord. For those who don't want to be bothered by the charging or changing of batteries, the receiver may be adapted to alternating-current operation by means of socket-power devices. This model adapts itself to any house.



The old-fashioned loud-speaker, it seems, has passed beyond recall, and in its stead are such unobtrusive but tonally accurate reproducers as the one which has replaced the mantel clock in the room below. An extension cord, matching the woodwork in color, runs along the mantel, down to the baseboard, and to the receiving set, which may be located in this or the next room; if occasion demands, down cellar or up attic or in the pantry.

The cabinet for hall or living-room houses an eight-tube superheterodyne receiver and all its appurtenances, and needs no connection with the outside world save the cord to the light socket. The set operates on either alternating or direct current. A built-in loop antenna, which can be turned to any point of the compass, occupies part of the cabinet, and behind and under the barred gauze panel on the right is the last word in power operated loudspeakers.

At top of the page is one of the most compact of the much-mentioned "A.C. Tube" sets, which derives its power from the alternating-current lighting circuit of the house. It sits quietly on a table by a window, where the essential but ungraceful wire connections can be concealed with little effort.



"this little pig went to market..

LITTLE feet on the threshold of life—how will you send them forth? It's so vitally important—their care—*now!* So much of good or ill can be done simply by stockings. They are as important as any article of the baby's wardrobe.

Because of that, specialists have designed American Baby Hose to meet your baby's hosiery needs.

American Baby Hose are knit and shaped to exact size and half size—not stretched. Elastic, a child can put them on alone—yet they hold their shape. Their materials—pure thread silk, pure Australian wool, finest rayon, long-staple cotton. Finished with a sheer perfection that eliminates rough seams, knots and loose ends. Non-acid dyes—peroxide bleach only are used. They can't bind or maim or irritate and they won't shrink.

Your baby needs American Baby Hose. Just stockings won't do. Give those tender little feet a fair chance. Your favorite shop will help you by supplying American Baby Hose.

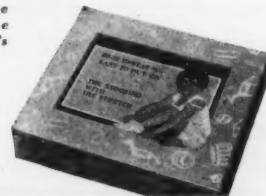
30 styles—sizes to 6 years

J. H. BLAETZ

Mascher and Allegheny Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

**AMERICAN
Baby Hose**

Write for Free
Booklet—"The
Care of Baby's
Feet".



THE STOCKING WITH THE STRETCH



Get more confidential with YOURSELF

ONE of these days when you are in the mood to be honest with yourself, take your hand mirror to the brightest window and critically study your skin.

Is it the fault of the creams you use that minute imperfections are all too evident? Very probably not. For never before have you had such fine complexion aids as are offered you today.

Rather these imperfections prove that no creams, no lotions can "do it all". You must help and the greatest single thing you can do for your complexion is to keep yourself internally clean.

True beauty comes from within, as the fashionable women of Europe have long realized. Each year they journey to the famous springs of Vichy, Wiesbaden, Aix and Carlsbad where they regain their beauty and improve their health by drinking the saline waters.

You, in your own home, have a practical equivalent, one of the greatest beauty aids in all the world—your bottle of Sal Hepatica—no further from you than your corner druggist or your bathroom shelf.

Sal Hepatica, in its action and in the benefits it brings, is very similar to the natural springs of the continent. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this wonderful saline treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's

30c, 60c, and \$1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-128
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

HERE'S TO A MERRY CHRISTMAS

[Continued from page 32]



This cake will light the Christmas flame in hearts from six to sixty

Cover the bottom of eight individual molds with this liquid (not more than $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch deep) and allow to become firm. When firm make a design in the bottom of each mold as follows: Press the whites of hard boiled eggs through sieve and sprinkle in mold to represent snow—rather deep on the ground and a few flurries in the air. Cut "fir trees" out of green peppers with sharp, pointed knife or fancy vegetable cutter. Arrange one or two trees in the snow. Pour over a few drops of gelatine mixture to anchor design. Allow to become firm. Fold chicken, pimiento, celery and mayonnaise dressing into remainder of gelatine liquid and fill mold. Put in refrigerator to chill. Un-

mold and serve on crisp lettuce.

To make marron chantilly put a small ball of vanilla ice cream into a stemmed sherbert glass. Place around it three marron glacés cut in halves. Pour over a little of the thick marron syrup and top with stiffly whipped cream. Garnish with candied cherry and strips of angelica to feature the red and green Christmas colors or decorate with small red and green candies.

To make a watch-night or a midnight supper calls for another type of menu. You ask yourself: Now what shall we do for husbands and other male adults of the family? They

[Continued on page 64]

When The Christmas Latchstring Hangs Out

THE Christmas spell—starry blue nights, carol singers, old legends re-read from favorite books, an atmosphere pent with the spirit of Dickens' wintry tales, the children home for the holidays, reminders of old times and old friends—brings with it special problems to our modern American homes. We may live in a snug little one-room kitchenette apartment or in a spacious country house but, comes the Christmas season and we feel a longing, an urge, to share our hearthstone and larder somehow with the rest of the world; especially that part of the world which claims kinship or friendship.

The lone, business woman eyes her electric grill and percolator askance. No great feast can come from her tiny kitchenette. The busy mother who is maid-of-all-work in her suburban bungalow peeps despairingly into the grocery budget book. Cakes to make, a bird to buy, a thousand things needed for pie and pudding and dinner table bowls! Fortunately in this age when pretentious entertaining is on the wane we can adjust our Christmas hospitality to our purse and our homes and our crowded modern life.

For the little apartment, the tea table gay with flowers and burdened with a fragrant pot of tea, a dish of luscious little cakes, a plate of satisfying sandwiches may speak true Christmas hospitality.

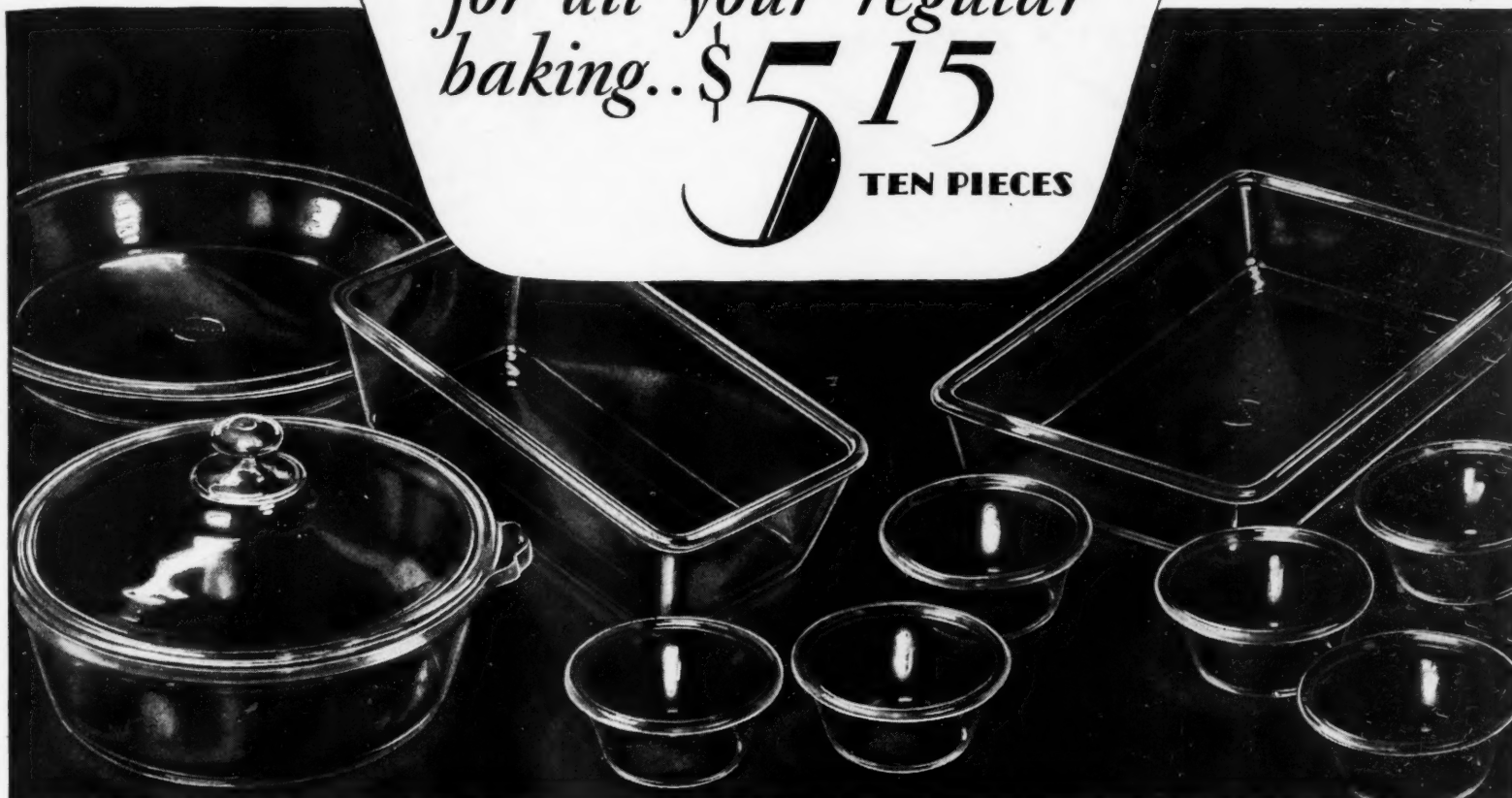
Another favorite form of entertaining in the very small apartment is the eleven-o'clock or noon breakfast for Sunday or a holiday. The woman with a larger apartment or a house will find tea or late breakfast simple and delightful methods of showing Christmas hospitality too. But she also has advantages of kitchen equipment and dining room space which give her more scope for luncheons, dinners, the fireside supper after bridge or the theater.

We may not be able—or want—to have a mahogany board burdened with hams, game, fowl, cakes and pies, puddings and pickles, but the modern Christmas dinners do not leave us with a household of sleeping guests and over stuffed children to take the fine edge off of the so happily inspired occasion.

PYREX DISHES

for all your regular
baking..\$5.15

TEN PIECES



This \$5.15 group comprises a casserole, round, square or oval with cover; a loaf pan, utility dish or biscuit pan; a pie plate and six custard cups. All may be had in larger or smaller sizes at varying prices. This set—enough Pyrex dishes for all your everyday baking—comes attractively boxed for a Christmas gift

CASSEROLE, utility dish, bread pan, pie plate, six custard cups . . . what scores of things you can do with them! In each and every one of them what almost countless varieties of recipes you can prepare!

And you can get these 10 versatile pieces—enough Pyrex ware for all your ordinary baking and serving—for only \$5.15!

Why put up with the uncertainties of baking in metal—the labor of scouring sinkfuls of blackened pots and pans? Pyrex dishes bake so much more reliably, are so much easier to care for, so much better looking than any metal utensils.

You'll never go back to the older style of baking ware when you've once tried Pyrex dishes. And here's your Pyrex equipment—it costs but \$5.15!

Pyrex Ovenware Bakes So Much Better

Pyrex ovenware bakes so much better than metal utensils. It stores up the oven heat in itself—then gives it out steadily, thoroughly, till every

particle of food is evenly baked, clear through.

And of course Pyrex baking dishes are also serving dishes. They hold heat—keeping everything piping hot for second helpings, till the last delicious spoonful is gone.

You can wash your Pyrex dishes right with your china. They are so good-looking that you will want to place them beside the china on your shelves.

Pyrex Ware Lasts for Years

Pyrex ware, housewives tell us, lasts for years. It never crackles or crazes. It does not hold odors. It never discolors food.

No wonder that more and more women every year are doing their baking in Pyrex ovenware! It's the modern baking ware for modern baking.

If your kitchen isn't already equipped with Pyrex dishes, take this \$5.15 dealer list to your department or hardware store today. You will find this 10-piece outfit in the sizes indicated or in

larger or smaller sizes . . . as well as other Pyrex ware for additional baking and serving. (This \$5.15 set may be had in an attractive gift box.)

All these Pyrex dishes for \$5.15

Covered casserole, No. 623 round, or No. 653 square, or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow*	\$1.75
Utility Dish No. 231*	1.00
Pie Plate, No. 209*	.90
Loaf pan, No. 212*	.90
Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size	.60
This economical baking equipment	\$5.15
*Medium size	
All prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.	



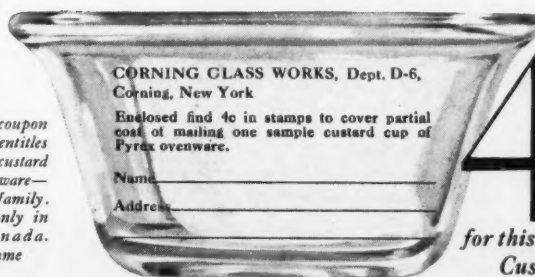
Pyrex Nursing Bottles at all drug stores. Narrow neck or wide mouth—8-ounce size

Guarantee—Any PYREX dish or part which breaks from oven heat within two years from date of purchase may be replaced by any PYREX dealer in exchange for the broken pieces.

"PYREX" (trade-mark registered U. S. Patent Office) ovenware made by Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

Send 4c for this sample Pyrex Custard Cup

This Coupon not good unless it reaches us by Dec. 31, 1928



4c
in stamps
for this sample Pyrex
Custard Cup



Handsome metal mountings are ready now for all the most popular Pyrex dishes. Ask your dealer to show you the various designs available for casserole and pie plate. An attractive pierced floral pattern is illustrated (LEFT)

Send today. This coupon with 4c in stamps entitles you to a sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware—only one cup to a family. Coupon is good only in U. S. and Canada. Please print name

WANTED
on everybody's desk



No. 6467—White onyx or black marble base, 7" x 10", with name plate, and two No. 67 desk pens. Complete, \$30.00

EVERYONE who sees Waterman's new Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets wants one immediately—men for the office, women for the secretaire at home. There are many reasons for that universal preference. Here are a few: supreme practical utility, exquisite beauty, variety and fashionableness. Waterman's Desk Sets are the Christmas gift of the year—equaled only in popularity by Waterman's fountain pens themselves.



No. 7167—White onyx base, 3" x 4 1/2", with green gold finished frame and name plate. Price with No. 67 pen, \$18.00.



No. 6062 1/2—White onyx base, 2 3/4" x 2 3/4", with green gold finished frame and name plate. Price with pen, \$7.50.

Ask any pen merchant

Waterman's



Christmas wouldn't be Christmas *without the postman's visit*

Send Christmas Cards to *all* your friends this year, and, as well, to those less fortunate than you, whose day will be the brighter for your

cheery message! Many folks are selecting cards now—while varieties are plentiful and shops not overcrowded. Why not get yours, too?

In shops displaying this seal you will find cards made by members of the Greeting Card



Association—exquisite cards distinguished by the work of foremost writers and artists.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards



REVIEWS of BOOKS *For The Children's Christmas*

THE books of the Bookhouse for Children, (Chicago, Illinois) originated and edited by Mrs. Olive Beaupré Miller, continue to add glory to the already sound foundation for greatness. The new glory is in the form of travel books unique in form and contents. Three travel volumes are already issued, of Japan, France and Holland and they include poetry and legends of these countries. They are so delightfully illustrated that any child will pore over them again and again.

The quality of the rich bindings is in keeping with the high standard of excellence in both the colored illustrations and black and white. As in the six volumes of stories, the type in the travel books is large, and the pages spaced for easy reading.

For the fortunate children in the land who are growing up with the Book House volumes, these new travel books will be delightful additions to their library. For children who have yet to be introduced to the original six, the travel books will prove appetizing variations of the story group. Folk lore, stories of enchantment, fairy tales, poetry, American folk legends, the best of the stories which have delighted children in many countries for generations, the cream of the new tales for young readers are combined in these six famous books. They are a picture-book delight as well as a storehouse of good reading. They are only sold through the publisher's representatives.

Guki The Moon Boy, by Beulah Folmsbee. Illustrated by Decie Merwin. Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.00.

At Christmas time the children often like to give a pageant or play. Sunday school classes and grade school classes as well have entertainments which include one or more plays. *Guki The Moon Boy* is a collection of five one-act plays which are suitable for children to give—and they are practical to produce.

Pinocchio, by C. Collodi. Translated from the Italian by M. A. Murry. Illustrated by K. Wiese. Thomas Nelson and Sons, \$1.50.

The story of the mischievous little puppet Pinocchio which, for many years, has been a delight to children of Italy and other nations as well, is now in the book stores in a new edition, especially attractive because of its clever and realistic illustrations. Pinocchio is a companion whom all children will love, laugh with, cry with

and rejoice with until they are well past the age for fairy stories.

The Feast Of Noël, by Gertrude Crownfield. Illustrated by Mary Lott Seaman. E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.50.

These six quaint and delightful stories are of Christmas time in Provence. They are based on a fete which is held there, and though the characters are imaginary the tales show some of the delightful customs that the young people of Provence follow.

They are told in an easy and readable style which children of all ages can appreciate. The occasional illustrations are charming.

The Blacksmith and the Blackbirds, by Edith Rickert. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Doubleday Doran & Co., \$0.75.

Once upon a time there was a cross and crusty blacksmith. And in his garden and orchard many, many blackbirds gathered to make a feast. So goes this story written especially for children under seven. How selfish and mean the blacksmith was, and how the blackbirds had a meeting one day and decided on a plan to teach the unpleasant man a lesson and now King Blackalover, Blackatip and Blackatop his twin brother and others of the blackbirds finally succeeded, are all told and the tale ends happily for all.

Edith Rickert writes in a style which will please the children and the illustrations by James Daugherty are exceptionally clever.

From Now To Adam, by J. Brett Langstaff. Illustrated by Luxor Price. Harper Brothers, \$5.00.

Every little boy or girl who reads *From Now To Adam* will put himself in the place of Peter Tompkins and actually live these stories of the Old Testament. For Peter, a modern boy, is taken back to the days of the Three Wise Men. He travels from place to place with them, meeting and learning the legends of Adam and Eve, Noah, Abraham and Isaac and all the other Biblical characters in the Old Testament. This is an interesting way to teach the Bible to children. Through it they can see the human side of religion. It is made more attractive by the lovely illustrations in color.

Note: If you would like additional suggestions about books suitable for gifts to children write, enclosing a two cent stamp to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Look! she has found a better way to do dishes

Quick-working Super Suds makes her china sparkle without wiping



MODERN speed at last for the old, slow task of dish-washing!... A new soap discovery brings this good news to housewives everywhere.

This new soap is called Super Suds. It is soap in the amazing form of tiny, fragile beads... beads so tissue-thin that they dissolve *instantly* and *completely* when water touches them.

Every woman knows how important it is to have a soap that dissolves quickly and completely. The older bar soap, chips, flakes and powders have good soap in them. It is their *form*, which keeps them from dissolving instantly. Super Suds is entirely different in form from these. It is four times thinner than chips—thinner than any soap ever made before. The result is that Super Suds does your work faster; no soap is wasted; there is no uncertainty in your methods.

Makes dishwashing easier

Put one to three tablespoons of Super Suds in your dishpan, depending on the hardness of the water. Turn on hot water.

Instantly *all* the soap is in solution. Full, creamy suds on top... and down below, where the real work is done, active *under-water* suds that loosen grease and food particles instantly.

Then—a quick hot rinse. Every trace of soap flows away with the hot water. A touch of the towel brings a new lovely gleam to silver, sparkling shafts of light to glassware. China dries sparkling bright.

Faster in washtubs, too

Put one to three teacups of Super Suds in tub or washing machine. Then—hot water. Instantly—the live, active *under-water* suds go to work. Because Super Suds *all* goes into suds, it rinses out more easily, saves time. Because it rinses out *perfectly*, colors come out sharp and clear, white things actually look whiter and lovelier than ever before. Try Super Suds for your washing this week—and for dishes every day! At any grocer's—a giant box for only 10c.



Clothes whiter... Quick, strong suds. No more soap stains... Gentle on clothes... Saves one rinsing... saves hands... a whiter, sweeter wash.





Banana Compote

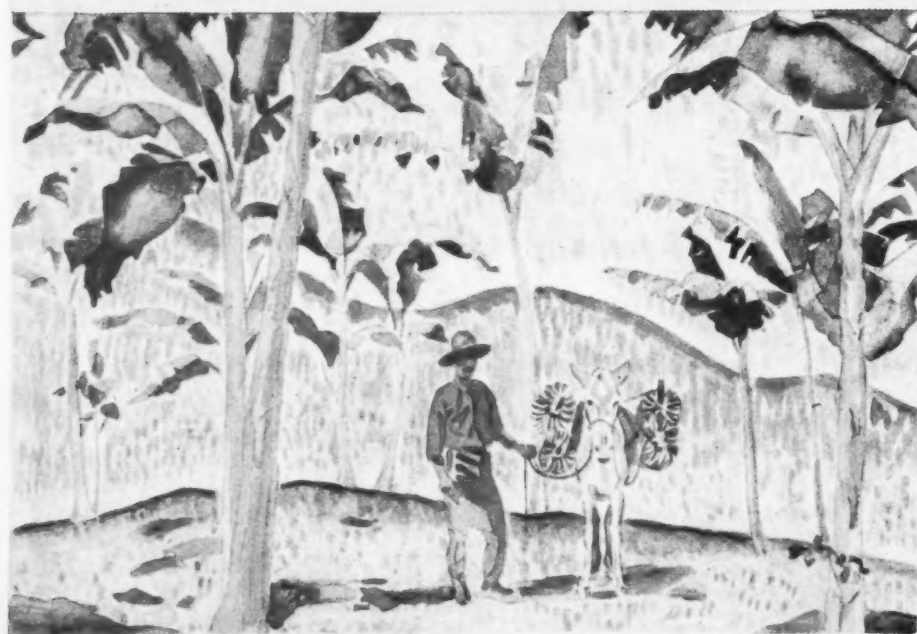
A treat for youngsters . . . and for grown-ups, too . . . at any time of day

A taste of the tropics right in your own home! That's what you really have when you tempt your family with bananas—luscious, wholesome, and *all-season* fruit that blends perfectly with oranges and other good things.

But to enjoy the true tropical flavor of bananas, be sure that you serve them when they are fully ripe. See that the skins are a deep golden yellow and that they are flecked with brown. Then bananas are at their best.

Not only is their flavor finest, but ripening packs bananas with healthful energy elements. Few foods are so nourishing—few so digestible. Even the very young and very old can enjoy the goodness of brown-flecked bananas.

Keep enough bananas on hand so you can let them ripen at room temperature. There are many ways to serve them appetizingly. Eighty-three of the best recipes will be sent you free if you will mail the coupon for a copy of "From the Tropics to Your Table."



UNIFRUIT BANANAS

A UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
Product

Imported and Distributed by
Fruit Dispatch Company

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY
Dept. B-12,17 Battery Place, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your
recipe book, "From the Tropics
to Your Table."

Name.....

Street No.....

City.....State.....



Partly Ripe... Green tips show that the banana is partly ripe. At this stage, cooking makes the fruit appetizing and digestible.



Yellow Ripe... Now the banana can be eaten uncooked. But it is most delicious when it is used in puddings, pies and custards.



Fully Ripe... The brown-flecked skin is the unfailing sign of the fully ripe banana. The delicate flavor is now at its best.

CANDIES for CHRISTMAS

[Continued from page 31]



For centers, work nuts into the fondant and roll lightly, fingers close together

slices in balls, cones, barrels or patties. These "centers" may then be dipped in melted chocolate or water fondant.

To Color Fondant

To color fondant add a tiny speck of color paste on the point of a knife and work it in well. A very little goes a long way, so use it sparingly, adding more if the color is not deep enough. If liquid coloring is used make a well in the lump of fondant and add a drop or two of the coloring; cover up the well and knead until the color is blended through the mass.

To Flavor Fondant

To add flavoring make a hole in the ball of fondant. Pour a few drops of extract into the hole, cover over with fondant and knead in the hands until flavoring is thoroughly blended. Vanilla, almond, maple, wintergreen and peppermint are frequently used. If oil of peppermint or wintergreen is used one or two drops will be sufficient, as the oil is very strong.

Fancy Marzipan Candies

Marzipan candies are usually shaped like fruits or vegetables. The mixture from which they are molded is made by working together equal parts of fondant and almond paste (which you can buy at some grocer's or confectioner's) and coloring it with pure vegetable coloring. For strawberries, use red coloring, shape like berries, and roll them in granulated sugar. If you want to give your candy a very professional appearance, buy stems and leaves for berries, apples, pears, and so on, at the confectioner's. Another marzipan candy is shaped like a

potato, rolled in cocoa, and pricked with a sharp, pointed knife to resemble "eyes."

Cream Walnuts

Flavor plain or cream fondant with vanilla or maple extract and shape into small balls of uniform size by rolling between the palms of the hands. On either side place the halves of a walnut and set aside to become firm. For chocolate cream walnuts work dry cocoa into the fondant.

Fondant Fudge

Melt cream fondant over hot water just long enough to enable you to blend melted chocolate with it. To one recipe of fondant add 2 squares melted chocolate and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Stir until thoroughly blended and turn into square buttered pans, making fudge at least one inch deep. For marshmallow fudge, cut marshmallows in halves with kitchen scissors, and add to chocolate fondant just before turning out into pans. Chopped nuts may be mixed through the plain fudge or sprinkled over top.

Stuffed Fruits

Prunes, figs, dates, cherries and raisins make delicious Christmas confections when stuffed with fondant.

To stuff them make balls of fondant, large enough to fit the cavities from which pits have been removed, and press into fruit. The tops may be decorated with candied cherries or nuts.

Note: Full directions for dipping chocolates and bonbons, and for making other fondant candies, will be sent you on request. Enclose two cent stamp.



For Marzipan add drop of color paste on end of knife

APPETIZER

SOUP

SALAD

ENTRÉE



Always a place for asparagus—

Because you can serve it in so many different ways, it fits right into any menu. What's more, California Canned Asparagus always brings to your table the unusual touch that puts a new zest into the whole meal.

You can eat all you want—there's no need to worry about the fattening elements in asparagus.

And at luncheon, tea-time, dinner, what other food offers such delicacy? Surely you'll want a few cans always at hand—always ready to supply new flavor and freshness.

Asparagus with Parsley Butter

Turn California Canned Asparagus and liquid into a shallow pan so that stalks will lie lengthwise. Heat over a low fire until thoroughly hot. Drain and serve with parsley butter sauce. While asparagus is heating, melt 2 tablespoons butter, not directly over fire, and add 1 teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley.

Scrambled Eggs with Asparagus Tips

Drain California Canned Asparagus. Cut into 1-inch lengths, measuring 2 cupfuls. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or substitute in a saucepan. Drop in 6 eggs, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper and the asparagus tips. Stir gently over a low heat until cooked, but not dry. Serve with hot, freshly buttered toast.

CALIFORNIA CANNED
Asparagus

Send for
FREE book



Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 544, 800 Adam Grant Building, San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name _____ Address _____

Have you a Prima Donna complexion?



WHEN winter comes, some complexions develop prima donna tendencies. They become temperamental. Today, peach-blown in tint and texture—tomorrow, coarse-pored, rough, chapped and sensitive.

If you've an operatic complexion, Frostilla is just meant for you! Its instant touch soothes—and comforts. Under its bracing persuasion, tired skins perk up, color glows, satiny smoothness is regained and coarse pores are reduced to a memory. Then the complexion graciously accepts powder, rouge, and any other little attention you may choose to confer on it.

However, don't wait until your skin is in a huff to treat it to Frostilla. Let it guard you against wind and weather during the day. Let it be the soothing sedative that sends your skin to sleep at night. For Frostilla will foil all temperamental tendencies and make your skin a gift to be proud of, the year round.

In attractive, blue-labelled bottles, Frostilla is priced at 50c and \$1, at druggists and department stores. Or write for an attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request. Dept. 536, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York City.)

FROSTILLA

for

exposed and irritated skin

© 1928, The Frostilla Co.

THE CHRISTMAS DOLL

[Continued from page 42]



Photo by Frederick Bradley

Sitting, indestructible doll. Standing and walking dolls make a nice group

the Museum by Queen Mary. They all differ widely from the Christmas dolls of this year's showing. These walk, talk, wake, sleep, are of many materials, in a variety of types, and possess wardrobes as complete as a woman of fashion, or child of wealth could desire. Most of the dolls may be washed or dry cleaned. Many have extra wigs of real hair arranged in a number of ways and they may be combed and rearranged at will. Clothes all "take off and put on."

These dolls have come from nearly all countries, many in native costumes, but the largest production now is from our own American designers and manufacturers.

The bisque doll with the eyes of Irish blue is always popular. She has soft brunette coloring and brown curls. She also has extra wigs for special occasions, and wig blocks for her dressing table set, besides her complete toilet outfit, even to a long handled mirror and powder puff. Her little wardrobe trunk contains not only up to the minute sports clothes, hats, shoes and stockings, but formal clothes, from dainty negligees to ball gowns, jewels, fans, parasols, an umbrella and rain coat, leather and fur coats, evening wraps, sweaters, worsted caps and scarves, French gloves and foot wear, and a most delightful pair of zipper arctics. Of course, there are dainty silk pyjamas and a variety of silk underthings, a supply of silk stockings. A modern girl might borrow, in case of

need, the contents of the doll's vanity case, or even use her over-night bag.

Many artists have created studio dolls of various types, many on the old rag favorite foundation. The very sophisticated long legged doll affected by grown ups is one of this sort.

The famous Lenci dolls on sale in many shops in over a hundred models, were originally created by Mrs. Enrico Scavini, wife of an Italian artist. These felt beauties became the rage and are still fashion leaders. Those for children are simpler and are more sturdy.

Certain types of indestructible dolls have become popular with the old time china, wax and bisque dolls. Dolls of individuality in all materials, are in demand. Baby dolls are very popular and come fully wardrobe with a cradle and many nursery accessories. Missing parts of the bisque dolls are still to be had in doll hospitals where arms and legs are repaired, new wigs supplied and new eyes may be set.

The recent vogue, developed by one manufacturer, is for doll families. The bodies of these new dolls are wired, stuffed and covered with cambric, then an over "skin" of fine cotton crepe which is delicately painted with water colors. The hair is of a fine special wool in suitable colors. The faces can be dry cleaned with any of the special cleaning fluids. Such dolls, beautifully dressed, make nursery luxuries. But many little girls will be made happy this Christmas by a family of dolls instead of one lonely little beauty.



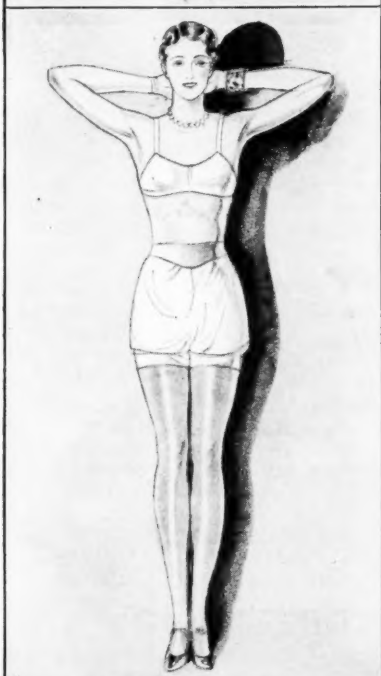
Photo from Christmas Doll and Toy Exhibition at Arden Art Galleries

The farm family of six and a pig for good measure

A GRACIOUS GIFT

for Graceful Woman

complimenting the good taste of
the one who gives it and the one
who receives it.



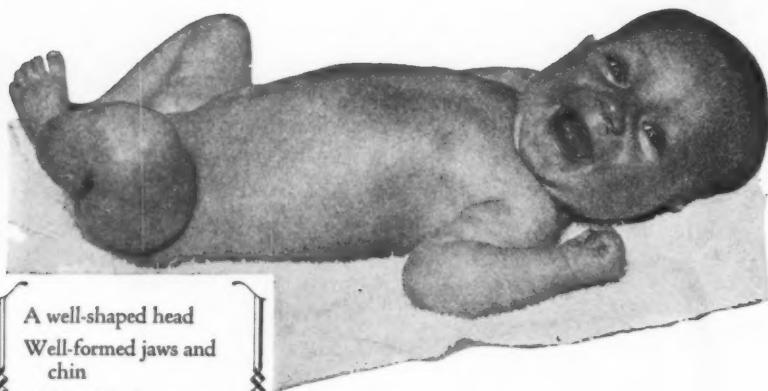
SO lovely . . . so lustrous . . . so
sparklingly sophisticated . . . these
Munsingwear Modes simply take your
breath away and give it back again only
for superlatives! Truly, each is a fasci-
nating feminine gift. And throughout the
glamorous winter season, Munsingwear
Rayon . . . specially processed by Mun-
singwear . . . will weave capricious charm
about its wearer. Luxurious underthings,
sleeping and lounging ensembles . . . all in
striking and subtle tones and tints . . . all
of brilliant beauty and delightful design.

*Bandeaux, bloomers, pantie-chemises, flippant shorts and
bandeaux trimmed in contrasting colors, pajamas, night-
robes, lounging and dressing jackets and coats. A Munsing-
wear Model for every figure, for every taste, for every age
. . . from infancy up. All in inimitable Munsingwear quality.*

MUNSING Wear



*May we send you
a beautiful Booklet of mod-
ern modes posed by beauti-
ful mannequins. Write
Munsingwear, Minneapolis*



A well-shaped head
Well-formed jaws and
chin
A fine, full chest
Straight legs
Sound, uncrowded teeth

Of Course you want these for your baby!

"Then give him *Bottled Sunshine*," is the advice of all authorities

In the last few years mothers have been learning many interesting new facts about babies.

Perhaps the most interesting of all these facts is that the *kind* of bones and teeth your baby has affects his appearance and his health all through life.

You must help him build strong bones and sound teeth. Unless you do they will almost certainly develop improperly.

Even though he is breast-fed, even though he looks plump and healthy, he needs special help.

He needs a plentiful supply of one factor—Vitamin D—to turn the food he eats into good bones and teeth.

There are only two practical ways to supply him with this factor. *Sunshine and good cod-liver oil!*

You could protect your baby if you could get *enough* sunshine on his bare skin. But under modern living conditions this is almost impossible.

Clouds, fog, smoke and clothing shut out the rays that protect—the ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

This is why baby specialists advise, "Depend on good cod-liver oil."

Many of these specialists also say, "Depend on Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil." They know the quality of oil given makes a difference.

The reason Squibb's is the choice of so many physicians is that it is very high in two needed vitamins.

It is very rich in Vitamin D which helps to build good bones and teeth, and in Vitamin A which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

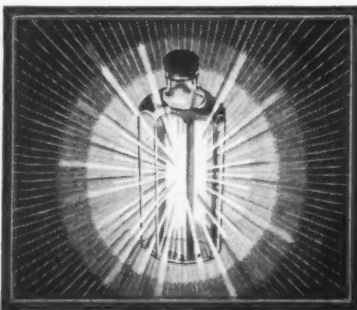
This fine oil is protected from deterioration by exclusive processes which also make it more palatable.

Expectant mothers also need *Bottled Sunshine*

Physicians are also telling expectant mothers that *Bottled Sunshine*, taken during pregnancy, will protect their teeth from the decay so frequent at this time.

For expectant and nursing mothers, older children and all grown-ups, Squibb's has developed a new flavor which will have a special appeal—mint flavor! Even the most sensitive taste will find it easy to take!

All good drug stores have both kinds of Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil—the plain and the new mint-flavored. Be sure to ask for Squibb's.



Bottled Sunshine! It makes up for all the sunshine your baby needs and does not get

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858

MOTHERS!

You will find this
booklet on *Bottled
Sunshine* helpful.
IT'S FREE!

E. R. Squibb & Sons
Dept. N, 80 Beekman St., New York City
Please send me a copy of your booklet—free,
"Why every baby needs *Bottled Sunshine*"

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

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Christmas Entertaining Made Easy with the help of McCALL'S SERVICE BOOKLETS

IS there any time of the year when one entertains more than at Christmas? This month McCall's Home Service has arranged a list of booklets and leaflets, each one offering a distinct Christmas help.

When you are at your wit's end for a gift suggestion, remember that the always welcome Christmas gift is a book. The following leaflets list the season's most popular fiction, poetry, children's books and books covering every problem in home and church:

Better Books of Today 4¢
Child's Own Library 4¢
Books You Ought to Own 8¢
Books on Problems of Church and Family 8¢

Parties for the Holiday Season

A Dickens Christmas Party for Grownups 4¢
Plans for a dinner party in the well-known Dickens manner.

Christmas Parties for Children 4¢
Two complete parties, with suggestions for games and refreshments.

Club Parties 2¢
Six Parties for Entertaining the Women's Club 2¢

Are you planning to entertain your club at this season? These leaflets offer you many unusual and fun-making ideas.

Money-making Affairs for Churches 2¢
If your church is planning to have a fair during this month, this leaflet will be of great help to you.

Unusual Entertaining 10¢
This booklet gives, among others, plans for a Christmas Toy's Ball; a Christmas Shower, and a chapter on special games to play at a Christmas Party.

For centuries past, Christmas has been a time of great feasting. The Christmas dinner is looked forward to with joyous anticipation, and everywhere the homemakers are busy weeks in advance, baking, preserving and planning for the great event. McCall's Cookery Booklets will be especially helpful to you at this season, for they will tell you how to make everything to grace the festive Christmas board!

Christmas Goodies

What To Serve At Parties 10¢
This booklet plans two Christmas dinners for you . . . the old-fashioned turkey with chestnut stuffing dinner and a more elaborate dinner as well.

Some Reasons Why in Cookery 10¢
Don't you like home-made candy? And it is such fun to make. This little booklet tells you just how to make several different kinds of fudge, caramels, taffy, fondant and there is a special chapter devoted to simple candies suitable for children. This chapter gives directions for making the funny "Mallow Family and their son Marsh" . . . and a special recipe for Lollypops.

Master Recipes 10¢
Perhaps you would like to add a delicious fruit fritter to your Christmas menu this year. Recipes for eight different kinds of fritters, as well as recipes for nine toothsome cookies to help fill the Christmas cookie jar are included in this booklet. There is also a chapter devoted to creamy fudge and penuchi.

Send stamps for these booklets to
The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine,
236 West 37th Street, New York.

Home Decorating Lessons

It is not a difficult task to make your home livable and attractive. McCall's Home Service offers you a four-lesson course on interior decoration. Make your home newly charming and comfortable with the help of these lessons offered at a special price for this month only—twelve cents. Send stamps to

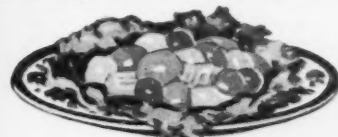
The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th St., New York City

How about a big, juicy Peach Shortcake tonight?



No trouble
at all~
when you buy
DEL MONTE
PEACHES
Sliced

That's one of the finest things about DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches—the many simple ways in which they add enjoyment to everyday meals. Not only shortcakes, but puddings, gelatines and salads are brand new menu discoveries, made with this luscious fruit. Also packed as Halves. Both the pick of this California crop.



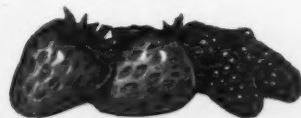
FRUITS FOR SALAD

Here, too, is a start toward better meals—and fewer kitchen cares! Like opening five fine fruits—when you open a single can. Yet inexpensive, too—compared with equally tempting combinations made at home.



ASPARAGUS

Or who wouldn't enjoy asparagus—with its delicate, fresh flavor, its touch of distinction in even the simplest meal? The kind you're proud to serve—the quality DEL MONTE always guarantees.



BERRIES

The best of berries, too! Not just a treat for a few short weeks but canned with all their natural juice and flavor, for full enjoyment the whole year 'round.



TOMATO SAUCE

And for cooking, here's a real kitchen sauce—especially blended to add new zest to meats, gravies, macaroni, hash and other common foods. Just a cup to the can—but a world of flavor in each.

Recipe Suggestions—Free

For more information about the variety DEL MONTE offers—and over 200 suggestions for serving these tempting foods—send for our new recipe collection. Address Department 625, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

MORE THAN A HUNDRED



DELICIOUS VARIETIES

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**



AT THE TABLE



FOR COOKING



HAPPY CHILDHOOD DAYS! *The result of Health-giving Vitamins*

Good times that come from plenty of energy for play! The kind of energy that makes Johnny win races and Betty able to jump rope faster than the other girls. That's what every mother wants her children to have. ¶And that is why thousands of mothers today are giving their children plenty of Nucoa, the food delicacy that is so rich in vitamins.

Vitamin A, the growth promoting vitamin . . . Vitamin D, that makes strong bones and guards against rickets.

¶What could possibly be more delicious or nourishing than the food delicacy made of carefully selected cocoanut, plenty of pure rich milk, salt and peanuts. ¶And those are just the ingredients used to make Nucoa Nut Margarine—*no animal fats*. ¶Spread creamy Nucoa on bread, crisp brown toast or rolls! Melt it on hot waffles! Melt it on vegetables or meats! There's nothing like Nucoa to bring out the full rich flavor of food. ¶No wonder it's good for the children and every other member of the family! No wonder thousands of mothers are now using it on the table and for cooking! ¶Try Nucoa today—for your children—your whole family.

*You should see the wonderful sunlit kitchens in which all
Best Foods Products are made.*

THE BEST FOODS, INC.:
New York Chicago San Francisco

"The weight of scientific opinion is conclusively to the effect that margarine has definite food value and that it has its proper place in the economics of our present civilization."—George E. Ebricht, M.D., President California State Board of Health, in a recent letter.

Not every grocer is permitted to sell Nucoa. If you wish the name of a dealer who sells Nucoa in your neighborhood, fill in and check the coupon and mail.



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BEST FOODS
INC.
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New York City

Please send me a copy of
your new 24-page salad recipe
booklet—"The Salad Bowl."

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City

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New York City

Please tell me the name of
the nearest grocer who sells
Nucoa. ☐
Please send me further information
about Nucoa. ☐

Name

Address

City

Best Foods



The Mark of the Finest the Market Affords

TEARS OF NIOBE

[Continued from page 15]

upon brown stone but upon air. A boyish feeling of anticipation took possession of him.

By the time the theater had been reached and he had been escorted by a mincing usherette to 4 D Center, a little of the edge had worn off. Anticipation gave way to a more sober practical mood. The seat next him was vacant—accusingly vacant. The first act came and went, and the seat was still vacant.

Blam, blam, ta-ta-ta—the last act! With only five minutes left to go.

William Petty rolled up his program and stuck it in his pocket to show to Elsie. Had he been mistaken? Was the evening to end as—

A young woman glided through the darkness and sank into the seat that had been vacant for so long. Though he couldn't see her, the bookkeeper knew that she was a beautiful young woman. The certainty of her beauty came to him in a warm wave—an exotic fragrance that laid its grip on the senses like heady wine. He started and knew that his pulses beat faster. The owner of the seat at last!

The young woman bent toward him, a gracious smile in her voice, "Sorry to be late, but of course, you understand."

"I—" he began, and stopped.

"Ssh!" Five rose-tipped fingers descended on his arm in a persuasive caress. "Don't talk—everyone's looking. Wait till we get outside—till we're alone." She had a disconcerting way of leaning heavily on every second or third word as though it had some meaning known only to herself and her hearer. The atmosphere created was at once intimate and dangerous.

Struggling against the feeling that he was being asphyxiated, William Petty sank back. Common sense told him he was mistaken; this girl was an innocent bystander. She had strayed into the wrong seat. When the lights went up, it was going to be embarrassing for her—speaking to a strange man and all that. Of course, he'd spare her as much as possible. After the explanations were made, it would be a simple matter to slip away quietly, as a gentleman should—and the girl sighed and nestled closer.

DOWN came the curtain, and hum of conversation rose all over the house. William Petty scarcely knew the performance was over. He was too busy adjusting himself to this unexpected turn of events. A woman—they meant to use a woman; and this woman of all others! A wave of anger dyed his cheeks from temple to chin. Did they take him for a fool that an ermine wrap and the airs of a lady should constitute a disguise, or—was it a case of sheer swank, this laying of the cards face up on the table?

His companion, as though sure he would follow, led the way; and, with slow, mincing steps, they filtered in Indian file through the dissolving audience, to the nearest exit. There, he saw her hand something to the doorman and straightway, a great bellowing told him a private car was being summoned. After that they waited. All the traffic in the world, it appeared, had tied itself into a knot in front of the theater, it scarcely seemed the time or place for involved explanations.

Just as William Petty had reached this conclusion, someone trod on his great toe and looking down, he saw, amidst the jungle of feet, one pair that attracted his instant attention. They were large, shapely feet. Moreover, instead of the prevailing dress pump,

they were encased in brown leather and fawn-colored spats—they reminded William of the proposed trip to Brazil. He wriggled his aching toe and permitted himself a low curse. Then he smiled. At least there was one comfort in the situation. He would not have to make a decision by Monday.

ONE of the smartest of smart cars came.

"Quick!" the woman urged, and William Petty followed her.

Like a black panther, the limousine glided across Broadway, up Sixth Avenue, and at Fifty-ninth street, turned into the Park. There, rather aimlessly, it zig-zagged back and forth, now on the West Drive, now on the East, until, as though bewildered by its own ingenuity, it lost itself in the less frequented roads that border the upper lake. A thicket of branches cast a shadow over the road. Into its protecting darkness the limousine nosed its way and came to a hesitating stop. After glancing in all directions as though to assure himself they had not been followed, the liveried chauffeur sprang down, stepped to William Petty's side of the car and pulled open the door.

Without any preamble, without a warning of what he meant to do, the man snapped, "Stick 'em up," emphasizing the command with one end of a dark object which he held in his right hand.

The black object was a gun. William seemed to see it for the first time.

"I'm not armed," he announced.

"You needn't be afraid."

"Afraid! What of—you?" The chauffeur threw back his head in a noiseless laugh that showed white, even teeth. "Come on, can the comedy. Out!"

There was a faint rustle, as of paper, hastily crumpled, and the bookkeeper stood on the running board. "Listen," he said, in the tone of one beginning a mild argument, "I'd rather not be mixed up in this. If you—"

"Rather not—that's good. Are you coming or shall I—" A powerful hand shot out to William Petty's shoulder, grazing his jaw in its heedless sweep.

The chauffeur made as though to turn, but too late. A cannon ball of bone and muscle, weighing some hundred and forty pounds, caught him fairly in the chest. Like a bull under the unexpected onslaught of an eagle, he staggered backward, tripped over the railing and rolled down the embankment to the bridle path, fifteen feet below.

Midnight hung low over the park. The nearest street lamp was far away. Only sounds illuminated the struggle which followed. Grunts—sobs—curses—the thud of fists on quivering flesh—the crunch of gravel—the slither of tearing cloth. Then, after a time, silence.

At last a match spluttered and a sickly yellow flame opened up a circle of light in the darkness. It showed the two men as victor and vanquished. William Petty astride the chauffeur's chest, held the match aloft. Then he snapped a handkerchief from his breast pocket, rolled it into a ball and wadded the protesting jaws. With the same dexterous swiftness, he next stripped off his own and his prisoner's belt and, forcing the wide shoulders over halfway, trussed the big fellow up as neatly as a Christmas fowl. It took but a moment to roll his victim to the side of the bridle path and on the grass. After which, he tested the

strength of the vines trailing from the arch over the bridle path and, finding them stout enough to bear his weight, drew himself hand over hand to the roadway above.

The black and silver limousine stood by the clump of bushes. One of its doors yawned open rather hideously. William thought he remembered having closed that door when he stepped out on the running board at the chauffeur's command; and his heart leaped. Warily, on the balls of his feet, he skirted the patch of open road, and made his approach through the grass to the other side—the side where the door was not open. Creeping along he had almost reached the car, when a feeling of lightness, made him put his hand to his eyes. His spectacles were missing! A hasty search through his pockets failed to produce them. They had been left behind.

In the semi-darkness, his features took on the grinning malevolence of a satyr. Freedom—complete freedom!

DOWN below the burly young chauffeur picked himself up from the bridle path. He was surrounded by an excited group of young people in evening clothes; and though they had released him from his bonds, he did not seem disposed to be grateful.

"Well, can't you tell us what happened?" It was Virginia Trowbridge who spoke.

"What happened?" The chauffeur felt with tender concern of his left eye which was closing rapidly and lifted his face to the starry sky. "Can't you see for yourself what happened—give a look."

"You mean to tell me, William Petty did that—all that?" Virginia's tone was one of pleased surprise.

"Yeh—all that!" The tone had not been lost upon young Mr. Landers. His heart was as sore as his head. And, as her lack of sympathy began to rankle still more bitterly, "The next time you're going to play a joke on one of your father's employees, you can count me out. Wanted to give him a thrill? Hmm!"

A sudden suspicion lighted the damaged eye. "I believe you are more than half in love with the fellow, that's what!"

Virginia looked exceedingly bored. "Don't be tiresome, Bobby. Where's Brunhilde?"

Mr. Robert Landers took out his handkerchief and removed some of the bridle path from his ears.

"In the car, as far as I know—still swooning. 'You told her what to do and she did it all right. The minute I poked my head in the door and said 'hands up,' she—"

"You poked your head in the door? I thought Adrien was to play the highwayman." Adrien was no less a person than Miss Virginia's fiancé.

"You're no more surprised than I was. Twice I took that darned car around the park, every policeman staring at me as though he thought I'd stolen it; and when I saw Adrien wasn't going to show up, rather than disappoint you I—"

"Well, you needn't blame Adrien. It's all your own fault," Miss Trowbridge told him unfeelingly. "We'd never have found you if we hadn't noticed your feet sticking up and thought you were a wild animal or something."

On the upper driveway, the car awaited them, lights extinguished, a dark and forbidding shape. As the jokers approached from one direction,

[Continued on page 64]



**4 times
as fast
as hand ironing**

**No work
No standing
No exertion**

**Joint Achievement of
Hurley and General Electric**

WOMEN—This new portable, speed-ironing invention is acclaimed by women editors, home economists and housewives the greatest contribution ever made in the interests of women's freedom. *Greatest*—because it relieves you permanently of the thankless drudgery of bending over an ironing board. *Greatest*—because its amazing low price brings it well within the means of every household.

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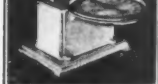
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FOLLOWING this Program [complete with daily menus, exercises, instructions] will give you wonderful results and demonstrate that you do not have to be or become too fat, too thin, or illy proportioned. It is based on the simplest, best, and safest system of weight control known to the medical profession. Endorsed by thousands.

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By this amazing system (the result of the Weight Control Conference held in the N. Y. Academy of Medicine), you can weigh what you want and take off or put on weight where desired. Following the 30-Day Program will enable you to take off at least 10 pounds and convince you that you can be youthfully slender, perfectly formed. You will be amazed at the ease with which you can reduce by this method.

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This beautiful automatic bathroom scale makes an ideal Christmas present, one that every member of the family will use and appreciate daily.

Its presence gives the bathroom that ultra-modern touch.

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Without cost or obligation to me, send me your 30-Day Weight Control Program.

Name

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Remember all the things people used to do for headaches? Today, the accepted treatment is Bayer Aspirin. It gets action! Quick, complete relief—and no harm done. No after effects; no effect on the heart; nothing in a Bayer tablet could hurt anyone. (Your doctor will verify this.) For any sort of headache, neuralgic pains, rheumatism—your first thought should be of these tablets. Taken soon enough, it can head-off the pain altogether; even those pains many women have thought must be endured.



ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

HERE'S TO A MERRY CHRISTMAS

[Continued from page 52]

deserve a better fate than to stand around watching other people have a good time, while they pay the bills. My suggestion is that you and your husband give on New Year's Eve a watch-night party for your own special friends. You can play cards or dance or just sit around and talk. About midnight you will sit down to a supper like the following which as you see, needs only a few last minutes warming up, the cooking done previously if you are wise:

Shrimps à la Newburg on Toast
Saratoga Chips
Celery Stuffed with Pimiento Cheese
Ever-Ready Rolls* Currant Jelly
Nuts Bonbons
Damson Plum Tarts
Coffee Egg Nog*

Ever-Ready Rolls

1 cake yeast
½ cup lukewarm water
2/3 cup shortening
2/3 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup mashed potato
1 cup scalded milk
2 eggs, well beaten
Flour to make stiff dough
Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Add shortening, sugar, salt and mashed potato to scalded milk. When cool, add yeast. Mix thoroughly and add eggs. Stir in enough flour to make stiff dough. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead thoroughly. Put into bowl large enough to allow for slight rising, cover with cloth and set in cold part of refrigerator. About an hour before supper, pinch off dough, shape,

and let rise until light. Bake in hot oven (400° to 450° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Split, butter and serve hot.

Egg Nog

6 egg yolks
1/3 cup sugar
1/3 cup sherry flavoring
6 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup heavy cream

Chill all ingredients thoroughly. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored, adding sugar gradually. Let stand in refrigerator until sugar is completely dissolved. This may be done in the morning. Just before serving add sherry flavoring. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff. Fold into the yolks. Beat cream until very stiff and fold into egg mixture. Pile lightly into tall glasses. This mixture is stiff and must be eaten with a spoon.

Winter greens or fresh flowers and candlelight create the necessary and most beautiful setting, for any Christmas table, a menu of simple but excellent dishes quietly served, a hostess wise to the conversational demands of her guests, and the Christmas spirit lives again, as rich and fine as in the liveliest scenes of Old English life or in those early days of our own country's lavish dining.

Note: If you desire any more suggestions for holiday entertaining, write to Cooking Editor, enclosing two cents in stamps for return postage. Make questions brief and definite.

Full directions for making the paper novelties illustrated in this article will also be furnished if desired.

TEARS OF NIOBE

[Continued from page 63]

a man came stumbling into view from the other. His overcoat flapped open, his head was bare. He looked as though he had been running.

Virginia paused and caught at Bobbie Lander's sleeve. "Look," she whispered. "Isn't that Chink?"

Mr. Landers looked.

"Why, yes," he answered, "it's your Uncle Charles, right enough. I thought you said he didn't know anything about this?"

Virginia frowned.

"I did say so, but I—I told him yesterday afternoon. He—I—Oh, come on!" She ran forward a few steps, and raising her voice, "Chink, here we are. How'd you find us?"

The tall figure stopped in its tracks. For a moment, it almost seemed about to turn and run back in the direction from which it had just come; but some second thought prevailed.

"Ginger—thank Heaven you're all right!" Mr. Charles Trowbridge advanced to meet his niece. "Where's William Petty? What's happened?"

Virginia looked at her uncle intently.

"That's just it, we don't know yet. It seems he objected to being man-handled and he's left Bobbie here in such a state the poor boy can't give us a straight story. We were just going to ask Brunhilde." She turned toward the car. "Ooh hoo, Brunhilde! Come on out. The gang's all here, Ooo—"

"Stop that!" Charles Trowbridge caught his niece by the wrist. And, in answer to her look of astonishment: "Sorry, didn't mean to be rough; but you'll have the police down on us. She—she—Mrs. Clemment wouldn't want to have this—joke get into the papers. Here, I'm the one to speak to her."

The tall coffee broker moved toward the car, both doors of which were tightly closed. For no apparent reason, an expectant hush settled over the little

group—a hush which prickled with something more than curiosity. As Charles Trowbridge's hand touched the silver knob, a girl gasped, and everyone else started.

Twice the knob resisted. Then, with a rush, it yielded, and as though driven by an unseen force from within, the door burst open, spilling over the sill, a soft, inert thing which hung head downward, in a tangle of pale hair.

The girl who had gasped, screamed. It was a shrill, agonized scream that tore the nerves of all who heard it. Slowly, almost mechanically, Charles Trowbridge stooped and raised the blonde head to his breast.

Of the others, only Bobbie Landers retained enough presence of mind to act. With clumsy earnestness, he ran around to the other side of the car and switched on the electric lights. As the little frosted bulb shed its radiance over the scene, the big boy's face turned from ruddy copper to sickly gray.

"Why," he gasped. "It's Brunhilde, isn't it? And she—she's dead. She's been murdered. This is what's come of our joke. Joke! It's ghastly! Ghastly!"

Charles Trowbridge nodded.

"Yes," he said in a flat, weary tone, "It's ghastly. But," a pause, "this isn't the end. It's the beginning—only the beginning."

THE library of the old Trowbridge mansion on lower Fifth Avenue was a cold and formal place. Down the center of the room ran a long narrow table, suggestive of directors' meetings. And at the head of this table, wrapped in a plum colored dressing gown of wadded silk, sat the senior member of the firm of Trowbridge & Trowbridge, Coffee Brokers. The time was three o'clock, Sunday morning.

[Continued on page 66]

60 bars of soap your tooth paste pays for

You can buy these 60 bars with the \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c instead of dentifrices costing twice that amount, yet accomplishing no more. The saving is proportionately greater when the family is large—\$21 per year for a family of 7—figuring a tube per person per month. Spend it as you please.



Millions save from \$3 to \$21 yearly using this great 25¢ tooth paste

WOULDN'T a woman trying to make ends meet for a family of seven like to reduce the family tooth paste bill from \$42 to \$21?

Wouldn't a young couple starting out in life be glad to cut the yearly tooth paste bill from \$12 to \$6?

We thought they would. Investigation showed that thousands of others felt the same way. They wanted a dentifrice at 25c—yet with no sacrifice of quality.

Therefore, we produced a really first class dentifrice at 25c for a large tube. Half of what you usually pay.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Ultra-modern methods of manufacture alone, permit such a price

for such a paste—for we always buy the best materials.

In it are contained ingredients that our fifty years' study of tooth and mouth conditions taught us are necessary to a high grade dentifrice for the perfect cleansing of all types of teeth.

Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year, it accomplishes a worthwhile saving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Large Tube
25c

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Please send "Color Craft" FREE.

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K-109

HER choice of floors



SHE had puzzled about the floors for the new home. Perhaps she was floor-conscious—at least, since the planning of the home began, everywhere she went she was amazed at the conspicuousness of floors—more apparent to the casual glance than any article of furniture. They took on an importance never before realized.

Beauty, of Course!

The flooring she chose must not only be naturally beautiful of grain, but it must retain that natural beauty with the application of colorful finishes. And in her careful study of flooring she found a wood that promised much in beauty of wood and beauty of finish—Southern Pine.

It Must Wear Well

Combined with beauty, she found, was the equally important quality of durability in Southern Pine*. For more than a century this wood had been the chief

DON'T ENVY some other woman the ability to look attractive and stylish on less than you have. You might as well be receiving the same kind of compliments as she.

LEARN HOW to give new beauty and variety to your dresses, and add individuality and charm to things around the home by the quick magic of home dyeing and tinting.

ANYBODY can do her own dyeing successfully with true, fadeless Diamond Dyes. Tinting with them is as easy as bluing and dyeing takes just a little longer, to "set" the colors. New, fashionable colors appear like magic, right over the old, faded ones.

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PERFECT RESULTS are only possible with Diamond Dyes. Insist on them and save disappointment. Each package represents the perfection of over fifty years of dye-making. They never spot, streak or run, like inferior, makeshift dyes. They are real dyes, the kind used when the cloth was made. Twenty million packages used a year shows how women depend on them.

reliance of careful builders, and in so many instances it had proved beyond doubt its resistance to wear and weather—a lasting wood. It had been the favorite floor of many a generation... its popularity enhanced, too, by the minimum of effort with which its first beauty was preserved!

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She had made no rash decision. She had studied flooring for months. You, too, can study the merits and advantages of this beautiful flooring in the free book, "Beauty Plus Service in Floors," which will be sent you without obligation. Please use the coupon below.

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

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Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet, "Beauty Plus Service in Floors."

Name _____

Address _____

TEARS OF NIOBE

[Continued from page 64]

Supported by her friends—four tearful young ladies and three pale-faced young gentlemen—Miss Trowbridge sat at the other end of the long table and faced her father's incredulous horror. She had just finished the grim story of the joke with: "—and so the policeman took Bobbie to the station house and we came here. We didn't know what else to do."

"Bobbie?"

"Yes, Bobbie—Bobbie Landers. Oh, you do know him, Daddy! Mrs. Archibald Rutger's son—the one she had before she married. That is, I mean before she married old Rutgers."

At any other time Mr. Austin would have challenged the "old Rutgers." Now he blanketed his disapproval with, "And what, may I ask, was the stepson of Archibald Rutgers doing in an affair of this kind?"

"Chauffing for Brunhilde." Virginia spoke with a desperate sort of patience.

Mr. Austin barked abruptly: "Who was this Brunhilde person?"

"Brunhilde Clemment—Mrs. Eugene Clemment, I suppose I ought to say. She was that young widow at my dinner dance. Everybody said she was clever and so—"

"This is all most outrageous. I must consult with Charles. Perhaps he can suggest something—"

As her father reached for the telephone, Virginia sat back in her chair. "It's no use to call up Uncle Chink," she said. "He's gone to William Petty's house."

"Oh!" Mr. Austin looked somewhat dashed. "So you've already communicated with your uncle?"

Virginia shook her head.

"You don't mean he was with you?"

"Not exactly. But Friday afternoon, I ran into him at the Ritz and—"

"Well?" There was a weight of self-control packed into the word.

Virginia tried to go on lightly. "Well—I told him what we planned to do and I asked him to help. You see, I was beginning to be worried about William Petty."

"William Petty?" The name of his head bookkeeper seemed suddenly to sting the senior Trowbridge to added resentment. "What," he asked, "made you pick out William Petty?"

"I thought I'd made that perfectly clear to you in the beginning, daddy. I wanted to give William a thrill."

"A thrill?" The head of the house of Trowbridge flung up his hands in despair. "In the name of Heaven, what does a man in the coffee business need of a thrill?"

"That's just it," his daughter explained, "I was aiming to have William Petty leave the coffee business."

Gathering his plum-colored dressing gown about his outraged shoulders, the head of the house of Trowbridge tottered to his room, there to prepare for the vanguard of that army which he realized would presently be hammering at his gates.

Nor was he long kept waiting. The old clock had scarcely chimed another hour before Banks appeared.

Even under disturbing circumstances, Banks looked the part of the superior servant—one who is constantly in fear of detecting an unpleasant odor.

"Mr. Charles," announced this paragon among butlers, "and a—detective."

O'Connor—Captain Dan O'Connor, to give him his full name and title—was a plain clothes magnate, in the high finance of crime. But to Mr. Austin Trowbridge, a detective was nothing but a glorified policeman, and as such, a servant. "You might have waited till you were sent for," he said

severely. "What have you discovered so far?"

O'Connor waited until the butler had left the room. Then, "For one thing, we know how Mrs. Clemment was murdered." And, as both men turned sharply, "She died of poison—administered externally—the left shoulder. Not much of a cut, but enough to let us see it was there. I'd say offhand, it was done with a short, sharp dagger or, perhaps—a penknife."

"This bookkeeper of yours," O'Connor took the chair the junior partner pushed toward him, "you're sure he's one hundred percent American?"

"I don't know where you'd find anyone more so." Charles turned to his brother, "Isn't that your opinion, Austin?"

"Oh quite so—quite!"

"No accent?" persisted the detective.

"Well, now you speak of it," the senior Trowbridge looked thoughtful. "I did think once or twice he was aping people above him in station. His manner of speech was almost that of a college-bred man or perhaps a person who came from Boston."

"I see," O'Connor appeared to be interested in his hands, one of which boasted a large seal ring. "Well, at any rate," looking up from his ring at last, "he's had the good sense to beat it while the beating was good—didn't go home at all last night."

There was a pause, broken by the detective himself as he shifted in his chair. "Perhaps Miss Trowbridge will be good enough to contribute her impressions of the murder?"

There was a startled grunt from the two Trowbridges as Virginia, freshly tubbed, and looking quite unlike a person who had been up all night, stepped into the room from the hall.

The detective unloosed one of his best smiles. "Mind? Miss Trowbridge, I'm honored. Would you give us now an outline of what happened last night. The events in the order of time, if you please, Miss Trowbridge."

Virginia promptly wrinkled her brows and began. At first carefully impersonal, the anticipated thrill and its dire consequences became irresistibly the story of William Petty—a William Petty new to the three men—a William Petty who was too good to be a clerk in a coffee warehouse. She told of her attempts to cultivate in her father's bookkeeper a more ambitious ego—to sting him to greater efforts in his own behalf.

"I had to find out," explained Miss Trowbridge, "so I planned the fake hold-up to put him to the test."

From time to time, as the recital showed signs of growing colorless, O'Connor interrupted with questions.

"This ticket to the theater," he asked at last, "how did you make so sure William Petty would find it?"

"Oh that," said Virginia, "was the easiest part of all. William was crazy to go to the *Band Box Revue*. He told me so, and you see he was always the last one to leave the warehouse. So, all Adrien had to do was to wait until Pat, the night watchman, signaled that William was coming and then—"

"Adrien?" The detective raised his eyebrows.

"Adrien Pitt-Martin," Mr. Austin Trowbridge interposed, "my daughter's fiancé."

"And so," the detective had turned again to Virginia, "Mr. Adrien planted the ticket for you. Did—er—this young man happen to know William Petty personally?"

Virginia gave a little sigh of relief.

[Continued on page 69]

Instead of "must" and "must not"

new, fascinating games



Ernest Hamlin Abbott, noted authority on child guidance, who writes humorously and sanely in his book, "On the Training of Parents"

"By appealing to the child's imagination with games, mothers are creating lasting habits," says Ernest Hamlin Abbott

LITTLE fun-lovers! Their whole day is far too short for all the play they'd like to cram into it!

Parents have to strike the balance between this normal, healthy love of fun, and the things that have to be learned and done.

Wonderful new discoveries in child guidance show that high spirited youngsters, chock full of mischief, can be led without scolding. In many homes today sound habits are being learned—not through "must" and "must not"—but through playing fascinating games.

"You can govern a child by colliding with him or by building lasting habits," says Ernest Hamlin Abbott, renowned writer and authority on the problems of childhood. "Mothers are finding that appealing to the child's imagination with games is a fine way to create the habits."

Mothers know, for instance, how much depends on the sort of breakfast their children eat. Tests made in the schools of many great cities have proved that the children who do best, at work and at play, are those who've eaten *hot, cooked* cereal before they came to school. To rouse children's enthusiasm for this important habit, this rule now hangs on the walls of 70,000 schoolrooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

So much has been said and written on the subject that mothers feel a great respon-

sibility about it. Consequently they sometimes try *too* hard to have children eat their *hot, cooked* cereal. It's just human nature for these irresponsible youngsters to balk a bit whenever they hear "because it's good for you." And the first thing they think of answering is, "Oh, Mother, I don't want to eat my Cream of Wheat"—"I don't *want* my oatmeal"—or whatever cereal it may be.

A little canny strategy on mother's part will forestall any such wail. To make it easy for you, a clever plan has been worked out, built on the new ideas of child guidance. It turns eating Cream of Wheat into a game that no child can resist.

This plan is a children's club, called the H. C. B. Club. It is complete with badges and a secret meaning, with posters and gold stars. Every bit of the material is sent free to your child.

With such an incentive, Cream of Wheat spoons fly. And parents can eat their own breakfasts with serene enjoyment. Mail the coupon in today.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Recommended for 32 years by leading authorities

Authorities in child health have for 32 years recommended Cream of Wheat as ideal. Here are three of their reasons:

1. It is abundantly rich in mental and physical energy—all real food.
2. Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest. It contains none of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain.
3. Raisins, dates, or prunes easily added while cooking, vary its creamy goodness.

Make this a regular habit with your children—start them out with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning



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FREE — Mothers say this plan works wonders



LETTERS from some of the 90,000 mothers using this plan tell us of its marvelous results.

"The H. C. B. Club certainly hits the mark! No coaxing on my part. Ruth persuades me to give her hot, cooked cereal every morning."—Mrs. P. H. S., Jacksonville, Fla.

"Anthony-Philip is delighted with his poster and stars. He can hardly wait until tomorrow morning to paste another star."—Mrs. A. M. K., Hyattsville, Md.

"Your helpful chart and stars are starting another little girl on the H. C. B. road."—Mr. G. L. B., Utabville, Pa.

A PLAN that arouses your children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts.

A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children, together with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon below to Dept. G-24, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of Child..... First name..... Last name.....
Street..... City..... State.....



Young Johnnie McGroucher, whose finicky appetite has been a matter of family concern, is introduced to Pillsbury's pancakes.

Good news, mothers—here's one really nourishing breakfast the children will eat without balking! They're light, tender, delicious, easy to digest. And also easy to make—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake!



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

made of the same pure, high-quality ingredients you use in your own kitchen

TEARS OF NIOBE

[Continued from page 66]

"No, I'm positive, Adrien never saw William in his life."

O'Connor abruptly switched to a new line of questioning. "Have you any idea, Miss Trowbridge, as to what could have prompted your father's clerk to kill Mrs. Clemment? Had he ever met her before?"

"William didn't know any of my friends. I never saw him except at the office. Oh," speaking eagerly, "I hope you don't really believe he killed her. If you'd only wait until—"

The detective shrugged and took up another thread. "What sort of person was this Mrs. Clemment?"

"Why—er—" Once more Virginia did not seem quite sure of her ground. "If you're leading up to the question of whether Brunhilde was what Daddy calls our social equal, I can say 'no' without question. The poor dear was awfully pretty and lots of fun, but she wasn't exactly well-bred. And she wasn't rich—or rather, just enough of an income to have a smart flat and a car and—well, as she always said, herself, the bare necessities of life."

"Thanks!" O'Connor smiled wryly. "I think I get Mrs. Clemment pretty clearly. We meet a lot of those ladies in my business." Then, turning to Charles Trowbridge, "You don't happen to know anything about her, sir? I'd like to find out whether she had enemies—anyone who would have benefited by her death."

"Sorry," the junior Trowbridge shook his head, "I can't help you." O'Connor rose abruptly and left the room.

For several seconds after the tweed-coated shoulders had bowed themselves out, Virginia continued to stand in the middle of the floor, her eyes dark pools in which lurked a frankly puzzled question. As she turned, in answer to a querulous inquiry from her father as to the probability of her remaining in that position all day, her sleeve brushed against the wing of the chair in which the detective had been sitting. A pair of leather driving gloves fell to the floor.

At the foot of the stairs in the hall below, Virginia overtook the detective. He seemed to be waiting. "Your gloves," she said, holding them out.

O'Connor accepted the gloves. "Why not the Tears of Niobe?"

"The Tears of Niobe!" The girl's face was a study in bewilderment.

"My little joke. I beg your pardon. There was something you wanted to ask me?"

Virginia looked relieved. "Yes, there is," she admitted. "I want you to know William's as innocent as you or I."

O'Connor took her hand and patted it in a fatherly way. He said, "You're probably right; but if I were you, Miss Trowbridge, I believe I'd try to put him out of my thoughts as far as sympathy is concerned."

Virginia let her hand lie in the detective's palm. "Promise," she begged, "promise that you won't start out with the idea that he's guilty. Give him a fair chance even in your own mind. Promise!"

O'Connor relinquished the hand. "We'll see," he said; but he did not promise.

MEANWHILE, upstairs in the senior Trowbridge's room, the brothers faced each other. "Austin," said the younger, his casual voice contrasting strangely with his haggard face, "There is something I have to tell you—something you might as well learn from me as from anyone else. Brunhilde—this Mrs. Clemment," tak-

ing a deep breath, "was the woman."

"What!" The tumbler fell, shattering to a thousand pieces on the polished footboard of the bed. "Not the woman?"

"Yes, the woman. Do you realize the position her death has put us in—you and me?"

"Me?" The face of the senior Trowbridge lost its ruddy color.

"Yes, Austin, you. Like a blind man I've followed where you led. You spoke and I listened, until now. This—"

"Ssh!" the older man tip-toed to the door and pushed it shut. "Don't begin that now. Didn't I give you the money—all the money I could spare from the business? What more could I do? What more could you ask?" The senior Trowbridge resumed his jerky pacing. "What are we to do?"

"Sit tight and pray to God Petty's not caught."

Mr. Austin caught himself up on the turn to eye his tall, good-looking brother curiously. "Yet, even if he did know, why should William Petty have killed her? Why?"

The junior Trowbridge was saved from replying by the appearance of the ever timely Banks. "Two reporters, sir, in the library," the butler announced haughtily.

The junior Trowbridge rose. "Shall I see them, Austin?"

"No!" At the mention of the magic word "reporter" Austin Trowbridge hastily tucked a fresh handkerchief into his breast pocket and gave a moment's consideration to his hair and finger nails. Undoubtedly, if a member of the family must figure in the public eye, the senior Trowbridge meant to be the one. "I'll talk to them," he said, pompously marching toward the door.

Left alone, Charles Trowbridge switched off the electric lights and drew a chair close to the window. With a sigh that shook his whole frame, he dropped into the chair and buried his face in his hands. So far afield had his thoughts carried him, he was not aware of Virginia's return until she had perched on his knee and laid her cheek to his.

"Chink," she whispered; and for a moment they clung to each other.

"What's on your mind?" he asked gently.

"Chink, I—You knew Brunhilde was dead before you opened the door of the car. How did you know?"

The arm about the girl's waist tightened. "Virginia!" With almost boyish earnestness he explained, "I taxied all over the park till I found the car. But when I saw what had happened I—I was afraid to stay."

"Afraid to stay!" It was the only part she had heard. "Why were you afraid, Chink—why?"

"Because—" Charles Trowbridge hesitated, "—because I didn't want to be accused of having killed Brunhilde Clemment."

"But, Uncle Charles," Virginia was on her feet. "That was so silly. You hardly knew her. Why should anyone think—Come on, old thing, you and I have never had any secrets from each other. Won't you tell me? Or," with a swift change of tone, "perhaps it isn't in the code."

Charles Trowbridge lifted himself rather heavily from the armchair. "Ginger," he said, "you've struck the nail on the head. It isn't in the code. Anything I tell will hurt someone—someone I love. Can't you be nice to your old uncle for a while. Can't you have faith in him—as much faith as you have in—William Petty?"

Without waiting for an answer he rose and picked up his hat and top coat. "I'll just amble on uptown," he said. "Must change. I feel seedy."

"You're not going out of this house till you've had a cup of coffee. Here, give me those things," Virginia assumed the motherly airs of a hen with one chick. "You look worse than seedy. You look positively all in. Come on, there's Dad calling us. Let's go."

The tall uncle looked down, a warm light in his eyes, "All right, Peaches, but I'll keep my hat and coat, if you please. I won't be coming upstairs again."

THE three Trowbridges were still at the breakfast table when Banks announced the arrival of Mr. Adrien Pitt-Martin.

As the newcomer entered the room, it was evident to all beholders that here was a self-advertising personality, a whole-hearted egotist who received attention by the simple method of challenging it. His manners were alert, affable, engaging—a robust sense of humor twinkled in his black eyes—eyes that were, however, a shade too close together.

Adrien acknowledged the salutations of the two men with easy familiarity and stooped to Miss Virginia's hand. "Rather a nasty mess last night, eh what?"

"Where were you when all this was taking place last night?" Charles Trowbridge leveled a cold eye upon the newcomer.

Adrien helped himself liberally to marmalade. "I was just going to ask you that same question."

"I've accounted to the police for my movements."

To Virginia, it was no secret that her uncle disliked her fiancé. Now, as her father left the room, she tried, after the manner of women, to avert what threatened to be an open rupture, by changing the subject.

"Can either of you," she asked, "tell me what The Tears of Niobe are?"

Virginia was suddenly aware that her uncle had shifted in his chair and was eyeing her with a peculiar bright attentiveness.

"The famous Tears?" Adrien smiled. "And me with an uncle in the jewelry business? Well, raw-ther!"

"What's the idea?" This from Charles Trowbridge.

"Yes," For once Adrien seemed disposed to side in with his uncle-in-law-to-be. "Whatever started you on the hoodoo necklace of Mlle. Niobe Lentle-heme—especially just now of all times?"

"A necklace!" Virginia exclaimed. "I didn't even know it was a necklace."

Young Pitt-Martin contemplated the tip of his cigarette. "There's quite a history connected with that necklace—if it would interest you?"

"Oh yes, I'd love it. Wouldn't you, Chink?" And as her uncle nodded, she added, "Go on, Adrien, tell it."

"Well, to go back a hundred years or so, there was once, as the story books say, a beautiful woman, Mlle. Niobe Lentle-heme—one of those—er—court favorites during the reign of the first Napoleon. Her admirers, and she had 'em by the score, paid tribute in pearls. 'The Tears of the Rivals,' Talleyrand called them. A good name—it stuck. Niobe, after the manner of her kind, lived and loved and eventually paid the piper—death at the hands of a youth who'd taken her too seriously. All her jewels were sold—the famous pearls, dropping from the public eye

[Continued on page 70]



"I was crazed with the pain"

"I was moving a pan of hot dye. I slipped, and the whole contents of the pan spilled over my leg. The resulting burn was terribly painful... The doctor started right in with Unguentine. The first application was almost miraculously soothing. In a few treatments the burn was entirely healed. Not the slightest blemish was left. I wouldn't be without Unguentine!"

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Spread Unguentine liberally on a burn at once. Pain vanishes as if by magic; germs cannot live in this surgical dressing, the tissues heal quickly. Almost invariably there is no scar!

For cuts, scratches and bruises, too. In severe cases, bandage lightly. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofor, M. D.

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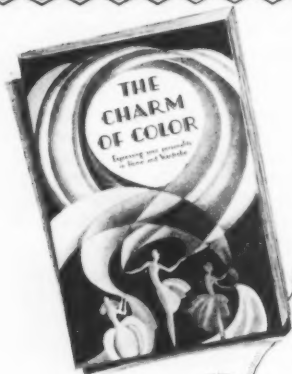
HEIGH-HO—for the merry sports of winter! No one need fear chapped skin. Mentholatum, applied frequently, turns rough chapping into soft, smooth beauty. *Feel it heal!*



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TEARS OF NIOBE

[Continued from page 69]

until they were again sold at public auction this time by Eugenie, whose son had just been killed in the Soudan. After that, to Elizabeth of Prussia—the martyred Empress. Elizabeth's untimely death laid a curse on the necklace—three owners—three tragedies. *Voilà!* For the next twelve years Mlle. Niobe's Tears languished in the strong box of a Russian nobleman. Then to the late Czarina—poor soul. Just before the Romanoffs tottered from the throne, it was decided in certain very high quarters in England, to advance a substantial loan to the Czarina—undoubtedly with a view to her escape from Russia in case of a revolution—but with our customary Anglo-Saxon thrift, security in the form of jewels was demanded. Then arose the question of getting the jewels to England—a dangerous business. From half a dozen men, distinguished for their daring, Sir John Smallwood was selected. He undertook the mission, encountering, if the rumors were correct, some hair-raising adventures on the road. Oddly enough, on his return to England, the Tears of Niobe, the most valuable article in his dispatch box were missing—lost somewhere between Warsaw and London. But how, or where, Sir John flatly declined to say.

"And the necklace?" It was Charles Trowbridge who asked the question.

"Oh, yes, the Tears of Niobe. They were gone, right enough, vanished into thin air—puff—like so many grains of dust. No one ever saw them again. In my opinion, no one ever will." Adrien paused.

BANKS, the butler, had entered hurriedly, closed the door and announced nervously: "Mr. O'Connor."

Mr. Austin went at once to the head of the stairs.

"You have news for us, officer?"

"Yes," O'Connor gave the balustrade a kindly pat. "We've discovered that Mrs. Clemment, when she left her apartment last night to go to the theater, was wearing a pearl necklace. The pearl necklace was the motive for the murder."

"Robbery!" The elder Trowbridge looked down at the detective. "Then you're after the wrong man, O'Connor. William Petty isn't a thief. He's worked for us day in and day out and we've never missed—"

O'Connor interrupted. "Mr. Trowbridge, you've got the wrong slant on this bird. He wasn't the staid, unemotional clod you seemed to think him. He had a past and you're going to get the surprise of your life when we lay our hands on him."

There was a pause, broken by Adrien. "And if you don't catch him?"

O'Connor turned and eyed the speaker quizzically. "Is this Mr. Pitt-Martin?" And, as Adrien nodded, "Where have you been keeping yourself all this time?"

The question seemed to amuse the young Englishman. "In the thick of things," he answered promptly. "Anything you want to ask me?"

The O'Connor smile twinkled pleasantly. "I guess not. Miss Virginia, here, has accounted for you. Only," with a playful shake of the finger, "don't try to run away. Don't any of you try to run away. We'll want everybody when the time comes to testify. Petty may not confess, even under the third degree."

Virginia stepped quietly back into the breakfast room. The third degree—Oh, why had she ever thought of this wretched joke! Why hadn't she

been content to leave her father's employees alone? William Petty, a thief—a murderer! Bowing her head, she dropped into the nearest chair and buried her face in her hands.

In her agonized groping for some scheme by which to aid her father's bookkeeper, Virginia dropped her hands and laid her head against the chair. A light spring overcoat had been flung over the back. Its limp folds spoke eloquently of Chink's favorite brand of smoking tobacco. Good old Chink! Once before today, she'd cried on his shoulders, and now—tears ran down her cheeks. Blindly she fumbled in her cuff and not finding what she sought, extended her explorations to the pockets of the coat. "Anybody got a hankie?" she sniffed. Oh—! She drew a little wad of linen and lace from the inner right hand pocket—a woman's handkerchief wrapped tightly about something that felt queer and knobby to the touch.

For a moment she sat as though paralyzed. Then, slowly, with the numb fingers of nightmare, she drew back the lace corners, one by one, and let the contents of the handkerchief slide into her lap.

A string of pearls—pearls, priceless even to her inexperienced eyes—Brunhilde Clemment's necklace—the Tears of Niobe.

ACCORDING to the coroner's report, Brunhilde Clemment died on Saturday, June the fourteenth, at a little before midnight.

The next day—Sunday—at ten minutes to three o'clock, Captain O'Connor met his assistant, young Badgerly, on the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue.

"Gone," the latter announced as O'Connor drew up to the curb.

"When?" demanded the latter.

"Ten minutes ago, but you said 'stick' so I stuck."

O'Connor slid out from under the wheel. "In this game, my boy, you'll find that street corners, as a general rule, stay put, but that people are as active as the Irishman's flea. When I said 'stick' I meant stick to your man. However,"—unwilling to wholly discount his young assistant's maiden effort at shadowing—"It can't be helped now. Where's the shop?"

"There, across the way!" Badgerly's long arm indicated a small square of white cardboard in the basement window of an old dilapidated house.

**L. MINNIKIN—PROP.
WALK IN PLEASE!**

O'Connor had crossed the street and was looking down at the sign. "Huh, what's he mean—walk in?" The heavy iron grill in the basement doorway was locked.

"Dunno," said Badgerly helplessly, and O'Connor rapped on the window with his knuckles.

Behind the close-drawn shade a dim light burned, but no shadow moved, no sound filtered to the pair in the area-way outside.

O'Connor rapped again—impatiently this time.

Behind the grilled iron barrier floated a white blur which might be a face. "You weeshed to speak with me?" The voice was so close that, despite his boasted nerve, the chief detective jerked back against his assistant.

"Open!" There was the majesty of law and order back of the command. "I'm from headquarters."

"Polece—you are of the polece."
[Continued on page 72]

STAINLESS
STEEL STEAK
CARVERS
in lined gift box
Mayfair
Pattern
\$3.75 per set

SIX
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SALAD
FORKS
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\$4.80 per set of 6

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\$4.40 per set of 6

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26-piece set with tray \$16.00 Triumph Pattern
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One Page Missing

[A CHRISTMAS ADVERTISEMENT
ALONG WHOLLY DIFFERENT LINES]



SHERLOCK HOLMES was amused—interested. "Never had a case quite like it," he mused, as he studied the youth sitting opposite him. "You gave your wife thirty-five dollars to buy gifts, Mr. Wentworth?"

The young man nodded, "That's all I had."

"Go on!"

"I didn't get home until late. She was out. The things she bought were on the table. Lots of things, Mr. Holmes—too many of 'em! And all silver—beautiful silver—piece after piece of it. They must have cost twice what I gave her. I tried to figure out how she got them. Doubts kept coming in my mind. I thought I'd go mad! I couldn't stand it any longer, so I came to you, Mr. Holmes—where did she get that extra money?"

The great detective looked at him through half-closed eyes. "Tell me what she purchased," he asked.

"A serving piece for Aunt Julia—a cold meat fork for Aunt Louise—six butter spreaders for Cousin Ella—a steak set for her brother's wife—salad forks for my sister—a gravy ladle for a friend—" He paused.

"Anything else?"

"Worst of all—a twenty-six piece set for her sister."

Holmes looked at him quizzically. "That magazine you're carrying has something to do with it. Otherwise you wouldn't have brought it. What is it?"

"McCall's Magazine. I saw her making notes in it before she went shopping. Tonight I looked to see if I could find them—"

"Yes?"

"Page 71 is missing!"

Holmes picked up his own copy and began to thumb through it.

"The solution is simple," he said. "Mrs. Wentworth bought Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate. You can buy twice as much of this silver for thirty-five dollars as you imagined possible. Every piece is heavily plated with pure silver, and reinforced with extra silverplate where the hardest wear comes. Every piece carries an unlimited time guarantee—if you are ever dissatisfied with the service it gives (in fifteen, twenty, thirty years, or as long as you have it) the silver will be replaced."

"How do you know all that?" gasped young Wentworth.

"I'm reading it from the Wm. Rogers & Son advertisement," smiled the great detective. "That's the page Mrs. Wentworth read too. That is how she got twice as much silver as you thought she could buy. Check up this advertisement and you will see that the things she purchased cost exactly thirty-four dollars and ten cents."

Wentworth smiled sheepishly. "I'm going home and tell her what a fool I've been and apologize."

Again the great detective gave evidence of his master mind. "Don't do it," he advised sagely. "Tell her you've been in conference. Merry Christmas!"

To the ladies—when you use this advertisement to aid you in turning your Christmas dollars into twice as many gifts—be sure to tell your husband all about it. And when you go to your dealer's to see the three stunning patterns—Triumph, Mayfair, and the gorgeous new pattern—Princess—remember—

Don't say "Rogers"—

Say "Wm. Rogers & Son!"

To find out just how much Wm. Rogers & Son Silver any amount of money will buy—from twenty to seventy-five dollars—write for our Portfolio of Silverware Patterns. Address Wm. Rogers & Son, Dept. M-12, Meriden, Conn.

MAKE YOUR CHILD'S CHRISTMAS COMPLETE

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Your child will love DOLLY ROSEBUD, with her pretty face, her smart, Horsman-quality clothes, her life-like charms. OR she may reach out her arms for BABY DIMPLES, an adorable make-believe baby, with smiling face, dainty clothes, irresistible dimples. Take her to see HORSMAN DOLLS. Watch her—then you'll know which Horsman Doll will bring her Christmas joy.

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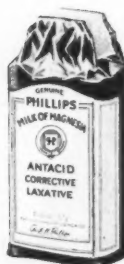


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Do you ever over-indulge at the table? Of course! Smoke too much? Sometimes! But the system can soon be made serene and sweet again with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Americans live well. We can't always avoid indiscretions. Who, indeed, would want to be so careful? But there is a simple precaution that will check all hyperacidity—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia!

Use the friendly aid of this perfect anti-acid whenever you even suspect acidosis. See how soon it will tranquilize a sour stomach; or counteract the nicotine from excessive smoking; or end a bilious spell. Get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia that physicians employ in prescriptions and endorse for general use.

It has many important uses, and is a delightful product to take.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

TEARS OF NIOBE

[Continued from page 70]

Ah, but why did you not say so at first." All resistance melted like frost before a morning sun. The gate creaked back.

Stretching away, apparently into infinity, there extended a black passage from which rose an enveloping odor of dampness and decay. It was a sort of shop—a store room filled to overflowing with an odd assortment of what O'Connor called junk. A mummy, dry and dusty in his grave clothes—part of the armor of a Crusader—the scimiter of a Turk—boxes of cedar and sandalwood—carvings of ivory and of jade—and, on four teakwood brackets in the four corners of the room, four fat porcelain Joss who leered malevolently down on the invaders of their sanctuary.

O'Connor, on whom all things pertaining to Art were worse than lost, walked to a small glass case at the farther end of the room. "This," he announced, "is what we're looking for—necklaces."

"Yes?" The proprietor of the shop took up a long, gleaming pair of desk shears and trimmed the wicks of the candles that stood in a branching stick of heavy brass. The candles gave the only light the room afforded, and, standing directly over them, the man's face was illuminated. The grave, dark eyes looked unwinking across the candlelight. "You were saying, gentlemen?"

O'Connor cleared his throat. "These necklaces—are they the only ones you have?" And, in explanation, "I'm looking for a string of pearls with an opal clasp. It's called 'The Tears of

Niobe"—ever hear of it?"

"The Tears of Niobe!" The voice of L. Minnikin was gently speculative. "No, I never heard of it."

"Think again," O'Connor persisted. "Weren't those pearls brought in to you by the man who just left?"

Louis Minnikin ran his hand lovingly along the polished shears. There was a pleasant, half apologetic smile on his lips as he answered, "I regret to be obliged to mention the ethics of my profession. The conscientious dealer does not reveal to one client what another client is collecting."

"Tell that to Sweeny," was O'Connor's only comment. "Come on now, open up some of these boxes and let me look through them."

The proprietor of the shop bowed from the waist like a marionette. "Most certainly, my good sir, anything to oblige the polecece." And, as he raised the lid of a Venetian chest, "You have, of course, your search warrant with you?"

"No, I haven't." The admission was blunt. "But it'll be better for you if you don't demand it."

"As you please." The narrow shoulders rose deprecatingly. "There is nothing here to find nor to conceal."

While his treasured possessions were being turned upside down, Louis Minnikin had sat, perched on a chest of drawers, idly plucking the sole remaining string of an old lute. Now he raised one delicately penciled black brow and smiled. "If you recall, I tried to save you the trouble," he said and fell to strumming again.

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THE STAR LADY

[Continued from page 28]

me." I offered and then she replied to my interest:

"But I've promised to try out a play with James Gleason. It's just a two weeks' tryout. After that I could come for the summer."

So Ann Harding came to the Majestic Theater in Buffalo to be fifth woman in my company. We were trying out *Saturday Night* by Octavus Roy Cohen for Edgar Selwyn and the part I gave her was that of a colored maid.

"I did not plan this, Ann," I assured her. "But now, without your beauty, you can find out just how much you know about acting." All that summer she played maids and waitresses and in the fall she returned for the Gleason contract. She stayed with me three seasons, worked up from fifth woman to leads and then went to New York to make her hit in John Cromwell's production of *Tarnish*.

After that she played with Katherine Cornell in *The Green Hat*, and I had cause for new rejoicing in Ann's becoming modesty. She was almost a star herself but she deferred to Katherine in everything. Last year saw Ann starring in Bayard Veiller's *The Trial of Mary Dugan*.

The same winter that Ann played leads with my Providence company, Katherine Alexander was starring in my Detroit one. When I first met Katherine, she was a great, long-legged girl who was brought to me by Josephine Hull, who has been an ingénue with one of my companies, and, after her husband, Shelley Hull's death, a director. You remember Josephine, the unforgettable Mrs. Frazier of George Kelly's *Craig's Wife* and the Mrs. Ollie Kipaz of Kelly's *Daisy*

Mayme, a part Kelly wrote especially for her that her delicious comedy sense might have full sway. Katherine came to me at Buffalo as second woman and worked up to leads at the Garrick Theater in Detroit. She is an unusual girl in every way. Her mother is a direct descendant of a Cherokee Indian chief, her father an Irishman. She is all effervescence, charm, wit and yet she has the steadfast quality of the Indian. And if she's for you, how she is for you! When we tried out *The Awful Mrs. Eaton* by John Farrar and Stephen Benét, Mr. Brady and Mr. Benét came on to see the performance. Katherine and Minor Watson were engaged to go to New York as leads for the production there. The play was not successful but both Minor and Katherine made hits. Then I produced *All Alone Susie* in Washington, D. C. with Miss George and Mr. Brady, and Katherine in a charming little flapper part. At rehearsals I noticed an increasing assiduity on the part of Bill Brady, Jr., and before long Katherine and Bill gave evidence of being much in love. Another romance had blossomed under my eyes but this time I saw it. For two years now Katherine has been Mrs. William Brady, Jr.

BACK to Detroit. You may fly again with me but this time on the stage. One of the happiest memories held by Ann Harding, Katherine Alexander and me, and from a letter on my desk, I may add, Anne Carpenter, is of our playing *Peter Pan*. Katherine and I alternated in Detroit and Ann and I alternated in Providence as Peter Pan. Anne Carpenter was the Wendy, in

[Continued on page 75]

Waffles? . . . Soon you'll be making them, too—in this new and modern way

There is something engagingly logical about this modern generation of young housewives.

Waffle recipes, for instance, call for melted shortening. Therefore, why not use salad oil? . . . Besides, a fine salad oil ought to make waffles just so much more delicious.

And here, in a nutshell, is the whole modern attitude towards cooking which is blithely upsetting most of the "do's" and "don'ts" of our mothers and grandmothers . . .

Certainly, the use of Wesson Oil for baking and frying is growing rapidly.

It's easy and convenient, of course—delightfully so. For you simply *pour* it to measure and *pour* it to mix.

But more than that: Wesson Oil *does* make quite the lightest, most delicate and fine-textured things to eat you ever tasted—cake, biscuit, muffins, cookies, waffles, pie crust.

And no wonder! Pour some into a glass sometime and hold it against the light. See how clear it is—like sunlight caught in crystal. Note the pale straw color of it . . . Taste it and see what an exquisite delicacy of flavor it has.

It's pure—and wholesome—and good. So good indeed that thousands and thousands of

women use it for their most particular Mayonnaise and French Dressings or keep a cruet of it on the table (along with a cruet of vinegar) for salads and vegetables.

And so good that it lends its own delicacy and fineness to whatever you are baking. And gives a flaky edible crust which makes your fried food much more delicious.

Decidedly, the Wesson Oil way is the modern way . . . Why not make it *your* way? Write for our new book of recipes. We shall appreciate also if you will send us the name and address of your grocer. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans.

NOTE • For baking use Wesson Oil whenever any recipe calls for shortening—Add a pinch of salt, for there is no salt in Wesson Oil.

VELVET WAFFLES

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cup Wesson Oil • 4 Teaspoons Baking Powder • 3 Eggs • 1 Teaspoon Salt
2 Cups Flour • $1\frac{3}{4}$ Cups Milk

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Separate the eggs, beat the yolks until light, stir the milk into them and pour in the Wesson Oil. Stir this mixture gradually into

the dry ingredients, beat well, then fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff and dry. Bake on hot waffle iron until medium brown in color.



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The coffee that lets you sleep

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

THE STAR LADY

[Continued from page 72]

Detroit. "Don't you remember," writes Anne Carpenter, "what fun we had experimenting with the flying apparatus, and then you and I flew all over the stage from the highest ladder there down to nice easy landings and then up high again landing on ladders and whatnot, and your home-made apparatus was perfection, but gave us many a merry moment during rehearsals?"

So far I have talked mainly of actors who grew with me. There are other positions in the theatrical world of equal importance and some of my boys and girls have filled them. One season while I was working in Detroit a very nice boy of good family came there from Toledo, Ohio. He was a successful poster artist but he was beset with a great desire to design scenery for the stage. He asked me if I would come to his home and see the settings he had designed for Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*. They were lovely, only if they had been upon a stage there would have been left about three feet for the actors and the performers would have moved mostly in the dark.

"Where is your light?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "light isn't necessary in that scene. Let them act in the dark."

"An actor's pride isn't going to let him stay in the dark long," I told him, "and possibly the audience might want to see his face."

He laughed ruefully; he had forgotten the actors.

"Could I hang about your stage a bit?" he asked.

I gave permission with all my heart for here was a real artist in the stage of incubation. But backstage, Norman Bel Geddes was a terror. He never stopped asking questions; he peered into everything; he examined all he could find, and asked more questions.

When *The Miracle* opened in New York the papers were full of accounts of the remarkable setting which made use of the whole Century Theater as a stage. It was the work of this remarkable young man.

Stuart Walker came to me as director from a position as assistant stage manager for Belasco. You know him as a clever playwright, author of *Six Who Pass while the Lentils Boil*, and many other plays, as the producer of Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen* and as the originator of Portmanteau Theater. I knew him as a young man with fine ideas and ideals who was willing to work to gain his end. He stayed with me two summer seasons and we had our best times producing *The Darling of the Gods* by John Luther Long and *The Piper* by Josephine Preston Peabody. The summer Stuart began his stock ventures in Indianapolis, he kept the wires hot talking with me at Detroit. One midnight I was called to the phone. It was the second week of the Indianapolis venture.

"Oh, Bonnie," wailed Stuart, "the house was terrible tonight. I'm going to pull out. Don't you think—"

"You sit tight," I thundered. "You are like a gardener who plants seeds and looks at them every day to see if they have sprouted. Give your work time to take root."

He gave it time and it did root. Stuart's companies in Indianapolis and Cincinnati have been noted as among the finest in the country.

And there is Jo Melziener, who is now designing sets for many productions in New York. Jo and Kenneth McKenna are brothers, the sons of

Leo Melziener, the portrait painter. Their mother's maiden name was McKenna and the boys divided the names. Kenneth went on the professional stage in New York during the actor's strike and did so well that I took him into my company. Jo had won two or three scholarships and wanted to come as scene designer. Kenneth stayed on with me. Sylvia Field and Frank Morgan were my leads that year and Sylvia has just written me recalling some of those happy days:

"I remember I had a bad season and was very broke when I went to you," she says. "So I borrowed clothes from all my cousins and friends and some of the things must have been pretty funny! The first week I wore my only evening wrap, which had been an aunt's and a girl wrote you and asked if my wrap were so old that she'd never seen one like it, or so new. I remember when we were playing *Nightie Night* Kenneth and I put castor-oil in the medicine I had to bring Frank Morgan. We were convulsed with mirth as Frank drank it down but he never noticed it at all and it never fazed him! Then a bat got in one night and flew all round the stage and Frank became a hero and chased it with a mop!"

I remember not a bit of all this but I have very pleasant memories of Sylvia who was the fifth girl of *The Betrothal* group and who refused my first offer saying prettily, "Miss Bonstelle, some day when I am worthy may I come to you?" which quite touched me. She was afraid that she was too inexperienced for my work. Later, when she had played more, she came to me as ingénue. This year she is playing in what is practically an all star cast—*The Royal Family*.

My constant moving from summer to winter stock and the fact that I ran two or three companies simultaneously



made my studio at the National Arts Club a kind of office where all kinds of actors called, and where generally, I refused to see them. One day however, a little girl who looked no more than ten came in. She was attractive but far too young for my companies. I told her so gently but she was angry as she could be. She drew her little figure up to its full height and her eyes flashed fire.

"You'll be sorry," she threatened, stamping her tiny foot at me. "I tell you some day you'll be sorry you did not take me."

Long afterward, when I had opened the Bonstelle Playhouse, Kenneth McKenna and Helen Hayes were playing in Detroit in *What Every Woman Knows*. As all actors know this house is home to them while they are in Detroit. At Tuesday matinees we have many of the actors from other theaters in town as our guests. Kenneth came as a matter of course, he was my boy, but Helen I had refused. I sent her a special invitation, and

she came. I saw them in the house and made up my mind to right my wrong. After the last curtain I appeared and called upon Kenneth. He rose. He is very popular in Detroit and the house cheered him. Then I spoke: "There is here also," I said, "a little girl I once refused a place in my company because she was too young." I told the story. "Now," I concluded, "I publicly admit I am sorry. Helen Hayes, rise and accept my apologies. She rose, that adorable young actress whom you know this season as star in *Coquette*, and she was honestly confused.

"Oh," she cried, "I want to come with you yet. I hope I can come some time." I surely hope she may, as my guest star.

I have mentioned Frank Morgan's name several times without telling you much about him. When I first saw him he was Frank Wupperman, which was an impossible stage name. He was with Walker Whiteside in *Mr. Woo*, and while he was only fair in his part I thought I saw the germ of something fine there and kept him in mind. Finally I found a place for him and he played with me three years. Frank is a vital, charming actor capable of the finest things. The *Triumph of X* failed, but it gave Frank his chance.

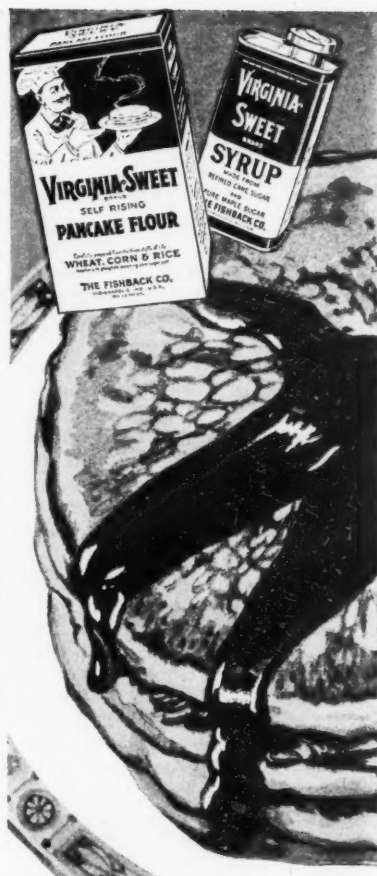
He created the part of Boule in *Seventh Heaven* when I gave it its première production under the name of *Heaven*. Katherine Cornell played the lead. Afterward he created the part of Brissac in New York, where the name was changed to *Seventh Heaven*. His next big success was in *The Firebrand*. Now Frank is commanding all kinds of salaries for musical productions in New York and yet if he so chose he could play excellent dramatic roles. From his light comedy work one would never guess his hidden talent.

That play, you know the name by heart, meant something to a girl of whose ability I never tire talking—Helen Menken. When Helen came to me she had been suffering from the weight of success, playing a part in *The Three Wise Fools* for three continuous years. She was literally almost crazy. I remembered her from a little part she had with John Drew in *Pendennis*, a minor rôle of a French girl, but an unforgettable one. I was delighted to have Helen in my company. She is one of the most alert, sensitive actresses I have come in contact with, and at the same time she is a fine student.

Another well-balanced actor is Minor Watson. Minor played juveniles for some time and had no luck in getting a real chance. He is one of the finest—genuine, honest, with sterling qualities. Less than three seasons ago he went with me to New York in *The Awful Mrs. Eaton*, another play that made actors but failed in itself, and because of his brilliant performance there was asked to play lead in *Howdy King* by Anne Nichols. One day he walked up Broadway and saw an enormous poster. "*Minor Watson in Howdy King*." When an actor is mentioned second and the play first, he is featured, but if he is mentioned first and the play second, he is starred. Minor rubbed his eyes and it was still there. He walked past and back again but the poster still declared him first. He is now playing with Violet Hemming in *This Thing Called Love*.

Earl Larrimore came to me with a nice letter from Laura Hope Crews

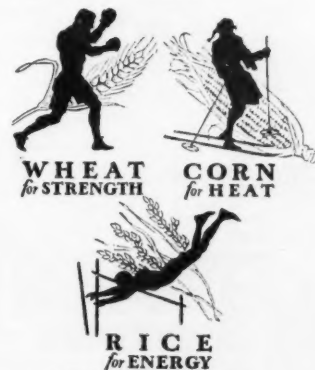
[Continued on page 76]



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THE STAR LADY

[Continued from page 75]

and Mrs. Gene Hughes, both of whom are his relatives. He played with me at the Shubert-Michigan in Detroit for one winter season. There was a fine boy for you—young, big, good looking, modest. Most young men want to play leads at once, he was content to play character; more than that, he loved it. He took the most meticulous care of every detail. Seven p. m. would find Earl in his dressing room making up and when he appeared he had thought of everything, not a hair was out of place and all was in keeping. Industrious? I never had a play in which Earl could double that he was not begging, "Miss Bonnie, can't I do both parts?"

His Crabtree in *The School for Scandal* was one of the best performances I ever saw. I knew he could not avoid stardom, but he had such a flair for character that I gave him all the chance I possibly could. I took a little credit to myself when I saw his gorgeous performance in Eugene O'Neill's *The Strange Interlude*, produced by the Theater Guild.

Few of my girls have become directors. Of one group who came from Leland Stanford University to work with me in Northampton, two made a marked success in this position. Willemene Wilkes, who was assistant and director with me for two years and who came of a family always interested in the theater, directed the Wilkes Theater in Los Angeles for a number of years. Gertrude Workman is now play reader.

Maud Howell went with me from Northampton to Detroit and worked there with Guthrie McClintic as my assistant. She was ambitious and one summer showed me rather forlornly, an offer to hold the book for George Arliss, (that is a position as prompter).

"I never seem to get anywhere," she said. "I'd rather come back with you next year."

"Dear girl," I protested, "go and watch for your chance. Sit there like a sponge and absorb. Miss nothing." She went, protesting. In Philadelphia, Arliss' stage manager was taken ill with a sudden and violent attack of appendicitis. The play was *The Green Goddess* and the management decided that it would be fatal to open. Maud rose from where she had been sitting and missing nothing, and spoke, "I can manage it," she announced. Rather than miss the performance, Arliss gave her a chance. Everything ran like clockwork and she has been stage manager for him ever since. But women stage managers are very few. No one ever suspects me of being one. Once when I was staging a play in Providence I heard a visitor say, "Who's that big man over there?" He pointed to Professor Tom Crosby who was standing in the wing.

"Shh!" replied the other. "That's Bonstelle himself!"

I did not correct him.

TO January first, 1927, I had given 3,422 performances in my seventeen years' work in Detroit. I had produced 276 full length plays, five one-act plays, three Christmas fantasies, and four children's plays. In addition to managing the various companies, I had myself appeared in 164 rôles. Forty-one plays had their initial production in Detroit at the Bonstelle Playhouse in the three years of its existence. I have given nineteen plays their first production upon any stage. Nineteen playwrights have come for the production of their plays. They are: Owen Davis, Constance Lindsay

Skinner, Austin Strong, John Farrar, Stephen Benét, Frank Dazy, Jr., Mrs. Arnold Brunner, Annie Nathan Meyer, Hugh MacPherson, Elizabeth Jordan, Marian de Forest, Edward Childs Carpenter, Edgar Selwyn, Frances Nordstorm, Lawrence Eyre, Jessie Lynch Williams, Lea D. Freeman, William H. Cotton and Kilbourne Gordon.

Nine stars have come to play with us at the Playhouse: William Faversham, Mrs. Richard Mansfield, May Collins, Madge Kennedy, Sidney Blackmer, Minor Watson, Robert Warwick, Nydia Westman and Grace George, who is now with us rehearsing her new play *All The King's Horses*, by Charles Elton Openshaw.

IN my ideal theater the public is served in every way possible. They wanted a dancing school, we established one, and Pavlowa sent Victoria Cassan to us to take charge. It now numbers three hundred pupils. They wanted a dramatic school, we established one and this year we have fifty students. To make the link between the Playhouse and the public still closer there grew the Bonstelle Theater Guild, and at the meetings of the Guild we presented plays that we thought would not be commercially profitable but which were the finest of their kind. One season we presented scenes from *The Great God Brown* by Eugene O'Neill; *Liliom* by Franz Molnar; *The Two Thieves* by Esther Willard; *The Cradle Song* by Martinez Sierra; *The Mistress of the Inn* by Goldoni; *The King's Henchman* by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and one act play *The Pine Tree* by Takeda Izumo.

Because I believe as thoroughly that the theater, which grew from the church, has a real and vital connection with the church, we have sponsored Interdenominational Services at the Playhouse during the Sunday afternoons of Lent every year and ministers of all faiths including a Jewish rabbi and a priest of the Roman Catholic Church have officiated. Upon our beautiful mezzanine floor we have always featured one-man art exhibits by Detroit artists. The orchestra that plays during intermissions is our contribution to music. It is unusual music, a combination of organ, cello, violin and piano, all played by solo artists and they play in the troubador's arch and in the main floor arch for solo work instead of in the orchestra pit where it has always seemed to me they break the magnetic current between audience and actor.

I shall now tell you my great secret. Since I began these articles a number of citizens of Detroit inaugurated a movement to make my Playhouse a true Civic Theater. Before this is printed my name will be off the Playhouse and that of Detroit Civic Theater will replace it, with Jessie Bonstelle, founder, below. This will mean relief from the great pressure of money making, the bringing of stars to work with us, the production of plays that may or may not be profitable, but more than that, it will mean that this Playhouse will be what the public wants as its expression in theatrical art. That is my great reward. But there are rewards all along as we work, poignant, beautiful moments when everything that one has done seems suddenly illuminated.

Next month I am going to reply to the question of questions that is asked me at least once a day:

"How can I get on the stage?"
[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]

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According to many scientists—among whom are numbered many of the world's most famous in body building

easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight *increases* nervousness perceptibly *decreases*.

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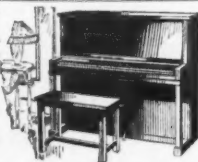
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BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 20]

on the Bronze Knight, Roger."

"Oh, will everybody kiss him as they go upstairs?"

"I hope not."

"I should think he'd like being kissed."

"But not by so many people."

They hung a holly wreath in the glass of the front door and put the crown on the Bronze Knight's head and wound the balustrade with evergreens. It was all very beautiful, and as the dreary people in the house went in and out, they stopped to look—and Roger said to each one with great politeness: "You musn't kiss the Bronze Knight because there are too many of you."

When their work was done, Virginia and Roger went back to the fire in the honey-colored room and Roger curled himself up in Virginia's lap and said, "Tell me about what the Bronze Knight did on Christmas."

"Well, the Bronze Knight woke one morning, and it was Christmas, and he knelt and prayed, 'Oh, good and great God, because of thy little son who was born in Bethlehem, may I be a better son to my own mother. May I this day do some deed she would have me do,' and he rose and went on his way and came at last to a little house. And a woman stood in front of the little house and she said, 'Will you cut a tree for my sick child, so that he may have Christmas?' And the Knight cut the tree and carried it in, and the sick child did not smile when he saw the tree. And the Knight said, 'Alas, a child who will not smile at a Christmas tree is close unto death. Let me take him to the city where he may be healed.' And the mother said, 'If he goes, I must go.' And the Knight said, 'You can sit on my horse and hold the child in your arms, and I will walk beside you.'

"So all that day they walked on and on, and the Knight's feet grew sore and bled, but he did not speak of them; he sang to the child of the Three Kings and of the Star, and of the Babe which was born in Bethlehem. And at last they came to the city, and to the place where the child could be healed, and the physicians when they had tended the child, looked at the bleeding feet of the Knight and said: 'You have suffered.' And the Knight said: 'I do not care for my hurt if only the child may be healed.' So they bound up his wounds, and he slept under the shining sky, and when he looked up in the heavens he seemed to hear the angels singing and he said, 'Mother, did I do well?' And it seemed to him that his mother's face smiled down at him."

As Virginia's voice fell away into silence Roger said softly, "It sounds like the Bible."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes. When I grow up I am going to be a knight and try to please my mother."

When Tony came a little later and Virginia kissed the child good-by, he said wistfully, "I didn't think you'd go away."

She picked him up and comforted him. "Darling, darling," she said, "I'm coming back, and mother has a little tree. And you are going to hang up your stocking."

Tony carried her off after that, and she sat in the front seat with him, with Rickey in the back with the bags. "Heavens," Tony said, "I'm glad to get you out of that house. You don't belong with people like that!"

But she knew that she did belong with little Roger—with all children

who clung to her—to old and young who leaned on her and loved her.

The arrival at Derekdale had in it for Virginia certain elements of comedy. Mrs. Bleecker was not there to receive her. She was shown to a room which was all mauve and ivory, with French windows which looked out on a terraced garden which seemed with its snow and pale shadows and glittering icicles to repeat the colors of the room. There was a maid in attendance to look after Virginia's dresses and to offer her services, which Virginia declined. "You see, I'm used to doing things for myself," she said, smiling, and the maid smiled back.

At luncheon there were four footmen in attendance. There was gold colored satin down the length of the table—gold lace doilies under the Royal Worcester place plates. There were eggs in paper cases, and truffles and other things in aspic, there were great pears with ice cream centers. All strange and different, but all apparently correct.

Mrs. Bleecker, who wore her hat and a sports dress, shook hands with Virginia before they went into the dining room and presented her to one or two of the older women. She then apparently forgot her. Virginia's cheeks were hot. For a moment she wished she had not come. Then under his mother's eye, she began to flirt with Tony.

She knew it wasn't worthy of her. But she was human. And Tony, sitting next to her, played the game with her. At last he said, "Midget is furious. But she deserves it."

"I shouldn't have come."

"Nonsense. And anyhow Midget isn't treating you any worse than she does the rest of them. She adores being bad mannered. She says that bad manners are a sign of aristocratic blood; that half the old monarchs were hateful and ill-tempered, and that it is middle-class to be polite to everybody."

After luncheon Tony took Virginia up, as it were, on a high mountain and showed her the world. There was the great mansion with its retinue of servants, its surrounding acres of woodland, its terraced gardens, its fine stock in barns and stables. "All this will be mine some day," he said, tempting her.

When they returned to the house they sat for a time in the picture gallery in the left wing. "That's Dad," Tony said, indicating a portrait painted by Sargent of a handsome, middle-aged man in riding clothes.

"How much you look like him, Tony."

"Think so? Most people do. We're not alike in other ways. He's masterful and I'm not. That's why I get along with Midget. I give her rope. I don't care what she does usually. But I do care about you, Virginia. I'm going to marry you and that's the end of it."

She did not answer him at once. She stood looking up at the portrait. "Shall I see your father while I'm here?"

"He expects to come up tonight for the ball. But we never can tell. He hates such things and stays away as a rule."

She said thoughtfully, "Then this house isn't a home really?"

He said eagerly, "But we could make it a home, Virginia. I'm to have Derekdale when I marry. Dad has always said so. He and Mother would have the Long Island place and the town house, and Derekdale would be mine—and yours," he caught up her hands in his. "Think of it, dearest,

[Continued on page 81]

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BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 78]

mine and yours throughout our lives—forever!"

"But I don't want it, Tony."

"You do but you don't know it. I'm going to make you know it."

"You can't make me love you just because you've got a big house when all I want is a warm fire and a pussy cat in front of it, and rain on the roof and a book to read."

He laughed, "You'll want a man to love you."

"It must be the right man, Tony."

"What makes you think I'm not the right man?" He drew her down beside him on a velvet seat. "Tell me."

"Oh," she moved away from him and looked up at the picture, "I think after a time you'd grow to be like your father."

"What do you mean?"

"Masterful. You'd want to rule me. You're a bit of a tyrant, Tony."

"How do you know?"

"Little things." She stopped there and went on presently, "But that isn't the reason I don't love you. It is just that I—don't, Tony."

"But you will."

"I'm afraid not."

He was patient. "I have three days, Virginia, and I'm going to make the most of them." Again he caught up her hands and drew her toward him, looking down into her troubled eyes. "You are going to be mistress of Derekdale. Remember that, my dearest." He released her and rose. They crossed the room, and met Marty Van Duyn half way. "Your mother wants you," she said to Tony, "she's been looking everywhere."

"I'm sorry. I've been showing Virginia the house, and now we're going to the stables."

MARTY wore a straight frock of silver crepe, absolutely unrelieved by any color. There were only the silver buckles on her gray shoes, and a silver band tied about her silvery hair. The light coming through the glass roof lighted her up so that she shimmered and shone. To Rickey coming in, she seemed like a white birch in the spring with the sun on it. He told her so at once, without any preamble. "You're like a white birch in the spring. You're a silver witch, and I'm going to put you in a book."

"But I don't know who you are."

"I'm Virginia Oliphant's brother. I saw you that day at the sale in Annapolis. I was looking down from the dormer window. And I saw you today at lunch, but you didn't see me. Or if you did, I didn't mean anything to you. I followed you up here. I've never seen anyone like you. There's an unreal quality about you, like a naiad or a dryad. That's why I want to write about you."

They sat down on the velvet seat, and Rickey talked about his book. Marty decided that he was handsome, with his bright ruffled up hair and dark brows and lashes. And he was as vivid as a flame, like his sister. She began to understand the charm that Virginia might have for Tony. In spite of herself the boy attracted her. It was, perhaps, his audacity, as when he said at white heat: "You see, in my book, you won't love anybody. You'll let yourself be loved. I think you are like that. You break men's hearts. Yet some day someone will come along and break yours."

"That's all very well in a book," Marty told him, "but I haven't a heart—so how can anyone break it?"

He laughed scornfully. "The man who breaks yours will be a boy, like

me. Someone you wouldn't look at, but who will make you look."

She laughed again in her lazy way. "Nobody makes me do anything I don't want to do. And I am going to marry Tony Bleeker."

She couldn't have told why she said that, except that she wanted to meet this boy's cocksureness with something definite. He flung back at her, "You're not going to marry him."

"Why not?"

"He's in love with my sister."

She stiffened. "How do you know?"

"Oh, he's told her so a dozen times. And she wouldn't have him. She didn't want to come to Derekdale. But I made her."

"Why did you make her?" Marty was not laughing now, and there was no sign of her usual indolence.

But Rickey was calm. "I made her



come because I wanted to see you. I'm in love with you. I knew it the moment I looked down on you from the dormer window."

In spite of herself Marty was thrilled by his fervor. "You make me feel like a lady in a play," she told him, smiling.

Tea was being served when at last they went downstairs. A crowd of people had come in and Marty was immediately surrounded. Rickey sat in a corner and looked at her. Everywhere she went she was aware of his eyes. At last she went up to where Mrs. Bleeker was pouring. "Jane," she said, "I wish you'd put that Oliphant boy next to me at dinner."

"The Oliphant boy? Why?"

"He amuses me, Jane. All the rest of the men bore me."

She moved on and came quite suddenly upon the master of the house. "Anthony," she ejaculated, "when did you get here?"

"Five minutes ago." He held out his hand and smiled at her. He was big and fair like his son, Tony, but with a sort of tawny fairness like a lion. Indeed he made one think of a lion as he lifted his massive head and gazed about. "Who's the girl talking with Tony?" he asked.

Marty looked. Virginia Oliphant sat in a chair of green brocade, which came up high behind her and showed gold carving above her shining head. She wore a straight frock of green velvet. Tony stood beside her, bending down and laughing.

"That," said Marty drily, "is the future Mrs. Bleeker."

Old Anthony surveyed the two young people with level gaze. "Just what do you mean by that, Marty?"

"Oh, Tony's mad about her, and Jane's frantic."

Old Anthony laughed. "Jane would be. Who is she, Marty?"

Marty told him. "She has had practically no social experience, but she's completely at her ease."

"She would be. Back of such women is a long line of belles and beauties. I know the type. I had a Maryland

grandmother. She would have met the king of England as easily as she met one of her own neighbors."

"Come on over and let me present you to Virginia Oliphant," Marty suggested. "I am really generous to pass you on to her. You may side with Tony instead of Jane, and with the two of you against me that would be my last chance at Tony as a matrimonial possibility."

VIRGINIA, safely alone in one of the huge guest rooms at Derekdale, put on the gold lace gown and surveyed herself in the long mirror which showed her from the top of her gleaming head to the toes of her shining slippers.

She had a feeling almost of awe at the vision she saw reflected. Never until now had she been aware of her own loveliness; against the background of Bleeker magnificence, the mauve and ivory of the beautiful room, she seemed to glow and sparkle. She drew a quick breath. In a moment Michael would see her, Michael!

As she descended the great stairs a few moments later, a hush came upon the dinner guests assembled in the hall. She was alone on the stairway, and back of her on the landing hung a rug of deep purple bordered with gold. Nothing could have been more royal in its suggestion, and Anthony Bleeker looking up, said in his heart, "She is a great lady. More of a great lady than my mother or any of these women. Jove, but blood tells."

But Michael McMillan, seeing her, said, "She is my love."

It was to Mrs. Bleeker, however, that the fact of Virginia's beauty came with the force of a blow. People were talking about Tony's infatuation. But not until she saw Virginia on the stairs had Jane Bleeker known how potent were her attractions. The girl might be poor, but if Tony made her his wife, he would have reason to be proud of her.

It was Marty Van Duyn who voiced what Mrs. Bleeker was thinking. "Tony's mad about her, Jane. What made you have her here?"

"He said he wouldn't come if I didn't ask her."

"I see. Your hope is in the fact that she isn't the least in love with him."

Mrs. Bleeker turned and looked at her. "Not in love with him? What difference does that make? She'll marry him for his money."

But Marty was shrewd. "She won't. That kind of woman marries for love or not at all."

Virginia came down the stairs. And she saw neither Tony who loved her, nor Jane Bleeker who hated her, nor Marty Van Duyn who was playing a game and meant to win it. She saw only Michael—Michael with his deep blue eyes laughing up into hers as he stood at the foot of the stairs waiting, and who carried her off through the crowd before Tony could get near her. "I'm to sit with you at dinner," Michael said, "did you ever know such luck?"

"I've a thousand things to tell you," she was laughing softly, oblivious of everything about her.

"We have ten minutes before dinner, where's a quiet spot?"

She took him to the library, where a low divan was set in front of the fire, one end of it backed by a high screen. Michael and Virginia as they sat together, were hidden by the screen.

"Are you glad to see me, Virginia?"

"Glad!"

He opened his arms to her and she

[Continued on page 82]

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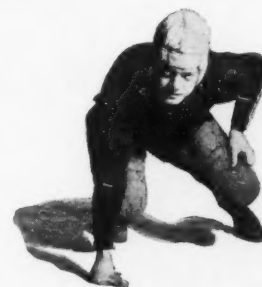
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BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 81]

came within their circle. He laid his lips against her cheeks, softly. No more than that. Not yet.

She drew away, breathless. "Let me tell you about Rickey. He is writing a new book—he is calling it *The Silver Witch* because of Marty Van Duyne. He began it yesterday and sat up half the night."

But he would not listen. "What do I care about Rickey?"

"Michael! We mustn't stay here. It's time for dinner."

He laughed, holding her close. "Say 'Michael, dear, it's time for dinner.'"

So she said it, "Michael, dear—"

When they returned to the great hall, they found Tony looking for them. "You're to sit by me," he said to Virginia. "Mother had a dowager on one side and a flapper on the other. She thought they'd balance. Midget is a bit tricky at times. But I told her if I couldn't have you, I'd have a headache and stay upstairs."

There was a smouldering fire in young Anthony's eyes. He had just had it out with his mother. He had told her a few things and had frightened her. "You've done everything you could since she came to keep her away from me," he had said, "if you keep it up, I'll marry her before you know it!"

So he had his way, and Virginia and Michael were separated. But they had had their moment, and Tony, blind as a bat, secure in the ultimate success of his wooing, did not know that the light in Virginia's eyes was not for him nor was the radiance of her smile. He could not know that her heart was singing. "Michael, Michael," as a bird sings to its mate.

BUT Michael knew, and his heart answered. His doubts were dead. What did he care now for all of Tony's glitter and shine? And at the moment Tony was saying, "Marry me tomorrow."

"Silly."

"I'm not silly. And it would settle everything. Without argument. Midget would rave, of course, but she couldn't do anything. Dad has fallen for you flat. He said so. He had a Maryland grandmother. He hates the modern sophisticated type like Mother."

Virginia looked at him in astonishment. "Do you mean he hates your mother?"

"Not exactly. It's only the way she likes to live doesn't appeal to him."

"But why did he marry her?"

"Oh, she probably camouflaged," coolly. "Marry me tomorrow."

"I'm not going to marry you at all."

He laughed. "You may think that, but you're mistaken. You remember what I said to you—'You're going to be mistress of Derekdale—you're going to be mistress of Derekdale.'"

Virginia was gripped suddenly by a sense of impending disaster. Was she really going to marry Tony? And lose Michael? But then, she couldn't. Michael loved her. Nothing mattered but that!

After dinner, awaiting the arrival of the guests for the dance, the house party grouped itself about the fire in the great hall. Old Anthony had Virginia with him in a corner where she could look out at Michael leaning on the back of a chair. Marty Van Duyne on a fireside bench had Rickey at her feet. He sat on a great red cushion, his bright ruff, head almost touching her knee. Marty was challenging Michael, "We've been saying there isn't a ghost of a chance for young authors these days. What do you think about it?"

"That there's always a chance for

genius." Rickey blazed, "The average editor doesn't know genius when he sees it."

Marty tapped his cheek with a pointed finger. "Don't be rude, little boy. We have Mr. Michael McMillan speaking! Go on, Michael. I apologize for your opponent."

"Why apologize?" Michael realized that Rickey was in the mood to make trouble. There had been champagne at dinner and the boy had had more than enough of it. Yet nothing Rickey could say should move him to retaliation. He regretted that Marty had seen fit to bring on such an argument. But that was Marty, loving to set a spark to men's tempers for the excitement of it.

He spoke with calmness: "We editors want spontaneity and imagination. Most of our young people are writing according to a formula."

Rickey broke in, "Isn't that a rather broad statement?"

Things began to get tense. The people about the fire were looking with interest at the beautiful boy with the flushed cheeks who sat at Marty Van Duyne's feet and dared defy the most famous editor in New York.

Virginia held her breath. Oh, how wonderful Michael was, leaning on the high back of the green chair, his eyes with their deep sparkle, his laughing voice making light of things, refusing to recognize the rudeness and rancor in Rickey's youthful challenge.

Oh, if only Rickey wouldn't! She caught the almost hysterical note in her brother's voice as he again began to speak. She turned to her host. "Oh, can't you stop him, Mr. Bleeker?"

"Your brother?"

"Yes. He is saying the most dreadful things to Mr. McMillan."

"It is Marty's fault. She set him on." Old Anthony rose and stood with his arm on the mantel shelf. "Speaking of geniuses," he said, "there's a young South American—"

After that he dominated the conversation. Rickey sulked on his red cushion. Michael, with a sigh of relief, left the green chair, and went over and sat by Virginia. "I'm sorry," she whispered, and Michael said, "Why be sorry for anything tonight?"

THEY went out presently to the ballroom. Virginia had never seen anything like it. It was so high and wide that the people in it were dwarfed by its immensity. It had balconies and a raised platform where the musicians sat. There was no suggestion in the decorations of the Christmas motive. The whole effect was modernistic, grotesque, glaring: deep pink and purple, orange and blue. Orange trees set about the room were hung with artificial fruit, the great golden globes to be used later as favors. There were purple balloons and purple umbrellas, and prim tight nosegays of pink roses, frilled with lace paper.

Virginia did not like it. "It's all rather dreadful and nightmarish," she told Michael when she danced with him.

It grew more nightmarish as the evening advanced. It seemed to Virginia that the people in the ballroom took on something of the effect of the decorations. They were grotesque, distorted. The men drank a lot and some of the women.

She shivered in Michael's arms when she again danced with him. "I hate it."

"Hate what?"

"Oh, the men aren't themselves—I wish I could always dance with you, Michael."

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BURNING BEAUTY

[Continued from page 82]

He held her close, and presently she said: "In Annapolis we went to church on Christmas Eve, and there were the bells, and the stars shining—"

As if in mockery of her words, other bells began to ring, a mad chime of them, giving a syncopated version of a sacred tune. "It is midnight," Michael said, and in a moment, "A merry Christmas, my dearest."

All about them others were saying it—"A merry Christmas—a merry Christmas—a merry Christmas—" One joined hands with another until there was a great ring of dancers. Tony came up and literally tore Virginia away from Michael. "It's my turn," he said, and danced off with her. "We'll join the others," he added. "It's going to be fun. Midget is having things a bit different."

He stopped, picked up a wreath of mistletoe from a cart drawn by two pages, fitted it on Virginia's head and bent down and kissed her. Then suddenly Virginia saw what everybody was doing, all the girls wearing mistletoe, all the men kissing them.

She broke from Tony and fled. He followed, laughing, at her heels. "Oh, look here, look here, Virginia."

The ring of dancers charged madly between them and gave her a chance. She ran into the hall and up the stairs, finding sanctuary at last in the picture gallery where in the afternoon she and Tony had talked. As she stood in the door, panting a little after her wild race, she saw a leonine head raised above the back of a seat drawn up in front of a painting of a family group, and old Anthony Bleecker spoke to her, "I thought I heard a step." He rose and came toward her. Then as he saw her agitation, "My dear child, what's the matter?"

She told him, frankly, "I ran away." "Ran away? From what?" "Tony and the others."

HER cheeks were flaming. "Tell me about it," he said. They sat down, and Virginia stated her case, "I'm not a prude or a prig, but they were having a mistletoe cotillion, and I didn't care to be kissed."

He laughed a little, but his eyes were understanding. "A woman like you wouldn't. In these modern days almost anything goes with young people. But you belong to the generations of gentlewomen who had a sense of personal dignity."

"Perhaps that's it," she agreed, "I don't know. You see I've always lived shut away from people. I'm not up-to-date and all that."

"Thank heaven you are not, my dear," he answered smiling. "Sit down and talk to me."

She was glad to do it. He asked her questions and she told him about her life in the old house in Annapolis and in that other old house in Washington Square. She told him about the sale, and about the things his wife had bought.

She told him about the Dutch spoons, and her roistering ancestor. She told him about the Bronze Knight on the stairs and about little Roger.

She told him about the primrose cat and the little Scotch dog who had followed her home.

Old Anthony was much interested in it all. He liked to see her sitting there in her gold lace gown, her bright head against the dark velvet, the soft voice with its Maryland accent speaking a language which had once been his, and which he had almost forgotten.

For old Anthony loved the things of the heart and mind and spirit, but in

the world of business and in the world in which his wife lived these things counted not at all. The only things that counted were stocks and bonds and sports and jazz and where you could get your drinks.

And here was Virginia Oliphant, bringing to him memories of the simplicity and charm and dignity of the life he had lived before he met Jane Bleecker. Oh, well, he was not blaming Jane for anything. He was blaming himself. In a sense a man was master of his fate. He was master at least of his soul.

"Tell me," he said to Virginia suddenly, "are you going to marry Tony?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because he's in love with you and I'd like it no end."

She lifted her eyes to his. "I'm not in love with him," she said simply.

"Couldn't you be?"

"I think not."

"Is there someone else?"

She drew a quick breath. "Yes."

"Oh—I'm sorry."

THEY sat in silence for a moment, then he said again, "I am more sorry than I can tell you. Tony needs in a wife just what you can give him. He's not weak. He's simply on the wrong track and you could lead him into other paths. To be perfectly frank he's following false gods. I am not finding fault with his mother. It is her world and she likes it. I am blaming myself. I should have held on to things. Oh, you don't have to tell me, little Virginia, that you believe in God and life and love and all the other great good things that so many of us scoff at. And if you have children your motherhood will be sacred, and your wifehood will be sacred."

He stopped and sat staring for a moment at the picture before him. "That's my family, painted ten years after our marriage—"

Virginia looked up at the great painting. She had not seen it in the afternoon for Tony had been called away before they reached it. It showed Jane Bleecker in trailing diaphanous blue, with her hair dressed high and a tiara of diamonds. She was seated in a carved chair and her husband leaned on the back of it looking down. Old Anthony was young Anthony then, and so like his son today that it almost took Virginia's breath away to see him—the same fairness, the same air of laughing gaiety. Young Tony, a boy of eight, sat on a cushion at his mother's feet. Pressed against Jane Bleecker's knee was a little girl in white with a rose-colored sash. The contrast between the blue of the mother's gown and the rose-color of the child's sash was exquisite. The whole thing was indeed lovely, and Virginia said so.

"The little girl," old Anthony explained, "was our daughter. She died when she was five. She was named for my Maryland grandmother, Cynthia Howard. Tony adored her. He has never, I think, got over it. It is because of what he was to little Cynthia that I know what he might be to you. He was very tender, very protective."

She laid her hand on his. "I wish I might."

"And you can't?"

She shook her head.

"I'm going to hope a bit," he smiled at her, "there's no one else I'd like so well to see as mistress of Derekdale."

Mistress of Derekdale—Mistress of Derekdale—Tony's words came back to her and the shivering sense she had had at the time of impending disaster.

[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]



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THE GATE MARKED PRIVATE

[Continued from page 21]

felt that you might come back to me, and I have held myself in readiness for you."

"Until lately?" he threw in. She bent her head. "Yes. Lately—just lately—I had begun to feel that you would never come."

"Since when?" he said. She hesitated for a second, then again raised her eyes to his. "Since Rosemary went," she said. "Perhaps we have both been through a good deal in our different ways; but, Dick, we needn't be bitter because we have ceased to be what we once were. It isn't our faults. I am not blaming you, and you mustn't blame me either. I have tried to do my best."

"You!" he said, staring at her. "You say that! You who took my life between your hands and broke it?"

"I, Dick!" For a moment she met his look in blank surprise, and then suddenly she rose and stood before him. "You are wrong," she said steadily. "You are making a mistake. Something must have happened which I have never known. What is it?"

"What about Rosemary?" he said. "Rosemary?" She repeated the name with a soft, unconscious tenderness. "But I never told you of her. It couldn't have been—Rosemary."

"No, you never told me of her, but—wasn't it because of her that you sent me away?"

She still faced him. "Yes," she said. "But—I always meant at that time to come to you—afterwards. I was bound to keep silence—if only for the child's sake."

"Ah!" He spoke with his back to her; his voice sounded strangled. "And it was for the child's sake—no doubt—that you wrote me that letter?"

"Which letter?" said Bobby. "I wrote you several; but you never answered them."

He flung round suddenly and faced her. "You have told me nothing but lies since you entered this room," he said, "and you dare to stare at me with those innocent eyes of yours as if you were the saint I always used to think you! I had one letter only from you, and that was to tell me you had decided to throw me over. I was fool enough to let that letter wreck me. Don't dare to tell me you never wrote it! I wouldn't believe you if you did. There is too much evidence against you. There is—Rosemary. You can't deny her. At least, you haven't tried to—yet!"

"Ah! I see," Bobby said. She was white now, white to the lips; but strangely strong, strangely sure of herself. "No, I haven't denied Rosemary," she said, and in her voice there sounded a note that was almost of exultation. "I hadn't thought of doing that. After all, she is my very, very own. Now tell me where to find her!"

"You will find her at the Peregrine Hotel in Warner Street. They were going down to Bode tomorrow."

"They?" questioned Bobby. "She and Donald Ross," he said. "They were married in Italy a few days ago."

"Married!" "Yes, married. It was quite in order. I saw to that." The old mask-like self-control had returned to him. He spoke with the brevity of one not greatly interested. "They will tell you all about it no doubt."

LATE that night when Ravencombe returned to his room, he found a broad burly figure awaiting him, upright and silent, on the hearth.

Ravencombe pulled off his overcoat and threw it over the back of a chair.

His tall lithe figure in faultless evening attire made a striking contrast to that of Silas in his plain brown suit. Yet that strange resemblance between them which Bobby had detected still persisted. They both bore the unmistakable stamp of good birth.

"It's Miss Roberta," Silas began, "and her love-affair with you. It's no concern of mine, I admit, why you've kept away from her all these years that she's been waiting and slaving beyond her strength. But now you're back—now you're back—" he repeated the words with insistence—"what the devil is it now? You play a trick to get her here, and then you set to work and break her heart. What's the meaning of it? I want to know. I will know!"

Ravencombe merely lifted his eyebrows and lighted a cigarette. "Is she broken-hearted, I wonder?" he asked.

"She's down and out if you want to know," said Silas bluntly. "She's done as much for you as any living woman has ever done for a man, uncomplainingly too when it's been enough to kill her. And now what have you done to repay her? Just—trampled on her!" his voice shook suddenly and his hands clenched.

"You're an extraordinary man, Hickory," Ravencombe said. "Do you really imagine that you can convince me that Miss Roberta—" he uttered the name with a faint sneer—"has been faithful to my memory all these years?"

"I know it," said Silas. "As to convincing you—"

"Yes, I am rather hard to convince," Ravencombe spoke deliberately. "You see, there's somewhat damning evidence to the contrary."

"What is that?" said Silas.

"I think you can furnish the answer to that question," Ravencombe said. "But it's my turn to ask something now. Why haven't you married her yourself?"

TO Silas the question was a surprise, but he answered it without hesitation. "I asked Miss Roberta to marry me some time ago. She refused me then—on your account."

"This is interesting," said Ravencombe. "And since then?"

"Since then," there was stern self-restraint in Silas' voice, "she has been very ill, and during her illness I think she lost hope. It was at the time of Rosemary's disappearance."

"And so she accepted you?" suggested Ravencombe.

"She said that she would do so when Rosemary was found. That was before we knew of your return."

"I still can't understand why the marriage did not take place long ago. It would have been far better for Rosemary. But perhaps you don't consider that your responsibilities extend to her then."

"My responsibilities! What do you mean?" said Silas.

Ravencombe faced him again, a very bitter smile on his face. "Oh, don't you try to stuff me with that aunt and niece fiction!" he said. "I've had enough of it."

"I'm not giving you any fiction that I know of," said Silas curtly. "In an affair of this sort one has to draw one's own conclusions. I didn't know who you were; she never told me that. But I guessed that you had behaved like a scoundrel to her—though I never told her so."

Ravencombe stood staring at him while the smile on his face slowly became one with the cruel scar that seamed it.

"Well," he said. "I'm glad that we've had this interview. I see now that I

have wronged you and I apologize. Perhaps you may feel moved to do the same when I tell you—on my oath—that I am no more Rosemary's father than you are."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of his voice in spite of that horrible disfiguring smile. Silas, grimly surveying him, knew that he spoke the truth.

He said nothing for several seconds while he readjusted his ideas. Then: "All right. I apologize too," he said, though somewhat as one making a concession. "But you had no reason for crediting me with anything of that sort, while you—you even ran away with the child. What did you do that for?"

Hostility bristled afresh in the question. Ravencombe made a half-whimsical, pacific gesture. "That," he said, "happened to be by her own wish. I've already been taken to task for it by the excellent young man who is now her husband, and luckily managed to establish the innocence of my motives and subsequent behavior. Haven't you seen them, by the way? Didn't they come?"

"They had left the hotel," said Silas. "There was no getting hold of them."

RAVENCOMBE clapped a tragic hand to his head. "Here I have been absenting myself in the haunts of vice all for nothing! I pictured a happy family reunion taking place. Instead of which, they've probably taken the night train for Bode."

"Very likely," agreed Silas with austerity. "But that is a minor matter. They can be traced in the morning. But there are still several points to be cleared up. You haven't yet explained your attitude to Miss Roberta. I've got to understand that."

"Why?" asked Ravencombe.

"Because," Silas spoke very steadily, "I am out for her happiness, and it seems to me you've tortured her long enough. You took the trouble to get her here on false pretences. What was that for? I've got to know, so you may as well tell me at once. She has always cared for you. She cares for you still, and I believe you care for her—though you won't own it. But remember, you have no proof against her. And even if you had, what right have you to judge her? Is there nothing in your past that you would like forgotten? Are you so well off and happy that you can afford to throw away the love—and devotion—of a woman like that?" His resolution failed abruptly; he lifted his two hands clenched above his head. "My God!" he cried out in a voice that quivered and broke. "If it were only mine—only mine!"

"Steady! Steady!" said Ravencombe. "Look here, man, don't! Look here! Sit down!"

Ravencombe bent with one of his lightning movements and laid a sudden friendly hand upon Silas as he sat. "I'll tell you what I am if you really want to know," he said. "I'm the worst rotter that God ever put breath into, and knowing you hasn't made me feel any less so. You've told me your side of the story, now you shall hear mine. I first met Bobby—" he uttered the pet name almost unconsciously. "I was a junior captain with no expectations in her father's regiment. We were stationed at Budhpore in the Central Provinces, and she and her sister came out one cold winter. She was exquisite, like a rose—like Rosemary. Of course I fell. So did everyone else practically. At least, I think we were about equally divided. Matilda had a good many admirers. I never knew quite why. I

[Continued on page 87]

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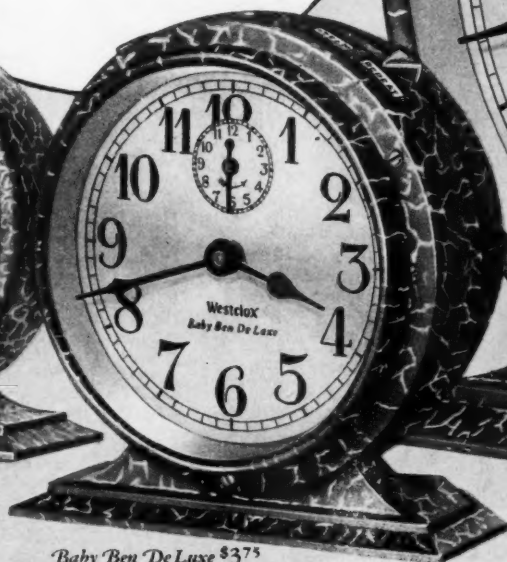
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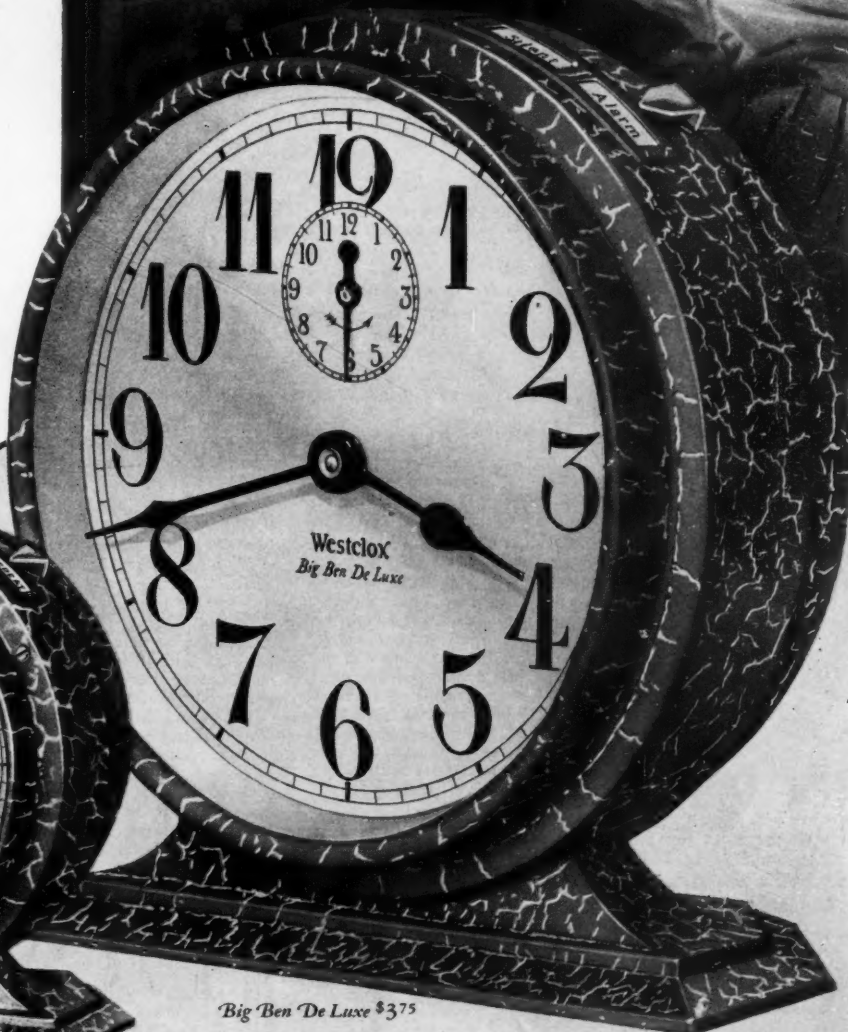
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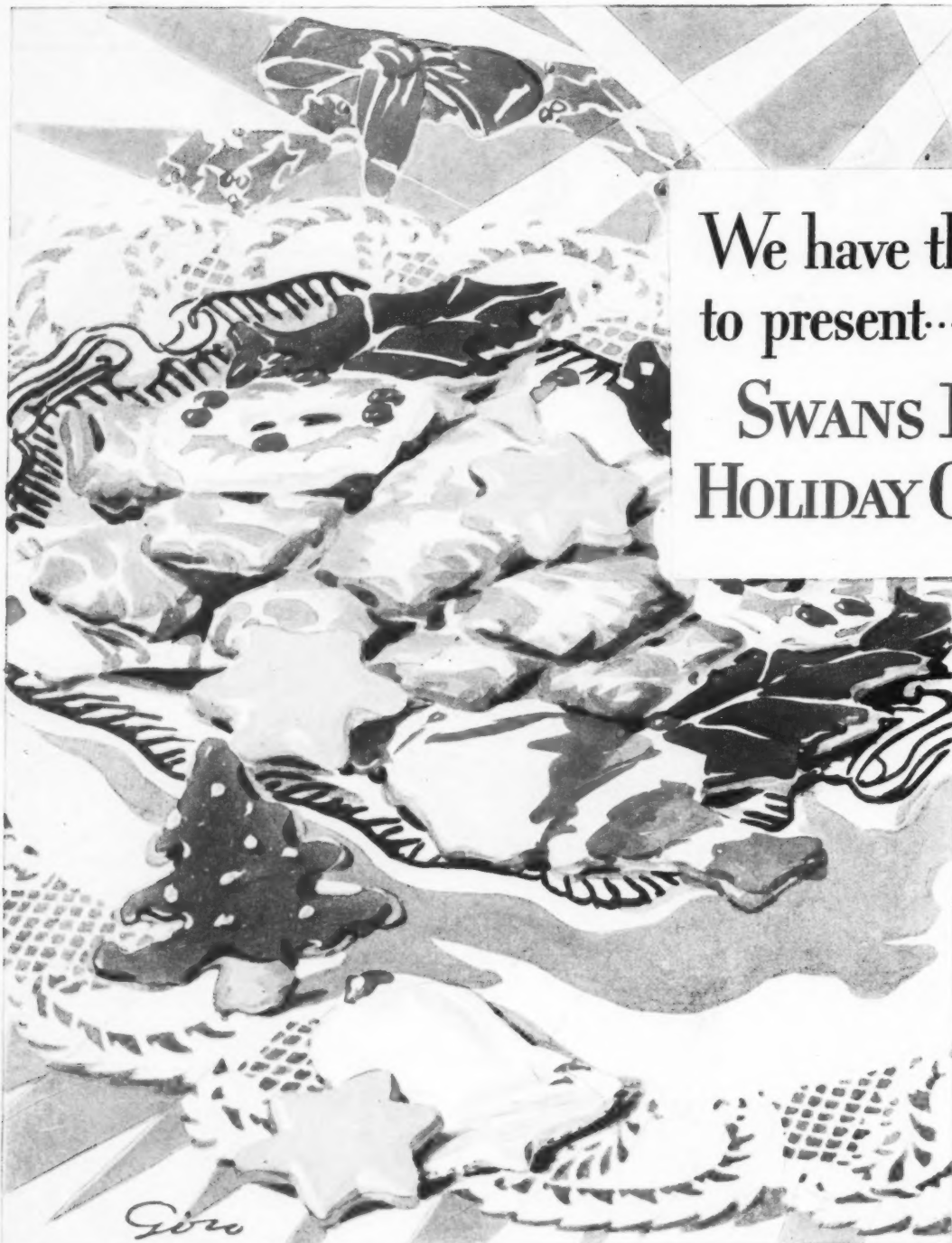
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LEBKUCHEN
8 cups sifted Swans Down Cake flour
2 cups brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 cup water
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1 1/2 cups candied orange peel, shredded (6 oz.)
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/2 cups candied citron
1 1/2 cups strained honey (1 lb.)
2 cups almonds, blanched and shredded (3/4 lb.)
Sift flour once, measure, add soda and spices, and sift together three times. Boil honey, sugar, and water 5 minutes. Cool. Add flour mixture, eggs, fruits, and nuts. Work into loaf and place in refrigerator. Let ripen 2 or 3 days. Roll on slightly floured board to 3/4-inch thickness. Cut in strips, 1 x 3 inches. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes. When cool, cover with Transparent Icing. Lebkuchen should ripen in cake box at least one day before they are served. Makes 10 dozen lebkuchen.

Transparent Icing for Lebkuchen
2 cups confectioners' sugar
3 tablespoons boiling water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar and water. Add vanilla. Beat thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on lebkuchen. Makes enough icing to cover 10 dozen lebkuchen.

SUGAR COOKIES
2 1/2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
Grated rind 1 lemon
1 tablespoon cream
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and nutmeg, and sift together twice. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, lemon rind, cream, and beat well. Add flour mixture gradually. Beat until smooth. Roll a small amount at a time, on slightly floured board, to 3/4-inch thickness. Cut with floured cookie cutter, and dredge with granulated sugar. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 7 minutes. Makes 2 1/2 dozen 3-inch cookies.

SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR



always thought her empty—rather stupid, though, I suppose, from the standpoint of sheer beauty, she may have been lovelier than Bobby. But beauty alone doesn't appeal to me—never did. Bobby—Bobby had brains as well—humor, sweetness, everything. I worshipped her like the rest, but I had nothing to offer her, so I held my tongue. I shall never forget how astounded I was when one day I met them out riding—she and Matilda—in charge of the Colonel's servant who was giving them lessons, and she deliberately gave them the slip and then when we were alone just put her hand into mine and said, 'Dick, why are you always struggling not to say to me what I want—so much—to hear?' I was nearly mad with the joy of it. But I knew quite well I hadn't a chance with her father, so we settled to keep it dark for a time, and Matilda agreed to be given the slip with the groom whenever I met them. She and the soldier-servant would ride off in one direction and Bobby and I in the other. But the man—Alexander they called him—was a fellow I never quite trusted, and eventually we were given away. There was a most unholy row, and Matilda and Bobby were packed off to a hill station. The old man was furious with me, and it seemed to me that it was up to me to make good; so I got into touch with a relative of my mother's in California. Well, Matilda got engaged to her swell who was *aide-de-camp* to the Governor-General. I secured my berth in California and tried to persuade Bobby to marry me and come away then and there. But she said she was wanted, and I couldn't move her, so I came away. But I got her father to consent to our engagement before I left.

WE arranged that I was to come back and fetch her as soon as I had got a home to take her to. So off I went—to make a home." A grim note of cynicism crept into his speech. "But first I went to England to see my people. I had no letter from her while in London, though I wrote to her from every port we touched. I concluded she must have sent her letters to my final destination, and after a fortnight I sailed for America. At my cousin's place I found an Indian letter waiting for me from Bobby. She said she had thought things over and come to the conclusion that she had made a mistake—she hoped I would forgive her for any disappointment she had caused me, but she was sure that I would see the matter with her eyes eventually. Meanwhile, her sister's marriage had been postponed, and they were all coming home to England. She would always think kindly of me, and she hoped that I would try to do the same of her. I don't quite know what happened after that. I went to Mexico, wanting anything that would deaden that awful feeling of being burned alive by a slow fire. I sinned all the sins that came my way.

"Finally I found my way back to civilization, and drifted to California again. Then I heard from Raymond of old Ravencombe's death, and that I was the heir to title and estates, so I came back at last to enjoy the irony of it all. Being of a freakish turn, I gave my name as Graves at Bode because I didn't want everyone staring. And then—on Boxing Night—who should I find but the exact replica of Bobby herself, dressed as a bride, waiting for me?" He paused and stirred the fire thoughtfully with his foot as if to readjust some vision that he saw there. "That was about the shrewdest thrust Fate ever gave me," he said. "And she recognized me as—Dick Dynamo—the man to whom her aunt had always been faithful! She had seen my portrait, it seemed. Poor little beggar!" Genuine pity sounded in his voice for the first time. "How horrified she was! So was I—when I realized—though I don't know why I should have been. I gave the show away, as I suppose I shouldn't have done if I had had time to think. And when she knew what it meant—knew that the aunt business was all a myth—she threw herself on my mercy and begged me to take her away—which I did."

He stopped, but Silas asked no question, merely sat gazing straight before him in unbroken silence.

"In the absence of her aunt," Ravencombe went on. "I created myself her uncle and behaved with a moral rectitude that really surprised myself. I took her to Italy, and there eventually we were discovered by young Donald Ross—Rosemary's unromantic but very persevering lover, and since I judged him to be a suitable sort of lad and the maid was willing, I gave my blessing to their union and saw that it was done properly. Then we all returned, and I—feeling freakish again—laid my plans to receive Bobby alone. I only wanted to ask a straight question or two, and—yes—just to see her once again." He lifted the glass to his lips with the words and drank. "But you frustrated me. I turned savage when I saw you. I apologize once more. I know now I had no reason." He smiled at Silas, but the heavy shadow of fatigue still rested on his face. "And that's the end."

"Yes," said Silas. He met Ravencombe's eyes as he got to his feet. "It has been worth it. And if you've got

THE GATE MARKED PRIVATE

[Continued from page 84]

any patience left, I'll tell you why. First, I am perfectly certain," he spoke with the deliberation of great emphasis, "that the letter you speak of, turning you down, was never written by Bobby. All I have ever seen of her convinces me of that. It was not written by Bobby, and, whatever she has to hide, there is no altering the fact that she has been waiting for you, hoping for you, all these years. Does that make no difference either?"

Ravencombe made a quick movement that was somehow like the plunge of a goaded animal. "Even if you could prove her faithfulness up to the hilt a dozen times over, can't you see that the difference in me is colossal? What is there left in me worth having now?"

"Ah! That's another story," Silas said. "That's a matter which neither of us is qualified to decide. But I am prepared to give you my word of honor that she has been waiting for you all this time. I've no proof to offer, except that Rosemary herself once showed me a photograph of you in corroboration of it—in order to dis-

one thing?" She stretched out a hand to him in a pleading, pathetic gesture. "He hasn't made you hate me, has he?" And her lips were trembling as she asked the question.

He took the hand and laid his face down upon it. "Nothing—nobody—not God himself—could make me do that," he said in a voice that shook.

THE rest of the journey passed without any incident or intimate talk. And when at last they reached Bode and had climbed to the top of the stairs in the old hotel, Bobby heard the swinging open of a door and the rush of eager feet.

"Aunt Bobby—oh, Aunt Bobby!" cried Rosemary's voice.

And as Bobby strained the lithe young figure to her, she murmured, "My precious, precious Rosemary! Thank God for giving you back to me!"

With Rosemary's arms tight about her, she went into a room where the firelight gleamed; and the door was shut gently upon them by the Old Bean who then went softly away.

Rosemary pushed Bobby into a low chair before the fire while she knelt beside her, still clinging to her as though she could never bear to relax her hold again. "Will you ever forgive me, Aunt Bobby darling?" she whispered presently. "I don't know how I ever came to do it."

"I know, dearest," said Bobby.

"You know? Oh, Aunt Bobby! And did he tell you—that he loved you," she said under her breath.

"Oh, no, dear. He didn't tell me that." Bobby's denial was as unblenching as her look had been. She put her hands upon Rosemary's shoulders, searching the sweet, downcast face with a loving scrutiny. "My love story was finished long ago," she said. "But I want to hear all about yours, my darling. May I?"

Rosemary did not lift her eyes. She had begun to tremble. "Aunt Bobby," she said, "I've got to tell you something else first—something I thought perhaps you'd hear before you got here. Aunt Bobby, it's—it's—Aunt Matilda!" she said.

"Matilda!" Bobby stiffened as she sat; it was as if an icy blast had struck her. "Rosemary, what of Matilda?"

And Rosemary answered in a shocked undertone: "She died—oh darling—she died—this morning."

BOBBY sat without stirring, still rigidly holding Rosemary. "Matilda—dead!" She spoke incredulously.

Rosemary continued to cling to her, her face hidden. "It's been very dreadful," she told her rather breathlessly. "It was all so sudden. We didn't get down here until last night, and it had happened then. It seems she was depressed after you left, and Dr. Bellamy thought it would do her good to get up and go for a run in his car. He had to call at Joe Brant's place, and you know that steep bank there? Well, while he was out of the car, something happened and the brake slipped and it ran down backwards and turned over. They got her to Joe Brant's cottage at last. She was terribly injured, and they knew she couldn't get over it. We began to think that perhaps she was dead already when she suddenly opened her eyes quite wide and looked at me. And then, when she spoke, I saw that she thought I was you. Was it wrong of me, Aunt Bobby? I let her think so."

"No darling, of course not!"

"She began to talk about me. She said, 'Don't worry about the child, Bobby! She won't go under as I did. There's too much of Alexander in her for that. You can tell her the truth when I'm gone. It's better that she should know, and it won't make any difference to me.'"

Rosemary halted a little.

"Yes, go on, darling!" said Bobby.

"You wouldn't let me have him," she said over and over again. 'You wouldn't let me have him, though it broke my heart to give him up.' Aunt Bobby, why—why wouldn't you let her?"

Rosemary whispered the question with a shrinking downward motion, but Bobby stooped and raised her up again. "Oh, my darling, I have so prayed I might never have to tell you this," she said. "But God knows best. It was because I found out that she was going to have a child, and she wanted to marry him without telling him."

"Ah!" Rosemary said. She lifted her face, breathing hard and fast as though she fought against suffocation. "It was that—it was that! Well, let me tell you the rest now, and then—you must tell me something, dear, dear Aunt Bobby. She said, 'You wouldn't let me have him. You broke my heart—ruined my life. And so—I ruined yours. That is why Dick never came back to you.'"

"Ah!" Bobby said. She too drew a sharp breath; it was almost an exclamation of pain. [Turn to page 88]

SHADOWS

BY GOLDIE C. SMITH

Mary, as upon your breast
Lay our little Lord at rest,
Did you see, in terror dread,
Shades of thorn about His head?

Mary, as you sang your psalms,
As you kissed His rosy palms,
Did the shadow of a scar
Sometimes their perfection mar?

Mary, as He gravely played
Underneath the olive shade,
Did your eyes, tear misted, see
The shadow of another tree?

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

God is good, and God is kind,
That He makes all mothers blind.

courage me." There was humor in his voice for a moment. "Well, I've done—I've finished—and I'm going. But when a woman loves a man, she doesn't ask what his past has been. She simply gives him all she's got without a question, without even thinking of the past. As for Bobby—and you—or me—there's only one who can decide. Ask her!"

He was at the door as he ended, but Ravencombe came striding to him and gripped him forcibly by the arm, detaining him.

"Look here—Silas!" he said. "I must say just this. You're the whitest man I've ever come across and I'm glad I've lived to meet you. If I could give you—the woman you love—tomorrow—tonight even—I would."

OUT of a night that seemed as if it would never pass Bobby came at length. The weariness of traveling and the strain of disappointment were still upon her but she exerted herself to meet the new day with a brave spirit.

A quiet knock came at her door. She opened it, and found Silas, calm and purposeful as ever, waiting outside. "Our train leaves at ten," he said.

She started a little. "Oh! Where are we going?"

"We are going home," said Silas. "Rosemary is found. She is at Bode, waiting for you."

"Silas," she said on the way to the station, "I know you will tell me the truth—because you always do, Silas, did you see any more of—Dick—last night, after I left you?"

He had known that sooner or later that question must come. Very steadily he answered it. "Yes. I went back and saw him. But I can't tell you what passed between us. I'm sorry."

"You didn't—quarrel?"

"No," said Silas.

"I'm glad of that," she said, "I don't want to know all that passed. Only one thing! Silas, will you tell me

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Q-ban

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Makes Gray Hair DARK

THE GATE MARKED PRIVATE

[Continued from page 87]

"Don't cry, darling!" whispered back Rosemary. "Dick will soon know. And he loves you—I know he loves you still."

But Bobby uttered a heavy, tearless sob. There was a silence during which it seemed as if some struggle were going on in the elder woman's soul. But when she raised herself at last, her face was calm. "Tell me the rest now!" she said.

"That's almost all," said Rosemary. "The end was very near, and just at the last she said very clearly, 'Will you forgive me, Bobby girl?' And I—I knew you would have done it if you'd been there—I got up and bent over her, and I said, 'Yes, dear,' as if it had been you. Aunt Bobby, she didn't know the difference. She just smiled at me—and died."

Again there fell a silence. Bobby's hand still stroked the girl's head with a tender, soothing touch, but her eyes were fixed and remote. Rosemary stirred at length, looking up at her as though half-afraid. "Aunt Bobby," she said pleadingly, "you're not vexed with me for saying that—when she wanted it so."

Bobby's eyes came down to her. "My child," she said very solemnly, "if you can forgive her—so can I."

Rosemary shrank again involuntarily. "You mean—" she murmured faintly.

"I mean, sweetheart," Bobby said, "that you were the child she bore."

"Yes, I thought it must be that," Rosemary controlled herself with a supreme effort. "And she didn't want me. She hated having me. She never liked me. Aunt Bobby, Aunt Bobby, who was the man? Tell me!"

Bobby's arms went round her again, clasping her, sheltering her. "My darling," she said with such a wealth of mother tenderness in voice and action as even Rosemary had never known from her before, "spiritually you are mine, and always have been from the moment of your birth. I took you for my very own—a treasure sent by God to me. I shut the gate upon everything that was shameful. I marked it Private, and no one has ever opened it since. Need I open it now—even for you?"

But though Rosemary clung very fast to her, the blood that was in them both prompted her answer. "Please, Aunt Bobby dearest!" she whispered.

And so, holding her darling close pressed to her heart, Bobby opened the gate at last. "His name was Alexander—a soldier servant of my father's—a groom. He taught us to ride. I don't know what happened to him. He may be dead. But anyhow he never knew. He never counted at all."

She ceased to speak. What it had cost her, even Rosemary would never know. They remained there in the firelight, clinging together and not speaking for a long time.

THERE was work to be done in the straw-strewn farmyard, but Silas' feet did not carry him thither. An intense desire for solitude was upon him—the hour of the past and he went heavily away from the farm scarcely recking of direction, until he found himself at the junction of the lanes whence the track led to Little Staple.

A horseman came into sight. He rode his animal superbly, with a free and dominating grace. His air was the air of the unconquerable. "Hullo!" said Ravencombe. Was it elation that sounded in his voice? "Why do you stand there like a mute, man? Is anybody dead?"

"Not that I know of," said Silas.

"I didn't expect to see you. Is all well?"

"Of course!" said Ravencombe. "What did you expect?" And added, as Silas stood silent, "All is more than well, my dear fellow, thanks to you. I think I may safely say that the woman you love is well on the way to happiness. That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes," Silas said, speaking slowly, as if the words were hard to utter. "That is what I wanted. I congratulate you. I hope—" he put a hand upon Ravencombe's knee—"I hope you will both be very happy."

"Thanks," said Ravencombe. He laid his hand upon Silas', the smile still on his face. "You've been a good friend to her, Silas. She's told me so. And to me too, for which I am eternally grateful. Will you do one thing more—for her—for us both?"

"Need you ask?" said Silas.

"I think it would be decent of you—to go and congratulate her too. Will you do that?"

For one instant Silas hesitated. For one instant the bitterness of life seemed to rise up and smite him between the eyes. Then, "Certainly I will," he said unflinchingly.

"Thanks!" said Ravencombe again. His hand gripped hard upon the hand beneath it, which after a moment or two stirred, turned upwards and grasped his own. "And one thing more—if by any chance you should come up against a gate marked Private, just open it and walk right in! You'll find you have a right."

He was gone with the words, still laughing, still careless of men.

SILAS came within sight of the old farm, standing there in its trimness with its white gate closed. The ducks swam on the pond as usual, and the whole scene was supremely peaceful. He opened the gate and went through.

He lifted his hand to knock, and then suddenly checked himself. The door on his right that led into the little parlor was ajar, and from beyond that door had come a sound—a low sound, but it seemed to drive straight through him. Without a moment's further pause, he pushed the door open and went right in.

She was sunk in a chair, all huddled together, and fighting desperately to control an agony of tears. And he who had seen her weep before did not hesitate now, but went down on his knees beside her and drew her against him. With Matilda and Rosemary both gone, there was no one to turn to in either joy or sorrow. She who had served others so long and so patiently was left to meet her own needs alone.

She drew herself from him at last, drying her eyes. She even mustered a smile. "I'm better now. Do pull up a chair!"

He obeyed her, and she lay back in her own for a space in silence.

At length, "I've heard from Rosemary," she said. "She loves her Scotch home, and wants me to go and see her in it as soon as possible."

"It would do you good," said Silas. She turned her face towards him in the fading light and uttered a sigh. "You were very much wiser than I," she said. "I've made—a great many mistakes, Silas."

"Not one that I've ever seen," he said stoutly.

She smiled. "That shows how little you see of what is actually going on in front of you," she said.

"I see all I want to see," he said, a note of doggedness in his voice.

"Do you?" said Bobby. "I wonder."

Again for a space she was silent. Then in a lower voice, "Silas," she said, "do you remember once saying to me that though a gate might be shut against you, you couldn't be prevented from—looking over?"

"Yes," said Silas. He spoke curtly. "It was a cad's trick. I never did."

"Never?" she said, with a hint of surprise. "You never have?"

"Never." He repeated the word forcibly. "I've never looked over, never wanted to. I was content without."

She drew a long breath. "How like you!" she said, looking up at him. "Some day," she said. "Some day I will tell you all that you have done for me. The pain is over now, Silas, or very nearly. Time will do the rest."

He turned from her with a blind, desperate movement. He could not bear any longer to stand there looking down upon her.

His own pain was goading him almost beyond endurance.

"You're not going?" said Bobby's voice behind him. "Don't go yet! Didn't you come for any special reason?"

He stood struggling with himself. "Don't go yet!" she said again, "unless you must! I want—I want to discuss the pigs with you. We shall have to discuss them sooner or later," she said practically, "if we are going to be partners."

Partners! He stared at her, found his voice at last. "You don't think I came round to talk about pigs, do you?" he said. "I don't know," said Bobby. "Why did you come?"

She got up as he did not speak. "Shall we go out and look at them?" she said.

He made a movement to obey, then abruptly stopped himself and her also. "I'll tell you what I came for." It was the hardest thing he had ever uttered. "I came—to wish you joy."

"Oh!" said Bobby, as if startled.

He went on, recovering his strength as he did so. "I met Ravencombe in the lane just now. He told me all was well between you. So I came on—to wish you—every happiness."

His words came straight from his soul. He held out his hand to her as he spoke. She took it instantly between both her own and closely held it.

"Did he tell you that?" she said in a voice that shook.

AND then suddenly his hand was pressed hard to her heart so that its quick beating came to him. "And so you came to wish me happiness?" she said, her sweet face raised to him. "Oh, Silas—dear Silas—once more—how like you! And you didn't know—you never guessed—that the only person who could give it to me was you—you yourself!"

"What do you mean?" he said thickly, hoarsely, for it was as if the whole world were rocking under him. "Bobby, what do you mean?"

Her eyes were shining as though a torch had been lighted within her. "He told you all was well between us," she said. "And he spoke the truth. All is well. But the old bond is gone. I don't quite know how to put it. We seem to have outgrown each other, that's all. And I—Silas, I have belonged to you ever since I offered myself to you in payment of a debt, and you wouldn't have me. But you'll have me now—I know you'll have me now—because I want you so. Now that the gate is open, there is nothing. Silas—that will make you wish you hadn't."

[THE END]



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TEARS OF NIOBE

[Continued from page 72]

His shadow, large and curiously distorted in the candle light, fell athwart the square of white wall above the mantelpiece. Its wavering outline grossly caricatured him, adding a pointed ear to his shapely head, a hump to his straight back. Fascinated, the detective stared, "What are you?" There was more than official interest behind the question.

On his perch the man swayed like a pendulum. His dark eyes were veiled by lowered lids. "The blood of four races flows in my veins. I am a citizen of the world."

"All right, Citizen of the World, just see that you don't do any traveling before morning. I may want to talk to you again. And remember, if that necklace shows up here in the next few days I expect to know about it. My name's O'Connor and you can always find me there!" Slapping a card on the table, he herded the not unwilling Badgerly toward the door.

They had reached the passage to the street when a second door, almost lost in the darkness, attracted O'Connor's eye. "What does that lead to?" he demanded.

The slender figure of Louis Minnikin stiffened. "It leads to—nothing," he said. And, as the detective laid his hand on the knob, "Nothing, I tell you! Stop, you shall not search there." Launching himself like a fiery arrow from the chest of drawers.

He had managed to land with his back against the door, and now, the desk shears gripped in one hand, he was on his knees, chanting defiance. "Keep back," he cried, dashing from

his eyes the strands of black hair which the struggle had loosed from their oily smoothness. "Keep back! You haven't any warrant—you admitted it. Keep back!"

O'Connor took a step forward, but Badgerly's restraining hand held him. "He's right, chief; you ain't got no search warrant, and you know the commissioner's been nasty lately about us keeping inside the law. Come back tomorrow like you said and we'll go through everything."

Unwillingly the chief detective allowed himself to be led from the basement shop and the last thing the two men saw of the shop's proprietor, that remarkable personage had resealed himself on the chest of drawers and was strumming the lute, quite as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

"Wildest thing ever I ran into." This from O'Connor ten minutes later as he drove his car through Broadway's traffic.

"The closet, you mean?"
"Yes," O'Connor said, shifting the wheel. "I got the door open only a crack, and there was a light inside—a dim light like candles. Of course, I only got a peek before he came down on me like a thousand of brick, but I'd have sworn that closet was fixed up like a church, with an altar and a cross and some kind of a dingus that looked like three picture frames, and the middle one looked like—the woman whose necklace we're hunting for—this dame who was murdered—Brunhilde Clemment."

[Continued in JANUARY McCall's]

THE BOOK CORNER

[Continued from page 8]

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Fourteen Reasons for Christmas Cheer

by Elisabeth May Blondel



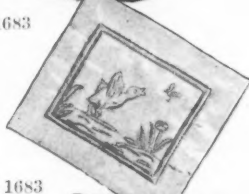
1683



No. 1684. What is newer than this 16-inch pillow with the calico design appliquéd on crinkled unbleached muslin which is done by dampening the material. Both sides of calico material are used to denote the effect of shadows on the flowers.



1683



1683



1683



1683



1683

No. 1683. If it's for the matinee or party, what is more chic than one of the above bags for the small accessories that are so necessary. See description below.



1638

No. 1683. The above bags and sachets designed in that fascinating city of Paris are lovely made in pastel taffeta or crêpe de chine, with the quilting in a deeper shade. Can you imagine a more delightful gift? The work bag measures about 12 x 16 inches.

No. 1645. This bag is adaptable to the winter ensemble as it may be made in a harmonizing silk or velvet. The design is for Italian Quilting and is sewn to a 9-inch amber top.

No. 1638. A chic shoulder flower of soft suede leather in blue, tan or green, is just the bit of color for winter coats. So simple to make from the ready-cut pieces of leather.

No. 1617. Color in the kitchen? Everyone has it! Blue barred linen towels are used as a background for the quaint yellow calico appliques. This calico is an exact copy of the old oil prints.

No. 1491. The pair of oval designs, (right) are charmingly cross-stitched in blue on white linen to decorate towel ends or in black to be framed as a colonial picture.



1645



1491

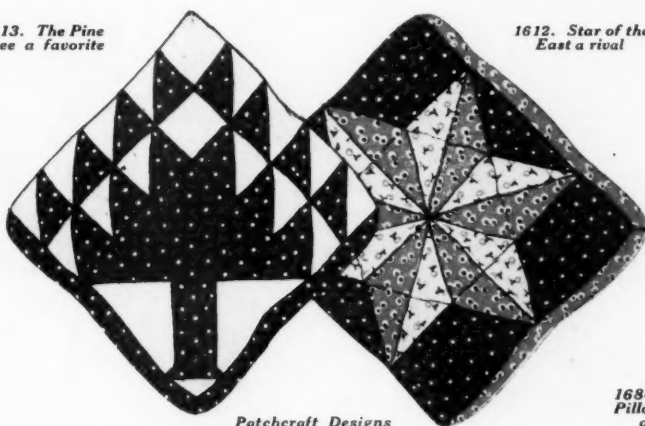
Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 107.

Pillows and Place Cards from Paris and Some Colonial Favorites

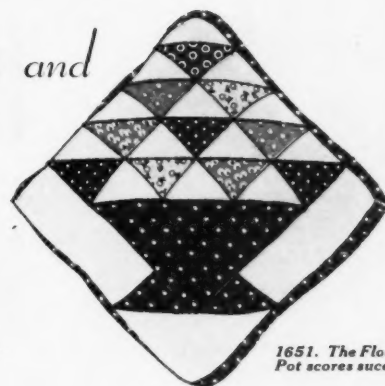


1652. Twins of true Colonial origin

1613. The Pine Tree a favorite



1612. Star of the East a rival



1651. The Flower Pot scores success



1680. Woolly terriers win the blue ribbon



Patchcraft Designs

1684. Hospitality Pillows speak of their own comfort in French



1664. Quilted sails and seas create a stunning pillow



1680. Pillows for the bridge game



1680. In 11-inch tuck-in size



1681. Tally Cards from gay Paris



1682. Arabian Nights Place Cards entertain

No. 1652. Nothing can compare with these adorable twin pillows for carrying out the colonial spirit of your room. To sew together the ready cut calicoes included in pattern is simplicity itself. You only require to get the white material (pattern gives calico backs). Quilting transfers included. Price, 90 cents.

No. 1680. The latest trick of the wool needle produces these cunning pup pillows. Stitches in short loops afterwards clipped in hooked rug fashion, make the desired furry appearance. Also 4 cunning bridge pillows having felt appliqué symbols. Cutting patterns and directions. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.

No. 1684. Paris embroiders amusing epigrams on pillows which advertise their own comfortableness in French. In English they say "At your service" and "My softness is my charm." The words are to be stamped on a piece of material, worked in chain-stitch or outline-stitch, then sewed to pillow. Transfers for 5 pillows. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.

No. 1651. The Flower Pot Pillow goes straight to the heart of the colonial lover, being a genuine revival. All the colored calico patches, the back and the unbleached muslin pieces are ready cut in the pattern. It is a simple matter to stitch all the pieces together. Size finished, 13 x 13 inches. Price, 60 cents.

No. 1612. All the calico triangles for making the dazzling Star of the East pillow are ready cut in the pattern, also the calico back. Especially smart in the present day revival of things colonial, and fascinating to stitch together (finished, 11 1/2 x 13 inches). Price, 50 cents.

No. 1613. Another popular favorite is the Pine Tree Pillow with refreshing green calico patches against the white unbleached muslin. Both materials are provided in ready cut pieces to fit, also calico back. Size finished, 11 x 11 inches. Price, 50 cents.

No. 1664. Never was romantic vessel so artistically depicted as in this quilted version that hails from Paris. The new wrong side padding with strands of wool has won its way into the needle-art world. Complete instructions provided with oval design, 18 x 25 inches. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.

No. 1681. McCall's Court Costume Tally Cards are distinctly French in design, and unrivalled as a decorative unit for the bridge luncheon table. They are printed on a heavy quality water color paper, only the pink of the roses requiring to be filled in. 12 cards 5 inches high, 6 of each design. Price, 40 cents.

No. 1682. McCall's Arabian Nights Place Cards are another artistic triumph inspired by a French connoisseur. The cards are ready printed in black, and with a few water color paints you fill in the colors shown. 12 cards (3 each of 4 designs) in pattern, also feathers for headdress and silver fillet to be glued in place. Price, 60 cents.

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



5507

5501

5491

No. 5507. The effect of a handkerchief collar knotted on the shoulder is repeated in a novel crossed girdle that ties in a bow at the side above a front flaring skirt. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5501. A novel one-sided treatment is featured in a frock that has a wide swathed girdle draped at the side to accent a side flare on the skirt, and a one-sided scarf collar. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch.

No. 5491. The new soft pliable velvets lend themselves admirably to a frock that has a slightly bloused bodice and a skirt with a side flare edged with three narrow ruffles. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5513. A bertha attached to the edge of a flat collar forms a flattering neckline in a one-piece frock bloused by means of a belt. The lower section of the skirt flares in front. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch or $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch.



5513



Paris Simplifies Elaborate Lines

ALTHOUGH the first impression of the newest afternoon frocks is one of formality and elaboration, there is an increasing air of simplicity about them. Hemlines dip much less than formerly, and however complicated the flares and fluttering ends may look, they are achieved by cut that is as simple as it is clever.

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



5505

Scarfs Acquire New Importance

*I*N a season when everyone expects novelty and individuality of new clothes, it is not surprising that scarfs are so important. Paris varies them in all shapes and sizes, and after that every woman makes them even more individual by arranging them in whatever way is most becoming to herself.



5499



5520



5496



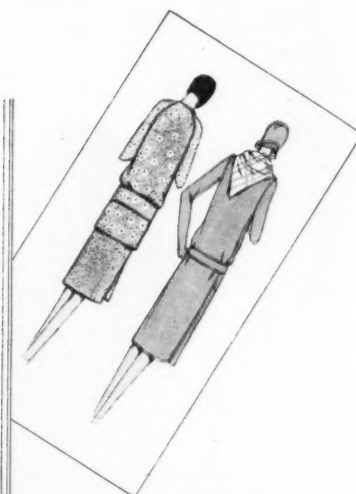
No. 5505. Shirrings in a saw-tooth line give fullness to the skirt, and a handkerchief collar, attached at the edge, forms a deep point in the back and knots in the front. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material or 4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5499. A frock with a wrap-around skirt flaring at the side has a V neck finished with scarfs that cross in the front and fall over the shoulders in long ends. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5520. Formality for afternoon is expressed in a flaring front skirt attached in a scalloped line and a wide scarf draped in shawl effect at the front of the neck. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5496. The slender silhouette of an afternoon frock is accented by a shirred drape at the side dipping below the hemline in a point, and a side jabot with a scarf end. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch.

LE ECHO DE PARIS



5503



5504

5519



5506

The Daytime Mode in One or Two Pieces

PARIS has been paying so much attention to one-piece frocks for daytime that the two-piece models in soft materials that are shown in winter collections strike a new note. Prominent among them is the jacket frock that promises to carry its popularity through winter into spring. In both these and the two-piece jumper frocks, the tendency is to make the jacket or jumper longer, producing the slender effect at the hips that is produced in one-piece frocks by deep yokes or girdles.

No. 5503. Diagonal lines are a feature of an afternoon frock that has a one-sided neckline finished with a jabot, and a pointed skirt yoke above a fluttering skirt with an uneven hemline. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch.

No. 5504. One of the new jacket frocks has a skirt pleated in the front and a jacket cleverly cut to form a rounded bolero in the back. The neckline is a low V, revealing the vest. Size 36, 4 yards 40-inch or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch.

No. 5519. A skirt shirred in the front is combined with a hip length jumper with raglan sleeves and a novel neckline. A flat belt marks the waistline and forms a slight blouse. Size 36 requires, blouse, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material; skirt, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch.

No. 5506. A new collar formed by a handkerchief attached at the neckline that may be worn open in bertha effect or knotted in front adds distinction to a simple tailored frock. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; scarf, 1 yard of 36-inch.

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS

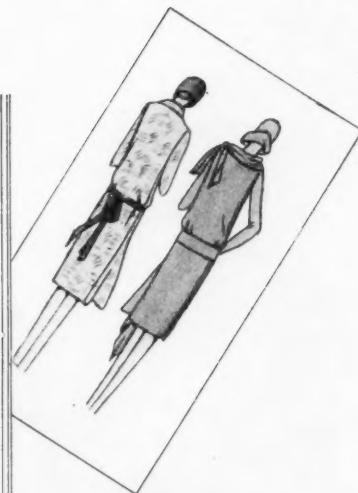


5511



5493

5495



5494

Paris Pleats All Types of Tailored Frocks

HOWEVER partial Paris may be to circular cut for formal clothes, when it comes to tailored frocks, there is such a neat practical look about pleats that they are indispensable. A great number of the most successful frocks give pleats a soft feminine air by leaving them unpressed. In this version they are adaptable to all tailored types, from the very simple sports frock for strictly practical wear to the dress with pleats formed of narrow panels inserted in the skirt, formal enough for afternoons.

No. 5511. The waistline of a tailored frock is defined by a row of tucks in the front, and unpressed pleats add fulness to the skirt. The new neckline is finished with tucks and a jabot. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 32-inch or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch.

No. 5493. Raglan sleeves, a tie collar, and a group of unpressed pleats inserted low at the front to leave the hipline flat are all style features of a straight line frock bloused by a sash. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch or $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch.

No. 5495. Three panels inserted in the skirt to give the effect of unpressed pleats are rounded at the top and overlap the waistline. A belt passed under the panels in front ties in the back. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch.

No. 5494. A pointed side drapery forms a graceful flare at the side of an afternoon frock, and a scarf attached to waist with hemstitching forms a deep point in the front and ties on the shoulder. Size 36, $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch or $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch.

I, ECHO



Formal Frocks for Holiday Afternoons

THE Christmas holidays with groups of critical or admiring friends and relatives call for particularly smart, becoming afternoon frocks. Here are four adapted to almost any daytime use, intricate in line and novel in detail to suggest formality and elaboration and at the same time with the simplicity and youthfulness characteristic of the newest fashions. Advanced in style yet not so extreme they cannot be worn after holidays are over.

No. 5499. Graceful lines are lent to a simple afternoon dress by a new scarf collar and a side flare on the wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch.

No. 5513. Popular one sided treatment appears in the collar and a skirt flounce, flaring in front, wrapped over at the side. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch; lace, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch.



No. 5427. The decorative feature of a slender frock with a wrap-around skirt is a wide draped girde with flaring ends that dip below the hemline. Size 36, $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch material.

No. 5501. Contrasting fabrics are effective in a frock that has a novel flare at the side headed by a narrow belt. Size 36, waist, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch; skirt, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch.

PARIS



No. 5520. Style features of a new frock are deep pointed collar, and skirt with circular front attached in scalloped line. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch; bertha, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5503. The diagonal line of a circular skirt flounce is emphasized by the diagonal line of a one-sided collar finished with a jabot. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material.



5491

5440

Paris Lends Variety to Circular Skirts

THE influence of princess lines on the new fashions is as strong as ever but it is becoming modified in new ways. Sometimes it is pronounced, as in the frocks that fit the figure to the hips and flare below, or the signs of it can be very subtle, as in the great number of afternoon frocks that Paris designs with circular skirts. There is a new variety in these circular skirts usually produced by joining a circular flounce in a diagonal or scalloped line.

No. 5491. Novel sleeves and wrap-around skirt with a tightly gathered flaring section at one side distinguish a simple day-time frock. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch.

No. 5440. The princess influence is evident in a frock with a one-sided neckline and circular flounce mounting on the left hip. Size 36, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch; contrasting, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch.



No. 5515. A handkerchief collar knotted in front with cuffs to match and a wide girdle at the hipline are chic details of a one-piece frock. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch.



No. 5434. A coat with the new slightly flaring silhouette has sleeves cleverly cut in one with a shallow shoulder yoke. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch; lining, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch.



No. 5472. Slender lines are accented in a coat cut on simple straight lines, with a becoming shawl collar and wide cuffs. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch; collar, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch; lining, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch.



No. 5500. By means of a wide tuck a one-piece frock suggests a two-piece with a long jumper and a pleated skirt. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 27-inch material, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch.

Paris Designs Simple Costumes for Practical Uses

PARIS is making all kinds of elaborate daytime clothes this season, but for mornings, for sports or for any use where serviceability is as important as decorativeness, the simplest lines are still the best. Almost every collection has a group of these strictly practical costumes, but in every model, however simple the lines, there are unmistakable signs of newness; longer jumpers on two-piece frocks, tight hielines produced by novel girdles on one-piece frocks, and in coats, new yokes and sleeves, and subtle flares cut with such cleverness that the coat appears flaring or straight, according to how it is worn.

PARIS



5514



5438



5418



5508

Daytime Clothes Are Varied by Decorative Details

WHEN so many daytime silhouettes are slim and straight, it seems impossible that Paris can give them so much variety. But costumes of almost exactly the same silhouette and the same type are made to look entirely different from each other by the skilful use of detail. A novel front closing and an arrangement of pleats gives a jacket effect to one frock, while a button-trimmed band lends one-sided interest to the blouse of another. Coats show very decided differences in trimming details, a lavish use of fur on one coat contrasting with a trimming consisting of nothing but two tassels on another.

No. 5514. A two-piece frock with the new long blouse has a becoming neckline and for novelty a button-trimmed band on the right side. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5438. Fur or one of the new fur fabrics forms a lavish decoration on a simple coat with a gathered panel in the front. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch; lining, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch.

No. 5418. A French model is cut on simple slender lines with a standing collar trimmed with accordion pleated tassels in contrasting colors. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; tassels, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 40-inch each color.

No. 5508. Jacket lines are lent to the front of this tailored frock by a novel front closing and pleats. The back is belted at the waist. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



5500



5506

5495

5496



5500



5511



5493

No. 5506. A skirt section joined in a pointed line with an inverted box pleat in the center front lends smart slender lines to a one-piece frock. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5495. Unpressed pleats rounded at the top and overlapping the waistline are a decorative style feature of a simple frock. The draped collar is also new. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5496. A pointed jabot that decorates the side closing of a straight line frock is lengthened to form a graceful scarf. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5500. The new long jumper effect is simulated by a deep tuck above skirt section pleated in the front. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 27-inch material, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 5511. Horizontal tucks suggest the waistline of a one-piece frock and fullness is supplied by a group of pleats in front. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; collar and cuffs, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 5493. Raglan sleeves and a collar that ties in the front lend style distinction to a practical frock cut on straight slender lines. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch.

No. 5500. A slender frock that buttons all the way down the front is slightly bloused by means of a belt and finished with a novel collar. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch; collar and tie, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch.

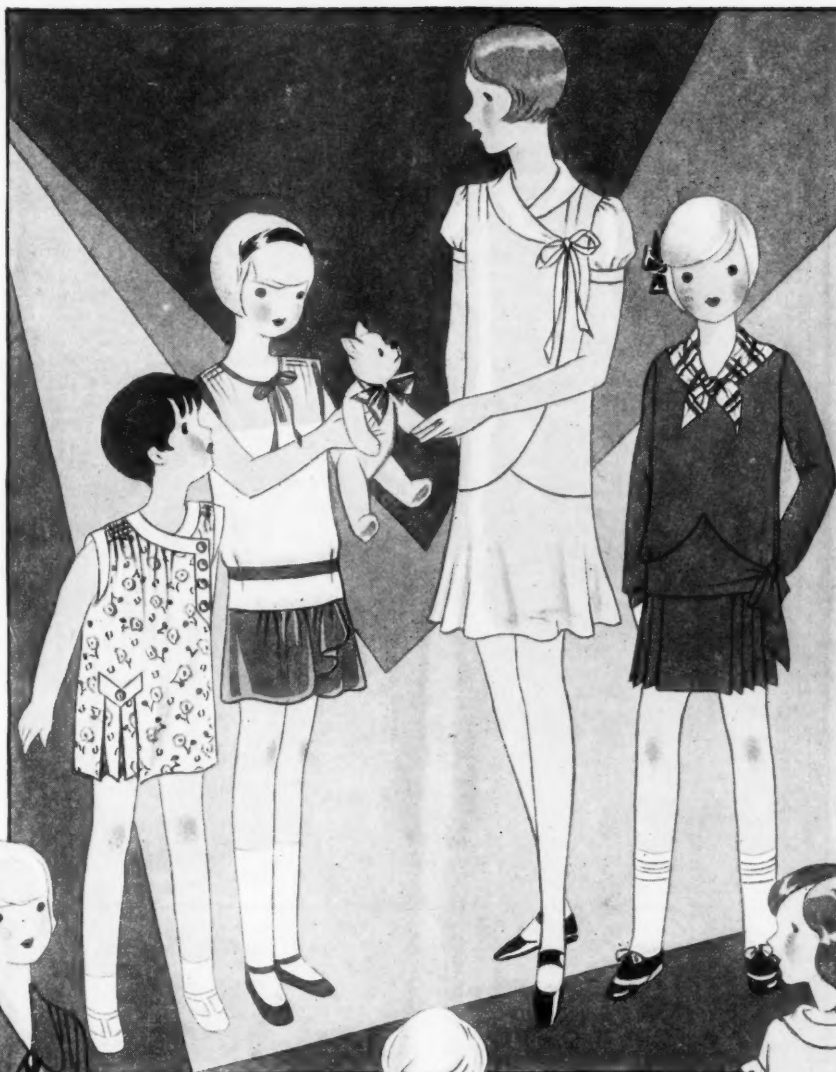
L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5497. French details of a simple frock are pleats at one side and a neckline closing at the other. Size 4 $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 33-inch; bands, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 32-inch.

No. 5498. Pippings, a belt and a skirt flounce gathered in front develop an attractive contrast. Size 8, waist, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch.

No. 5518. A quaint frock has short puffed sleeves, a bodice that suggests jacket lines, and a circular skirt. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5509. A bolero back and smartly shaped girdle are style features of this two-piece school frock. Size 8, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch; scarf, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch.



5497

5498

5518

5509



5517

5510



5492



5517

5510

5497

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5509

5492

5512

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5516

No. 5517. Trimming bands are cleverly used to simulate a cardigan on the bodice; the skirt has a group of pleats. Size 14, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch.

No. 5510. A novel waistline treatment is formed by a circular skirt cut in two scallops at the top, overlapping a narrow belt. Size 12, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch material.

No. 5492. Little legs find plenty of freedom in rompers loose at the knees; sleeves have drop shoulders. Size 4, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch; binding, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 5512. The simplest lines are made fancy enough for a party by circular flounces for skirt and armbands for short sleeves. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material.

No. 5516. A coat that serves every practical purpose of a school-girl has a yoke cleverly cut in one with raglan sleeves. Size 14 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch material.



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L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



5436

5199

3529



5435



5498



5510



5492

5492

5498



5510

5436

5199

3529

5435

No. 5510. The circular skirt of a practical school frock is quaintly scalloped at the front of the waistline. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material or 1½ yards of 54-inch.

No. 5436. New rompers that button in the back are trimmed with pipings and a novel pocket. Size 2 requires 1¾ yards of 27-inch material or 1¾ yards of 32-inch; binding, 2 yards.

No. 5199. Sleeveless rompers are belted all round and trimmed with shirrings at the shoulders. Size 4, 1½ yards of 32-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 32-inch; lace edging, 2 yards.

No. 3529. Very narrow frills form an attractive finish to the collar and pockets of serviceable rompers. Size 2, 1½ yards 27-inch material or 1½ yards 32-inch; collar and frills, ¾ yard 32-inch.

No. 5435. An ideal costume for school or play consists of a separate blouse and trousers with shoulder straps. Size 6, waist, 1¼ yards 27-inch or 1 yard 32-inch; trousers, 1¼ yards 32-inch.

No. 5498. Puff sleeves and a skirt cut slightly circular and wrapped over in front distinguish a smart little frock. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material or 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5492. Simple rompers are made decorative by tucks on the shoulders and pipings all around the edges. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 27-inch material or 1¼ yards of 32-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 107.

THE GOLDFISH UNDER THE ICE

[Continued from page 25]

fro, playing with bits of string and chasing tinsel balls. He could not be shut in the cellar because there was traffic in excelsior and new sleds and so on going up and down the cellar stairs. He got hold of a popcorn chain and nearly dragged down the tree. Finally Mr. Mistletoe grew impatient. He sent Frisky outdoors and told him to stay there until the work was done.

It was a cold clear night, with many stars and no snow. It was much too cold for Frisky's taste, and he went shrewdly all round the house to see if there was any way of getting in. But all the doors were closed. He yammered a little, but no one paid any attention. He cocked his head on one side and listened for some hopeful sound, but the Club rules were being obeyed upstairs. It was so cold he simply had to keep moving. Suddenly a great idea struck him. Instead of whining he would go and do a kindness to celebrate Christmas Eve. He thought of the goldfish in Gissing Pond. How cold it must be down there under the ice. He ran quickly across the field to the pond.

Chapter III

The Goldfish Under The Ice

WHEN nights are very cold and still, Gissing Pond freezes in a sheet of ice that is as clear as glass. If you walk down there and stand attentively you will see that a starry night is not really very black. There seems to be a lot of soft brightness hidden in the dark, and the ice catches it all and magnifies it. The stars are faintly reflected on that smooth mirror, the big oak trees rustle in the breeze, sometimes a crumpled dead leaf comes drifting across the ice with a dry whispering sound. You notice that there is still a great deal of quietness in the world.

It is a good little pond for private skating. Mr. Mistletoe used to go down there in the afternoons to practise his rather clumsy loops and figure 8's. Learning to keep balance, his eyes were always cautiously watching his feet. How surprised he was when under the clear ice, right beneath the white-cut scratch of the sharp runners, he saw a flash of yellow. A big goldfish! Perhaps the goldfish was lonely under that roof of ice, for almost always when the Mistletoes came to skate they would see him darting to and fro under their feet. He seemed to be amused by the twinkle and hollow chime of those bright blades. It was cheerful to know that he was there under the barren ice, flickering like a ray of sunlight that had got lost. Donny and Frisky discovered him too and wasted much time slithering about, trying to follow him.

So now when Frisky was shut outdoors on this cold Christmas Eve he thought of the goldfish. It was solemn beside the pond on such a starry evening. The whisper of the dry leaves coasting across the glassy surface frightened him a little. He barked once, but not again, because the sound of his own voice made him feel lonely. But he could see the bright lights of home not far away and that encouraged him. He pattered about the pond. Ice feels deliciously cool and slidy underneath tough pads. Then he saw a dim streak of color. The goldfish was there.

Frisky was a mischievous little dog, but he had sociable ideas, and it seemed to him that under the ice must be a cold place to spend Christmas. Then he noticed that over on the shore of the pond there were still a few glowing embers where the children had had a fire that afternoon. There was a rude

fireplace of boulders where they sometimes lit a blaze to warm themselves in intervals of skating. "If I could only build a fire on the ice over the goldfish's house," thought Frisky, "how friendly that would be. It would warm his cold water and give him a pleasant surprise."

Taking great care not to burn his mouth, he carried some glowing sticks from the ashes in the fireplace. He trotted across the ice and laid them on that part of the pond where the goldfish was most often seen. Then yelping to himself with excitement, he dragged branches of brushwood, brought mouthfuls of twigs and dry leaves. That December breeze brightened the embers, soon there was a merry little bonfire. Frisky capered about barking, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"



The goldfish soon noticed a strange glow shining above him. Through the thick ice and dark water he could faintly hear Frisky's halloo. He did not know what to make of it. He swam up to the under side of the icy crust, where he could see Frisky's toes capering about. From their sleeping places under stump roots and in cool, muddy sponges of weed other fish came darting to know what was happening. The fire blazed up above them and a tawny flicker of light wavered in the gloom. Goldfish are very quiet people and don't care for excitement. They were much disturbed. An old turtle, whom they roused from his bed of frosty mud to ask his advice, looked at the growing spot of light and gave it as his opinion that the moon had fallen into the pond. The baby fish were hurried out of their cradles of watercress and made ready for emergency. Young married fish looked at each other with large anxious eyes and wondered for the safety of their children. All looked at the biggest goldfish for counsel. And now they even imagined they felt a disgusting warmth stealing into the icy water they enjoy. They were horrified.

Of course you know what happened. There was a sudden crackling hiss, the fire burned right through the ice, the hot faggots fell in. There was only a big black hole in the frozen pond, a cloud of steam in the sparkling air, and Frisky struggling in the water.

At the sound of the splash the frightened fish fled in all directions, except the big goldfish, who now recognized the little white dog who had so often annoyed him by pattering and barking over his head. He and the turtle both nipped Frisky's toes savagely, and the goldfish shouted at him in a shrill voice of anger. "You will, will you?" he exclaimed. "Mischievous meddling mongrel! Now you've got the consequences." This was a phrase he had heard Louise use in the middle of a hockey game. It sounded splendid. "Didn't you have better sense than to build a fire on our ice? You've gone and interrupted Christmas Eve and

warmed up the water and I hope you'll catch deathacold."

Frisky was too chilled to argue. "Warmed up the water, indeed!" he thought to himself as he floundered about. The half-burned sticks bobbed around him awkwardly, the goldfish were snapping at his toes, the big turtle hung on to his draggily tail. It was very difficult to climb back onto the slippery ice. He managed it at last, and the turtle let go. Wet and shivering, with his tail hanging down soggly, he ran wildly for home. The side door was luckily open, for Mr. Mistletoe was out in the garage unpacking a box. Frisky streaked in and fled upstairs, leaving muddy footprints. In his fright he made straight for the warmest, most comforting place he could think of—Louise's bed. He sprang onto the clean quilt, burrowed down under the covers and hugged himself trembling against Louise's fatness. If you have to belong to anyone, it's nice for it to be a person who is plump and stomachy. So Louise woke with a yell to find a small, cold, muddy dog scrabbling against her, trying to reach her ear, and saying he wouldn't do it again. Helen woke with a yawn, and Blythe woke with a howl, and Christopher came running in from his sleeping porch exclaiming, "What the dickens?" Donny barked a general alarm, Sally and Stella thought the house was on fire and came hurrying down from the attic.

The worst of it was that Mr. and Mrs. Mistletoe, not knowing exactly what had happened, were very angry. Such midnight hullabaloo is against all the rules of the G. S. S. G. B. Club. Christmas Eve is always a strenuous time for parents anyhow, and thinking that at last everyone was sound asleep they had just finished helping Mr. Santa Claus lay out all the presents by the children's beds. And now, while Mr. and Mrs. Mistletoe were rushing about trying to find out what was wrong and Louise was howling because she thought Frisky would catch cold and trying to rub him dry with her nightgown, the other children were seizing the opportunity to go rummaging in the piles of presents.

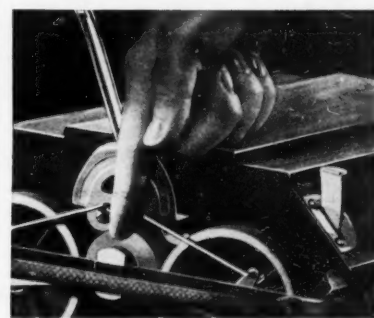
When the light was turned on in Louise's room a heaving, barking, roaring heap of bedclothes was seen, which was excavated and found to be Louise and Frisky and a muddy nightgown all wrapped up together. Louise was of the opinion that Santa Claus had tried to steal Frisky to give him to someone else for a Christmas present. And she kept shouting that some of the brandy that was being saved for the plum pudding ought to be given to Frisky. But Mr. Mistletoe said nonsense. A good whipping, he said, would warm Frisky perfectly, or anyone else. But of course you can't whip people on Christmas Eve; and by this time Frisky had licked as many ears as he could reach and the crisis was past.

No one ever knew, until I wrote this down for you, just what was the mysterious adventure that had happened to Frisky that evening. The hole where the fire was had frozen up again by the next afternoon, though Mr. Mistletoe was puzzled by some half burned sticks caught in the ice and tripping him up when he skated. The children were hustled back to bed with terrible threats, and Frisky was sent down to his bed by the furnace. It might all have been thought just a dream, except that after his bath and his rubbing Frisky's curly wool came out wonderfully white and fluffy for Christmas Day.

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CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

[Continued from page 7]

capitol had taken on some of the old glamour of New York. No, indeed! But she is delighted that we have acquired, through no fault of our own, some of the dimness that Londoners tolerate only because they have to, poor dears. She is the same woman who tells you glibly that her husband buys all his clothes from English tailors; all his boots, too, in Bond Street. She would not think of purchasing a gown from one of the smart modistes on Fifth Avenue. Mercy, no! She runs over to Paris twice a year to do a bit of shopping. She lives in an Italian house in New York. It is so dark that candles are lighted in the afternoon at three. And if you meet, socially, anyone in the room—she is against introductions, because it is not British to present one's friends—you never know them again when you see them out under God's clear sky. That may, or may not, have its advantages.

She has a Spanish stucco monstrosity in the country which she calls a home. It is really a mausoleum.

She has a "shack" at Newport, which is a Georgian affair containing only sixty-eight rooms and forty baths.

She has a sprawling jewel at Palm Beach filled with Spanish benches that are as hard as a New England winter. The refectory-table is so uncomfortable that even the monks who first used it must have felt that they suffered too much, and around which there can be no general conversation. But one doubts if there could be any conversation around any board, however simple, which she might prepare. She just doesn't know any Americans who have wit and charm and grace. One meets under her roof, if one meets anyone in the darkness, the Duke de Something-or-other or the Duchesse Thing-a-may-bob; or Lord So-and-so and Lady Nothing-at-all; and oh, so many Princesses from the lost principalities of Russia that one feels in their presence that one must take vodka and caviare, and nothing else.

In her very superiority she proves her inferiority. But, poor soul, she has no inkling of how ridiculous she is.

She has heard vaguely of Americana. She knows there is such a thing as Colonial architecture, with comfortable, livable rooms opening from a wide, central hall. But it would never dawn upon her that she might look better, living in such a home, surrounded by the kind of furniture which would suit her pretty but plebeian face. She has no use for daguerreotypes of her ancestors. She is a what-not in a Spanish-Italian villa, as out of place there as a farmer in a Moscow art gallery.

New York is full of her. So is Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, New Orleans. She is a snob plus, because, inherently, she is vulgar and inferior.

There being, to her horror, no *Almanac de Gotha* to get into, she dashes for the Social Register, pays her nine dollars, and slips into that.

She is poured into an evening gown every night by two maids, and left to congeal there. How she gets out of it no one ever knows.

She plays bridge for high stakes, and takes a lesson every week. She gives dinners when she is not going to other dinners as dull as her own. She thinks she thinks.

She pretends to like Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, Walpole and Masefield. She has learned to say that Kipling is out of date.

She has a box at the opera, but she has never heard the first act of *Carmina*. She would consider it vulgar to

be seen there until nine-thirty, and she leaves early in order to get her motor before the rush begins.

She insists that her husband, who may have begun as a nice human being, join only the most exclusive clubs. The worst of it is that he does, though he might prefer the jovial Elks.

She has the *English Review* on her library table, but the leaves remain uncut, for she forgot to tell her maid to attend to it. She knows that there are American periodicals, but she says they are full of trash.

She has an Italian car—no American make for her! And she has a Swedish chauffeur, an English butler, a French maid, a German governess, a Norwegian gardener, a Russian hairdresser and footmen of all nationalities except American.

She gives automatically to certain charities, because her name must appear on fashionable lists, and because, being in the Social Register, her mail is heavy with requests for contributions. But she has never been known to visit the poor or the sick. She is afraid she might bring home some weird disease to her children.

She is not typical, you will say, but alas! she is a symbol—a symbol of the snobbishness that has arisen in America.

But she is not the only one who flaunts and scoffs at everything decently American. A so-called Intelligentsia has arisen, whose business it is to laugh at the multitude.

Chautauquas, Kiwanis clubs, Rotarians—these are beneath contempt.

They do not know that George Ade, Ring Lardner, Finley Dunne, George M. Cohan, even Johnny Weaver, have added to the sum and substance of American literature, writing in the vernacular. And they have no comprehension that these men are philosophers as well as great humorists.

WE must pretend to be something that we are not. The almost Americans might appear to amount to something if they would be themselves and not try to ape visiting foreigners. These are the poor specimens who, when they find themselves in England, immediately become affected in their speech, giving every a the longest and broadest vowel sound possible, trying, ostrich-like, to hide their American heads in the sand, ashamed of their citizenship, and of course pulling the wool over no one's eyes but their own. They make the United States ridiculous. They laugh at other Americans, simple folk traveling about in groups, seeking the culture of the Old World; and when they see them in happy, childlike hordes in the offices of Cook's or the American Express Company, they smile tolerantly, considering themselves of a superior caste.

One often has heard stupid Americans say to Britishers: "You should go to such-and-such a village while you're over here—it's just like an English town." The very last thing an Englishman would wish to see in America! He wants to see an American town; otherwise he might just as well stay at home and see the real thing, not a pale imitation of it.

There are 110,000,000 of us. Not all can be cultured. In a land so vast of necessity there must be a large proportion of what Goldberg calls "boobs." But even boobs are interesting, if you look at them in the right way. Without them there would be no reason for the creation of Traveler's Aid societies, where the most foolish questions are asked of patient attend-

ants. Yet no one is wholly stupid who asks for information. And I have never been in a country where questions, no matter how trivial, were answered more politely and with better grace than in these United States. Everyone seems determined to help his neighbor; and we are such an acquisitive people that very soon those who, in their childish ignorance, sought advice, are as informed as the next traffic policeman they encounter. The boob of yesterday often proves the Solomon of tomorrow.

A certain friend of mine, a musician, whose name is now a household word, is not ashamed of the fact that only a few years ago he was singing in a lower East Side saloon, picking pennies and nickels from the floor. He was born, as it happens, in Russia, but he was brought to our hospitable shores at the age of four. Now, in his expensive car, he takes us to the dingy neighborhood where his crushed boyhood was spent, and tells us his story in the presence of his smart chauffeur. I think he is a far better American than the lady of whom I have written, though she comes from a long line of New England ancestors.

He is not of the snobbish stuff that a certain man in one of our great manufacturing towns is made. This manufacturer, whenever he travels abroad, becomes timid about mentioning his native town—he is so fearful of being laughed at. And so he registers at the Ritz as James Jones, Chicago. Think of it! His town has made him, yet he is faithless to it. That is comparable to being ashamed of one's old-fashioned mother who insists upon clinging to her bonnet and shawl.

America is a vast pattern. I could think of nothing worse than having everyone belong to the same clubs, living in exactly the same way. A country that contains, or has contained, Indians, negroes, buffaloes, cowboys, George Washington, millionaires, motion-picture actresses, Emerson, crusaders, socialists, Abraham Lincoln, conservatives, Theodore Roosevelt, dilettanti, Park Row, Thomas A. Edison, the Barbary Coast, Palm Beach, Woodrow Wilson, Atlantic City, the French quarter in New Orleans, Newport, Asbury Park, Santa Barbara, Thomas Jefferson, the Grand Canyon, Barnum's circus, Cardinal Gibbons, Yellowstone Park, Brooklyn Bridge, Walt Whitman, Paul Whiteman, the Great Lakes, Mammoth Cave, the Florida boom, Thomas Marshall, the Mississippi River, Edwin Booth, Niagara Falls and Mark Twain—well, at least it cannot be uninteresting. It may be more like a bag of tricks or a giant bunch of firecrackers which goes off at the wrong moment; but certainly it cannot be called dull.

The time was when we were dependent upon Europe for our drama. Happily that time has vanished. We have created plays of our own, depicting life as it is known to us here—biting, crisp satire, that does not require the aid of foreign actors for its interpretation. We have poetry out of our own soil, ever since Whitman began singing his powerful songs of democracy.

We have outgrown any need of foreign sources, since our wealth of material is a rich vein upon which we may now draw forever.

Ashamed of being an American? On the contrary, one should be proud of it. But not too proud. For then a more fearsome disease overtakes one, full of complications—the superiority complex. And from that, too, may the good Lord deliver us!

WINGS OF THE MORNING

[Continued from page 17]

Somewhere a woman was waiting to hear from this motionless birdman. His mother was waiting—if he had one. There might be another woman—a girl—whose fingers had touched the yellow hair and found it as wavyly soft as the Junior Leaguer who had unstrapped his helmet. She thought about this other girl.

Molly Flint was watching alone, the next day, when the closed eyelids quivered; she caught a glint of the blue she had seen at Mossy Fly.

"It's about time," she said.

"Steady! Let me think. I want to get this straight."

"Don't you remember? The gas tank leaked and you had to come down."

"Right-o! I crashed. And you rowed me in a boat somewhere. How long have I been here?"

She was linking the lost hours for him when Dr. Aird arrived. "You'll be getting up tomorrow, son," was the doctor's verdict. "Don't worry about your plane. It's safe in the barn."

"Miss Bryan never told me!" gasped the pilot, looking reproachfully at the young woman in the gingham dress. "He thinks I'm Nanny's niece," she explained to the Speculator practitioner while he was climbing into his car. "Just for once I'd like to talk to a man who doesn't know I'm Ira Flint's daughter. You're positive that he's all right, Doctor?"

"No doubt about it. He bumped his head; that is all. And his clavicle wasn't fractured; only a couple of ligaments were torn. I've seen half-backs play an entire game of football with worse shoulders. He could be off this afternoon, if it were absolutely necessary. Maybe he will be. He seems like a headstrong young person."

"I'll attend to that."

Miss Flint seemed like a headstrong young person also, the surgeon reflected, as he drove off. He drove slowly, soaking his soul in the glory of frost touched maples slashing tamarack aisles with scarlet. Wonderful, just to be young, he was thinking.

THREE days later Molly Flint and the yellow haired pilot crouched beside birch coals on the edge of Mossy Fly. Bacon was sizzling in a pan, and Miss Flint was toasting bread on a forked stick. A breeze from Jupiter rattled the branches of the blasted spruce. On an inlet sandbar a heron fished serenely, the azure of his plumage accented by the scarlet berries of a clump of mountain ash; there was a wide bar of magenta where sumacs fringed the swale. Autumn in the Adirondacks! Three whole days of it—altogether. "It's been too good to be true," said the birdman. "After tomorrow it won't seem true at all. Got to be pushing on tomorrow."

"Must you, Terry?"

Had Leila Betterton, of the Junior League, been there to mark the glowing look of Ira Flint's heiress daughter and hear the throaty fiber of Molly Flint's voice, she would have been astounded. No debutante gaiety had conjured up such a manifestation—Molly Flint with whatever passed for a debutante's heart nowadays in her eyes—on her lips, for that matter.

"One day more—please, Terry."

"Can't, girl. Got a heavy hangar date in Michigan for Wednesday. Then to the Golden Gate, a whole week behind my schedule. This is important stuff, kid. There's a tankful of the new fuel waiting for me at Detroit."

"Are you going to keep on doing this sort of thing?"

"Flying? Sure."

"Don't you want to get ahead? Make money, you know. Go into business, or something."

"Don't I want to stop being a cloud tramp? Is that what you mean?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then get this, Molly Bryan. I'm cut out for flying. It's the one thing I can do well. I feel useful when I'm in a cockpit."

"You want to get ahead—be somebody—don't you? You're twenty-five and you're only—"

Miss Flint hesitated and dropped the toast she was twirling.

"Only a gob. Is that it?"

"Yes, it is!" she snapped. "A man who's worth while doesn't stay put. You ought to be anxious to—"

Again she hesitated.

"You needn't be delicate, sister. I've got shock absorbers."

"It's hard to say. You may think it's rotten. But I mean you ought to be anxious to—improve your class."

"You've seen me eat, kid. I know a fork from a knife. When did you mountain girls turn high-hat? That comes from living next to a millionaire camp. Terry Murphy was good enough to tuck under a log-cabin quilt after he crashed. Wouldn't you have done it, if you'd known I was only a gob?"

"Please don't let's quarrel, boy. The bacon's crisp. Hungry?"

Pinks and lavenders were splotching the inlet when they had stowed their duffle.

"Listen, sister," said Terry Murphy. "Flying gets in your blood. I've wanted to fly ever since I can remember. When America went crazy over Lindy it wasn't just yapping over a stunt, like a rah-rah touch-down or Babe Ruth socking out a homer. The mob isn't wise



yet to why it went nutty. But any pilot can tell you why. It's because flying means that some of the junk you dream about while you're asleep may be true. When you're up there, with everything hitting pretty and the little old world way below, you can sort of believe in angels. You sort of feel you're getting close—to God."

He snapped his fingers at the prowling terrier.

"There's a verse in the Bible I've never been able to forget, sister—learned it at Sunday School. I'm not what you'd call religious but it's stuck. Every time I fly it keeps coming back to me. 'If I take the wings of the morning,' it begins. Wings of the morning—get it, Molly! That's the way a pilot feels. Suppose I'd crashed for keeps, here in Mossy Fly. What better way to go into the dark than with wings of the morning folded over you?"

Molly Flint's face was turned away from him. He looked at her anxiously.

"Probably that sounds dumb," he said. "You're not laughing? Are you?"

"Laughing!" choked the girl. "It wasn't dumb, Terry. It was beautiful."

"I've made a lot of trouble for you. Old man Flint's sure to bleat when he

gets a bill for that raft but I'll send Bryan a check for three hundred from Detroit. That'll cover the lumber. I can raise that much."

"Won't the Government make good?"

"No. This was a special job. I haven't sold the U. S. A. on this new fuel yet. You've been having chow with an inventor, sister. I doped out this gas mixture all by myself."

"You shan't take three hundred dollars out of your savings, Terry. Let me write to Mr. Flint. I know he will be glad to stand the expense."

"Not me, girl. I'm a pay-as-you-enter guy. Don't worry about the three hundred. Worry about what I'm worrying about—when I'm going to see you again."

"I don't know, boy."

"Want to see me again, Molly?"

"You know I do."

"I could fly a lot nearer to Heaven if I knew you meant that."

She touched his tanned wrist.

"I do mean it. Cross my heart."

TERRY MURPHY'S right arm held her close. "Going to love a gob, if the gob loves you?"

"No use, Terry," she whispered. "I never saw you until three days ago. And I oughtn't to let you kiss me."

What would Leila Betterton and her debutante coterie say, if they could see her now? It was beastly unfair. He would be flying away on the morrow—and would remember. She would never see him again—and would forget. Yet something stirred within her which had never stirred before.

"I'll be coming back for you soon, kid. I love you. Going to be ready?"

"I can't! I can't, Terry! I'm going away, too!"

"Then I'll wait, girl—as long as you make me."

He would. He was that sort. His certainty shocked her, as she slipped out of his embrace.

"We're crazy, Terry!" she gasped. "It's no use. I tell you."

"I'm crazy, all right, Molly. Crazy about you."

"You fall out of the sky, and I find you. Then, three days afterward, you're trying to make me say I belong to you. It's silly."

"Not if you care. Don't you?"

His blue eyes looked at her, and through her. It was as if warm fingers clutched at her heart while she struck them down. She should have been humiliated and furious, rather than happy and frightened. Why wasn't she? All of a sudden she knew why, and fought back the words that threatened to come.

"Don't be a quitter, girl. Take a chance. Won't you? If it had been some flossy boy you had dug out of that cockpit, and you liked him, only three days wouldn't make any difference. Would they?"

They wouldn't. She knew it, and he knew it.

"The rube girl's turned high-hat. That's it," he told the terrier. "Never mind, sister. I'm keeping on loving you just the same. That goes."

"Please don't, Terry," she murmured. But what she was saying to herself was, "Please do."

He talked only of his airplane while they walked to camp. And he did not see her after supper. He took a pair of lanterns and went to the barn.

It was dawn when Molly Flint awoke. She had dreamed she was flying over Fawn Stream, with the roar of an engine in her ears. There was a

[Continued on page 106]

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ing some of flour for mince meat. Whip egg, add molasses, milk and suet; combine mixtures and add finely broken floured mince meat. Turn into greased molds and steam three hours. Serve with Hard Sauce or any liquid sauce.

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Health Extension Bureau
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WINGS OF THE MORNING

[Continued from page 105]

roaring upon the lodge lawn. It jolted her into realization that the pilot was on his way. In a kimono she hurried to the porch. Shallow mist blanketed Jupiter Lake, burnished by the sunlight. It was as if the soaring plane hung above a golden floor.

"Terry!" she screamed. "You didn't say good-by!"

She ran toward the boat-house. The wet grass chilled her bare feet and soaked the trailing silk. He might be able to see her on the float.

"Wings of the morning!" she was moaning. "And not one little feather left for me!"

Higher rocketed the plane, as it headed for Elephant Mountain. It skimmed the sentinel pines upon the summit, and vanished. Gone was the thud of a hundred trip-hammers, the humming of a million bees.

"Terry! Come back!" she cried. "You never said good-by!"

Jim Bryan found her there, huddled on the slopping planks. He carried her to the cottage.

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed his wife. "You'll catch your death, baby. Lucky the hot water boiler's full."

"He didn't say good-by, Nanny!" sobbed the girl.

"There—there, precious! Don't take on. My baby's too good for one of them roughneck aveyaters." High time this rich man's daughter was getting back where she belonged.

"Sleep walkin'. That's how I figure it," said Jim Bryan, when his wife returned to the kitchen stove.

"If you was as wide awake as Miss Molly was you'd tell the chauffeur to wash the big car," she replied. "She'll be going home in the morning. That's settled."

PARK Avenue reclaims its own speedily. Within a month Miss Flint's memory of that Jupiter Lake dawn had been blurred mercifully by many zestful doings. And in January the Flint household gods were transported to a stucco villa at Palm Beach.

"Endeavor to be agreeable to your friends, Molly," Mrs. Flint suggested. "You have been extremely lack-luster this winter. Everyone has noticed it."

So Molly Flint swam, and bridged, and danced. She could have managed forgetfulness fairly well if the newspapers had not carried columns about a navy non-stop flight from Hawaii to Tampa, a record-breaking feat deemed possible because of some newly discovered fuel. "Lieutenant Bruce Floyd and Terrence Murphy, machinist's mate, will attempt the hazardous dash," a cable announced.

A machinist's mate! So that's what he was. What difference did it make? Terry might die! Terry might die! There would be no girl to find him. There was no Mossy Fly in the hateful ocean.

"They'll be stopping here on their way to New York—if they aren't drowned," Leila Betterton said, on the beach the morning word came from Honolulu that the start had been made.

"Two more flying fools," commented Miss Betterton's brother.

What was it Terry had said? "When you're up there, with everything hitting pretty, you can believe in—"

"They're brave fools, anyhow," Miss Betterton retorted. "Not wasters like most of us. Everyone says it will be a finer flight than Lindbergh's, if they come through. I could fall hard for an aviator. Couldn't you, Molly?"

"I have," was what Miss Flint yearned to shriek. But she compromised with, "Uh-huh. Maybe."

She did not sleep that night. She sat at her bedroom window. Somewhere in those star spilled heavens a solitary plane was roaring above the water.

"Wings of the morning," she prayed. "Carry him safely in the dark."

A bulletin at the Everglades Club told of the plane's arrival. "With fuel to spare," the brief dispatch said. "Flying to Palm Beach tomorrow." Another splendid chapter of the air had been written.

"That means Lieutenant Floyd will be at Tommy Logan's Coconut Grove party," Leila Betterton predicted. "Tommy knew him at Princeton. He's going to lend him evening clothes and everything."

Lieutenant Floyd at Tommy Logan's party. Terry Murphy, machinist's mate, in greasy overalls, bedding down his bus. Life was mostly like that. Hotly Molly Flint despised Palm Beach and its care-free colony.

She was not upon the white sand when the plane from Tampa made a perfect landing the next afternoon. But when she had dressed for Leila's dinner, which was to precede the dancing, she ordered the blue roadster sent around. She would drive to the hangars herself.

Silver sheathed was Miss Flint, from the gauzy straps upon her brown shoulders to the tips of her slender slippers. Her eyes shone brightest of all. "Fair blazing, they were," her maid informed the housekeeper. "She's up to something."

The hangar door was half open, and there was no loitering crowd. Palm Beach takes even new celebrities in its stride. Someone was whistling inside, cheerily and slightly sharp. Although it was a warm evening the girl shivered. She drew the chiffon wrap around her as she crept from beneath the wheel.

"Take a chance, won't you?" he had urged, at Jupiter Lake. Well, here she was. There could be no retreat, now.

A man in dungarees was rubbing down a propeller blade. His back was turned and whistling timed the vigorous movements of his arm. It might have been a hostler grooming a thoroughbred in a stable.

"Terry!" cried Molly Flint.

She felt faint when he turned. Her cloak dropped to the floor. She swayed, like a silvered willow withe.

"I'm seeing things!" he said.

"You're seeing me, Terry."

"Steady, Molly—if you're really you. I haven't crashed again? Have I?"

"You never said good-by, boy. I ran all the way to the float in my night-dress."

With great deliberation the young man in dungarees wiped his hands upon a lump of clean cotton waste. Then he held her.

"Wings of the morning," she breathed. "I haven't forgotten. I was afraid you'd be drowned. I prayed that they'd carry you safely in the dark. I've loved you all along, I guess. Believe me, Terry?"

"Sure I believe you. For I love you, Molly Bryan. I'm going to marry you—soon."

"That's a promise? You won't go back on it—no matter what I tell you?"

"Not even if you stole that frock. How the deuce did you get down here?"

"I've been a cheap snob, Terry."

"I remember, kid. You wanted me to improve my class. That wasn't cheap."

"But you don't know why. I've got to tell you. I'm not Molly Bryan. Nanny used to be my nurse. I'm

Molly Flint!"

He was silent so long that she stirred uneasily in his arms.

"Are you going to hate me because I'm not a mountain girl?"

"What was the big idea? It was a rube girl I fell in love with."

"Listen, Terry. I may be Ira Flint's daughter but I'm rube inside. And every bit of me belongs to you. Won't that do?"

A car braked outside the hangar. Tonneau door slammed; shoes scraped on the gravel. Tommy Logan stood on the threshold.

"Finished currying the strawberry crate?" he called. "Shake a leg, old hero! Time to dress for dinner! Hello, Molly! You never told me you knew Molly Flint, Bruce!"

"I didn't know her until tonight, Tommy. Terry Murphy introduced us. Be a good scout and find him. There's a valve needs overhauling."

"Pronto!" the host of the evening agreed, and was off.

"Everybody's telling his right name—what!" said the pilot, awkwardly.

Miss Flint ground a silver heel upon the cement.

"Oh, darn!" she muttered. "Here I get all set to marry a machinist's mate and he runs out on me."

"You had me ticketed when I came to, in the caretaker's cottage, girl. I just let it ride. You see, I'd worn Terry's flying togs. He'd been detailed as my helper. I'm only a Naval Reserve officer. They let me use a navy plane to try out the new fuel. It's hard lines that my father's as filthy rich as yours. But what can we do about it?"

"Nothing, I suppose."

"Anyhow I've improved my class. You wanted me to do that."

Again the girl stamped with her silver slipper. "It's simply disgusting," she declared. "Just like a musical comedy finale, with the librettist making everything turn out all right, for no reason whatever. Can't you see that Coconut Grove party mob laughing their silly heads off?"

Tears were in her eyes.

"They shan't know, girl. We'll never tell 'em."

SHE went over to the plane and pressed her cheek against the glistening fabric.

"Wings of the morning," she whispered. "They did something to me that day, on the float in Jupiter Lake."

"I've made you cry again!" exclaimed the youth in dungarees, striding toward her. "We're going to be happy. Honest, we are."

"You mustn't mind. I can't help crying. Don't you see? It's just as if Terry Murphy had died."

"But I'm alive, Molly girl. And I love you."

Her sobbing ended in a fluttering sigh. The argent ornaments of Miss Flint's Paris frock jingled as one cool arm went around his neck.

"I know—Bruce, boy. That's why."

"Why what, dearest?"

"Why wings of the morning are beating in my heart."

Crunching once more upon the runway gravel; a stocky, red-headed man bulked beside the sliding doors. He twisted a soiled cap and seemed ill at ease. "Terry, I want you to meet Miss Flint," said Lieutenant Floyd.

"Pleased to know a friend of the chief, Miss."

Molly Flint's Paris frock jingled anew, as she stepped forward, holding out both hands. "I feel as if I had known you for a long time, Mr. Murphy."

SANTA GOES TO THE SOUTH POLE

[Continued from page 23]

the well-known features might be forgotten in the dreary months of separation. Small gifts and surprises from friends and other members of the family are opened.

The personal diary is opened. The usual brief notations of weather, temperature and work are for once changed. The Christmas entry is more personal, possibly even sentimental; it deals with abstractions that have more to do with the distant homeland than with this desert of ice and snow.

As the sun swings into the east, and dips lower near the blue-white barrier surface the men drift off by twos and threes for a walk to settle their overloaded interiors. Like the diaries, the talk is different from that of ordinary days. It deals with speculations about the latest news from home.

"They're having dinner just about this time—I can see the big turkey."

"Do you still have stockings?"

"Sure. Even the old man."

All about is the utter stillness of the frozen world in which we live. Southward stretches the slow rise of the largest glacier in the world, a vast area of solid ice running over four hundred miles to the mountains far inland. On either hand are the arms of this glacier which form the Bay of Whales, the small "bite" in the Barrier front that forms our refuge. Northward spreads the ice-filled sea clear to the horizon, over which our ship has long since disappeared.

A long silence falls upon the walkers. Then: "Let's go back. It must be time for the tree."

Yes, even in this land of lifelessness the carpenter has rigged up what he terms a "Christmas tree." It is a makeshift affair with a skeleton of wooden laths. But its "branches" are so buried in ornamental trimmings that one does not notice the mockery of its body.

On the tree are presents given from one member of the expedition to another; mostly foolish trinkets—anything from a cigar done up in many wrappings to a cast-off mouth organ. But it is part of the game of making the day as near to the real thing as a canned Christmas can be.

With those in the field the celebra-

tion is pretty thin. They are pushing out our chain of depots which contain food for our flyers to use in case forced to return afoot, or in case a landing on the snow is feasible.

On the dog sledge are the iron rations of the polar journey afoot: pemmican, tea and biscuit with a little milk and chocolate as extras. Every ounce counts. The mileage of the struggling dogs is measured almost to the last inch. Hence it would be impossible to have included in the original equipment anything that resembled a Christmas dinner.

Yet such is the persistence of man's desire to celebrate the birth of Christ that the day is made different even on the longest and toughest journey. The party dare not "lie up" just because it is Christmas; rations would only be wasted. So the daily march is made, thirty long miles over sharp sastrugi and deadly crevasses. The one thin tent is pitched in 35° while a hissing wind blinds the party with stinging snow crystals. The stove and bags and small food box are passed in. Stiffly the men follow and sit cramped within while tea is brewed.

But it is Christmas day. Sur-reptitiously each man draws a small gift from his dunnage bag—none weighing over a few ounces—and opens it or hands it over to one of the others. There is an extra ration of sweet chocolate—say, about a five-cent cake's worth. The smoker of the party has a Christmas cigar which he has brought hundreds of miles. Another has a letter.

"I guess we won't forget this Christmas," says one meaningly.

"Hardly," from another who gives a grunt of pain as he plunges his frost-nipped fingers under his shirt to thaw them on his bare skin.

I think we shall need no pity for our Christmas in the antarctic. We shall be thinking of home and friends. But we shall be busy, happy, well-fed and very likely healthier than we have ever been in our lives before. By radio we shall send our "Merry Christmas" to the outside world.

It is in the dark and sunless months of next summer that we shall feel most isolated.

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5438	14-18, 36-42..50		5483	14-18, 36-46..45		5502	14-18, 36-46..35		5515	14-18, 36-46..45	
5440	14-18, 36-42..50		5484	14-18, 36-42..45		5503	14-18, 36-42..50		5516	4-1435
5472	14-16, 36-44..45		5491	14-18, 36-42..45		5504	14-18, 36-42..45		5517	4-1435
5473	14-18, 36-46..50		5492	1-425	5505	14-18, 36-42..50		5518	2-1030
5474	14-18, 36-42..50		5493	14-18, 36-46..45		5506	14-18, 36-46..45		5519	14-18, 36-42..45	
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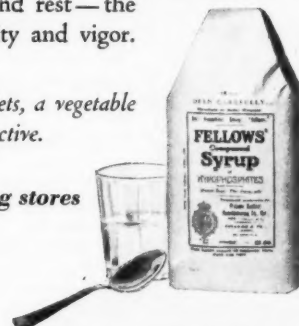
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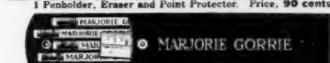
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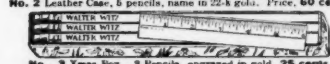
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LIVES AND LETTERS

Our New Department of Human Relations

Conducted by Margaret Severance

WE need not be ashamed to discuss honestly any problem that confronts us, for no problem, however personal, is ours alone. The patterns of humanity repeat themselves and only by studying those we have can we find other and better patterns. Facing the truth turns bewilderment into understanding and terror into peace. This page is yours for whatever you have to contribute about life, as you have observed it, lived it, or think it should be lived. Write Margaret Severance, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th Street, New York City.

IN July we discussed the problem of married children whose parents were stiflingly dependent upon them. The opposite side of the picture is offered here in reply to many older women whose sons and daughters, in mistaken kindness, are determined to regard them as helpless, no matter how young and vigorous they are. The patronizing smugness with which maturity and middle age behave toward their seniors as well as their juniors is near-sighted, unimaginative and often brutal.

My dear Margaret Severance: Your article, "Growing Old Disgracefully," emboldens me to ask your help. I am a grandmother of many years' standing but I don't feel old, though I have lived, it seems to me, half a century since my husband's death several seasons ago. I am puzzled about my three married daughters who want me to live with them and be helpless. "Rest, mother; you have worked long enough," they protest every time I move. I have always been active and am still full of energy. If they would only realize that I am still alive! When a spark of ambition fires me suddenly, they make me feel almost guilty. My grandchildren are the only members of my family who seem to regard me as a rational adult with my own tastes and privileges. Shall I be lonely in my own empty house or miserable in the homes of my children?
—Grandmother.

Standing Alone

Whenever there is a choice between the devil of inactivity and dependence and the deep sea of loneliness, the sea is preferable every time. For there one can at least keep moving even when going under. Dependence is the bitterest bread we can choke down our throats and often the dependent realizes it most keenly.

Neither death of loved ones nor the collapse of our most cherished illusions is so painful, for these leave us pride which is the gayest feather in the cap of self-respect and character.

And yet most of us, without knowing it, are laying up stores of this bitter bread, to be washed down with gall and tears in the future. Much of the dependence that shackles us could be avoided; it can even be fended off after it has overtaken us.

Men have learned Greek after they were eighty, have taken new careers when they were only a little younger. Invalids, given up by doctors, have refused to die. Physical and financial dependence are, of course, often unavoidable, but spiritual independence is free for us

all and it has a way of clothing itself in outer garments that cannot be mistaken. Independence is not arrogance, cock-sureness, lack of loyalty or devotion. It is quiet certainty that we can do better than we have ever done before, that it is good to make our own decisions, even if those decisions are sometimes wrong, that it is eminently wise to hew out our own paths, even though they are rougher than the ones that other folk have trod. In love and success, in poverty and plenty, in youth, maturity, and age, in sickness and in health, we have got to stand alone, if we want the greatest happiness, the greatest development, the greatest realization of the spirit within ourselves. And the more we stand alone, when there is a convenient prop on which to lean, the less we shall miss the prop when it is gone.

Women, in their sentimental absorption in husband and home, in the duties of bringing up children, often lose relation with the world around them. They are completely unacquainted with their own potentialities. Such women would be surprised and delighted if they would only give themselves a chance, not think of their lives as done, but done only in one phase to begin with another.

One of the keenest factors in human happiness is interest. We must have something to do, something to build, something to create, something that we must work to solve. If we know a job too well, we are bored with it. We ought never to consider work that does not seem just a little bit beyond what we think we can do. And so I am prescribing to all friends of this page who are in the same predicament as the author of the above letter a remedy that is very old, very well known a remedy by which neurologists save the health and reason of patients both old and young. Call it a hobby, an avocation, work—what you will. Do what you have always wanted to do and could not. If you have no hidden yearning, then do what you have never dreamed of trying. And new interests will bring new friends.

DECEMBER

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ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA

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Salza which had been sacked by the French, she exclaimed:

"I did not know that a new cargo of gold dust had arrived!"

"Treasure, not gold," corrected the king. "We did not tell you of its nature, knowing your prejudices. Sweet prejudices enough in so gracious a heart as yours, my dearest Isabella, but one cannot buttress the walls of Spain with pious comfits."

"Tell me whence came the treasure and what its nature may be," urged the Queen uneasily. "Surely, of all the people in the kingdom, I should be the last to be deceived in matters concerning the Islands."

"Better that I should tell you, dearest Isabella, than one of your ghostly advisers. The last ship that came from the Admiral bore five hundred natives for sale into slavery. We disposed of them in Portugal, not wishing to wound your sensibilities."

The Queen, who had bent over the balustrade to catch more deeply the scent of orange blossoms started as though she had been struck. She drew herself erect.

"Slaves! The natives! My subjects! Columbus did that? Impossible! I cannot, I will not believe that the Admiral knew of this."

In the moonlight, Ferdinand's handsome lips tightened. "We did not send this Genoese navigator out only to explore savage islands and desolate mainlands. He promised us the treasures of the Indies, rubies and ivories, spices and silks. Let him keep his promise or give over his viceroyalty to a better man."

"You forget, my lord," Isabella's voice was low but not the less firm for that, "you forget that Columbus was sent by Isabella of Castile, not by Ferdinand of Aragon."

IT was a lovely day in early spring when Columbus reached Granada, alone, on mule back. His mule, a wretched beast, loaned him by one of the few friends left him in Cadiz, dropped dead just as he entered the market place of Granada. The Admiral disentangled his long legs from those of the mule and ignoring the hoots of the small boys and beggars who rushed up, he strode off on foot toward the narrow winding street which led up the hill to the fortress of Alhambra.

He picked his way rapidly through groups of courtiers, servants, pages, men-at-arms, and entered a vast and beautiful patio paved with white marble. At either end were groups of Moorish columns, and let into the floor was a great pool bordered with rose bushes and myrtles and with countless gold fish flashing in its blue depths.

Isabella sent word for him to come to her at once.

Hers was an exquisite apartment with central pool and fountain, with filagree and light, domed roof warmly picked out in reds and blues and golden yellows, colors that filtered the summer light as through a rainbow on to the marble floor.

Silhouetted against this window sat Isabella in a pale green robe of sheerest silk. She rose as Columbus passed under the archway into the room and the women and pages who had been busied near her withdrew. The Admiral came to pause before her and they exchanged a long look, then he dropped to one knee and waited for the Queen to speak.

"You answered my summons promptly, Admiral."

Columbus shook his head. "I received no summons, your Majesty. I

came because I heard that all Spain had turned to hate me. If this be true, life has nothing left to offer me." He rose as he spoke, and stood looking down at the Queen from his great height with an expression quite as proud as her own.

She turned from the Admiral to the window whence she could see the tiny walled-in garden, heavy with rose bloom. After a moment she turned back to ask, with raised brows, "All Spain? Who has the ability to report to you the feeling of all vast Spain?"

"You, dearest Lady and Queen, and you alone, for you are all vast Spain to me," replied the Admiral tersely.

"If I am all of Spain to you," she said, her low voice stern, "then your sin is all the more inexcusable. It is not I who pressed you for treasure. It is not I who hounded you with vain demands and lusts. If your relationship was with me alone, why did you take my subjects into slavery?"

"So my enemies have reached you at last!" groaned Columbus.

"Not so!" exclaimed the Queen. "I have permitted none of your enemies to talk of you to me. I have waited for your arrival." She paused.

The Admiral's mind went back to the five years of torment which he had experienced in his attempt to plant and control the colony. Evidently his letters had not pictured to Isabella the malingering, the corruption, with which the Spanish colonists had sought to evade the labor essential to their very lives. He drew a deep breath. "You will remember, my dearest Lady," he began, "that you sent me across the great deep to discover the east coast of India, to trace—"

The Queen interrupted. "I sent you to bring under the banner of Christ the infidels of the remotest lands. I had thought you understood."

Columbus shook his head. "It seems that for all our loving care these ten years we have known each other, each has failed to read to the bottom of the other's mind. If you will hear me patiently, perhaps I can empty my weary brain. The colonists—"

Again Isabella interrupted. "I know what you have suffered. I know that we, living in comfort and ease, have found it all too easy to criticize, forgetting the foul diseases of mind and body that made a living torment of the Islands for you. I know that you did your utmost, but you must long since have learned that you are not a governor! You are an adventurer of the soul. Why did you not give over the governing to a lesser but more capable man and go on to the mainland of India?"

"But, Your Majesty," protested Columbus, "the bargain was that I was to be governor and viceroy of any and all lands I discovered."

"Then all these years I have mistaken your purpose," exclaimed Isabella. "The King was right and you were, as he said, led on by avarice and desire for power."

"Of what avail," demanded Columbus, "could all my discoveries be if I did not fortify the path I am making round the world? Shall I merely plant the Spanish flag for Portugal and England to supplant with their own? Not only must I find the lands but I must make them Spanish."

"And in order to keep your viceroyalty you sought to bribe your critics with slaves, with human treasure for lack of any other!" She bit her lips that suddenly quivered. "I cannot believe it of you, Admiral. I had thought of you as—as the noblest dreamer

this world could know!"

Columbus, his tanned face distorted with agony, held appealing hands toward her. "Oh, my Lady Queen! My dearest Lady, it is you who are the dreamer! Such things have to be in the spread of empire."

Isabella dropped her hands. "Do you not see, Admiral? Am I still alone? Ferdinand will not see. The Church will not. My nobles scoff at me. But you, my Admiral, with eyes that beheld from my tent on the plains of Granada a continent no eye before had visioned, you, the noblest dreamer of us all, do you not understand?"

"You know, my dear loved Lady," he whispered huskily, "that I yearn to understand as I yearn for eternal life. Bear with me, though, while I say that I can see no wrong in slavery for these natives. Brought here to Spain or to Portugal it makes it possible for the Church to save each and every soul of them."

"Then it comes to this," she said, "that you must make another choice. You must be either the King's man or mine. If you are the King's, you retain your viceroyalty and give your life to helping fill the coffers of Spain, while new continents beg you to attend their birth. If you are my man, you give up your viceroyalty and become merely the Admiral, the poet, the dreamer, with only a ship to govern and only the ocean sea to enslave. For me, no treasure save far lands where the banner of Christ may be set. Choose, Admiral!"

ON one side were ranged his love of power which the past few years had developed inordinately, his pride of place, his passionate ambition to found a family half regal in its prerogatives. On the other side stood the clean dream of his earlier manhood; the urge to place the rest of the unknown world on the map that he had drawn more accurately than any other man, and with this dream, the finest fact in his life, his love for the Queen. It had been mid-afternoon when he entered Isabella's sitting room. Twilight crept through the window behind the Queen while still he sat with his head bowed, arms crossed upon his breast, fighting the most terrific fight of his long, tempestuous life. And all this time Isabella sat silent on the couch, waiting.

At last a great yellow moon swung up over the garden and as its rays enveloped the Queen, her beauty and her stillness pierced through the Admiral's bitter preoccupation. He leaned toward her, drinking in the loveliness that emanated from her like scent from a lily; and suddenly he slipped to his knee and bowed his forehead on the hands extended toward him.

"I am yours, dearest Queen," he whispered. "Do with me as you will."

She freed one of her hands and placed it on his head. "Ah, I knew I would not lose you, my poet, though for a time, you strayed far from me! Come, look up at me, Admiral! Was the viceroyalty so sweet that a fleet sailing into the western sun cannot console you?"

He lifted his ravished face. "It was not sweet, my Queen! You cannot know the height and depth of the struggle it entailed. Therein lay its chiefest hold on me."

Isabella nodded understandingly, then with a little wistful smile she said, "Any man can found a colony based on slavery. Only Columbus in all the world can be Admiral of the Ocean Sea."



DANDRUFF

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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A Page For Children

The Speaking Cock

A Christmas story told by Gazpacho

BY PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE



PIKE and Smoke, the two mules, gave a party on Christmas Eve. They invited Gazpacho and the animals to their home which was in the old barn over the hill from the woods. From Stone Steps one could get just a glimpse of the roof. There had been a heavy fall of snow but inside the straw made warm comfortable places for them all. There was a lovely moon shining in as they sat around eating apples and nuts and visiting.

Gazpacho told them a story of Spain. It was a true story and happened when he was with his master in a sideshow at a fair during Christmas week. With them was a man who had a little boy and a fighting cock. The boy was a little lost boy the man had found and taken around the country with him to carry his fighting cocks. Fighting cocks are carried in flat straw baskets with covers. The little boy was strong and his skin was brown as a gypsy child's, and he was well able to carry the birds. At last it happened that all the man's roosters, but one, were killed, fighting. So then he dressed the little boy up in leather like a rooster, with hoods over his eyes. He painted the leather in scarlet and gold and then he set him to fighting the real rooster. Now the fighting bird was fond of the little boy and so he contrived never to hurt him no matter how hard they fought.

People came around the cock-pit to see the boy and the rooster fight and they would laugh and throw in silver pieces and say which would win. Sometimes the little boy would beat the rooster and then he would stand up and flap his arms over his head and crow. When *Noche Buena* came (which, Gazpacho said, is Spanish for Christmas Eve) the little boy wanted to dance in the streets and have some nougat candy to eat. When the man would not let him dance nor give him even a small taste of nougat the little boy cried. This made the man angry and he beat the child and sent him weeping to his straw bed in the inn. The rooster perched beside him and felt sad. It was late when the man came in and went to his bed on the other side of the room. Soon he was snoring. After a while the rooster, too, fell asleep, but later, he was awakened by a bright star shining in through the window. At first he thought it was the sun and started to crow. But instead of crowing he was surprised to hear himself saying, aloud, "It isn't the sun. It is The Star."

His voice wakened both the man and the little boy. The man called out fiercely and very loud to frighten any one. "Who is that talking?"

The rooster was not afraid. He walked over to the man and said firmly to him, "I am talking."

Now the man was surprised when he heard the rooster speak and a little frightened. So he asked: "What do you want?"

"Open the door," answered the rooster.

The man was so frightened he began to shake all over so that the bed shook.

"Hurry up," said the rooster very firmly.

"I'm hurrying," cried the man and jumped from his bed and opened the door.

The little boy sat on the edge of his bed listening to all this. He had never heard that animals and birds speak on Christmas Eve, but still he was not afraid because the rooster had always been his friend.

"Come along," said the rooster to the little boy.

The two went out of the door by the man and he did not dare stop them.

"Faster, faster," said the rooster as they went down the stairs and he gave a gentle peck at the little boy's sturdy legs.

The two reached the street which was full of people. In Spain they do not have Christmas trees but in all the shop-windows were cardboard landscapes filled with toys to represent the Holy Family and the angels and the animals that stood around the manger of our little Lord. The little boy stopped to look in the windows but the rooster said, "Faster, faster" and gave him a sharp dig on his legs.

People were carrying home hampers of fat hams and fruit all tied with Christmas ribbons of green and purple and red and orange.

There was music and dancing in the street. The little boy started to dance around and around and around but the rooster hurried him along. Above them the church bells were ringing and the clear Spanish night sky was bright with a thousand twinkling stars.

Soon they left the town and were out on the country road. Here the wind was blowing colder down from the mountains and the little boy wished he had a coat. They saw a peasant ahead of them riding sideways on a donkey, and carrying a Christmas hamper. He was jogging along so comfortably that by hurrying as fast as they were able the little boy and the rooster caught up with him.

"Good-evening," said the rooster to him, speaking in a grand voice and looking very proud.

The peasant was so amazed to have a rooster speak to him, his mouth dropped open and he stared at him without uttering a word.

Then the good little donkey turned his head around and said to the man who was riding on his back, "Speak to the rooster, my good master."

The peasant was just about to set heels in the side of the donkey and gallop home as fast as he could when, luckily, he remembered that his grandmother once told him the animals conversed together on Christmas Eve. And then when he realized that the rooster and the donkey had spoken to as humble a person as himself, he was quite overcome by the honor. He was delighted and felt very proud and happy.

So he turned to his donkey and said, "Si, Señor," very politely. And then he spoke to the rooster, "Si Señor, I hope you are well."

He crossed himself and gave the little boy a sweet lemon and a handful of black olives from the hamper. Even the poorest people in Spain are generous and polite. It was natural, however, that the peasant should be a trifle uneasy and wish

to get home quickly, so he gave the donkey a kick. The donkey went jogging off at a good pace with the rooster and the little boy running after.

They ran fast until they reached the peasant's home. He took his hamper and went in the low door while the donkey and the rooster and the little boy waited on the threshold.

"Wife," said the peasant, "the rooster and the donkey spoke to me."

"You fell asleep," she answered. "It is a long way home and very cold. Come in by the warm fire and have your supper."

Then for the first time she noticed the other three waiting on the threshold and as it was shadowy in that part of the room she thought the little boy in his leather outfit was a fighting cock like the other.

"When did you buy the two fine birds?" she asked, thinking her husband must have found a purse of gold.

"I am not a rooster," spoke up the little boy and took off his cap to show his small curly head.

"Who is the mother who dresses her child in such strange fashion?" said the woman astonished.

The little boy was silent.

The rooster spoke up for him. "I am his mother," he said.

The wife crossed herself for now she knew that her husband was right and that the animals had spoken to him. She kept her gaze fastened on the little boy who was so brown and sturdy with color in his cheeks.

"Who is the father that lets his child out alone at night?" she asked, still bewildered.

And again the rooster spoke up for the boy: "I am his father."

Then the wife knew that the little boy had no human father nor mother to look out for him, so she went and took his hand and brought him in over the threshold and seated him at the table and fed him good steaming soup from the iron pot which hung on a crane over the blazing faggots. And she gave the rooster a bowl of mush and milk placed on the cobble floor of the room.

On a shelf was a landscape with toy figures in it. The peasant and his wife had no children, so every year they made a *navidades*, which is the name in Spanish, and on Christmas day took it to the parish church to be given to some poor child. But, now, the wife took the landscape down from the shelf and gave it to the little boy for his own.

That night he slept in the trundle bed close to the peasant and his wife so that she could reach down her hand to feel that the covers were tucked in about him. When it was dawn the rooster began crowing loudly, and the little donkey brayed. The night was over and they could not speak again until the next Christmas eve.

So the child and the rooster found a good home with the peasant and his wife.

"And that," said Gazpacho, quite earnestly, "is the true story of the speaking rooster exactly as it happened in Spain the Christmas Eve that my master and I were at the Fair."

